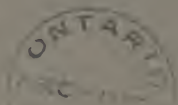


THE HOMELY DIARY OF
A DIPLOMAT IN THE EAST
1897-1899



THOMAS SKELTON HARRISON

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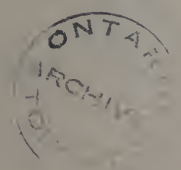




THE HOMELY DIARY OF
A DIPLOMAT IN THE EAST



THE ONTARIO ARCHIVES
A SUMMARY OF THE RECORDS



Mrs. Thomas Skelton Harrison

THE HOMELY DIARY
OF
A DIPLOMAT IN THE EAST
1897-1899

BY

THOMAS SKELTON HARRISON

*Former Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General of the United States
to the Khedivial Court of Cairo, Egypt*

WITH A FOREWORD BY

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Officier d'Instruction Publique

AND WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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FOREWORD

It was in the spring of 1915 that Colonel Thomas Skelton Harrison, whose long friendship it has been my privilege to enjoy, while chatting with me about the old Cairo days, confided to me that he had kept a diary in which as he went along he had jotted down facts and impressions as to the men and events with which he had been connected in the course of his two years' residence in the old Khedivial capital.

It so happened that in 1898 I had been sent by the American Exploration Society of Philadelphia, with strong letters from the State Department at Washington, to negotiate for a permit to work over the ruins of Tanis, in the Eastern Delta, and to obtain the right to remove to Philadelphia some of the large monuments still strewn over the site of the Hycksos City. Mr. Daniel Baugh was ready to charter a ship to bring over the results, and it was thought that if I went myself I might, with the assistance of Mr. Harrison, then our Consul-General and Diplomatic Agent in Cairo, overcome some of the obstacles expected to be raised against the project.

Mr. Harrison, in his official capacity of Consul-General and Diplomatic Agent, had made himself *persona grata* to the Khedive and his Government, and we could count upon his heartiest coöperation as a Philadelphian as well as a personal friend. Through his gracious hospitality that winter I had met many of his Cairo circle of friends and colleagues, and his diary and reminiscences interested me greatly.

After talking over many things, he suggested, in the most modest way, that I look it over, and, if I thought it of sufficient interest, that I select from it what I should think suitable for publication. Mrs. Harrison, when she was told about it, also took a lively interest in the idea; and before she and her husband went to their summer home at Pomfret for the season, Mr. Harrison left the volumes of typewritten manuscript at my house, and it was agreed that I should go over them at my leisure during the summer. Plans often go astray. Things happened, and it was only in August that I found time to take up the manuscript.

Then, however, the simple narrative of those old days of pomp and glitter, when great personages who were making history seemed daily associates, and big international schemes took the place of small local interests, fascinated me, bringing back personal memories. For during the weeks I spent in Cairo at the very height of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison's brilliant career as representatives of the United States, they most generously shared with me many of their good things, and I could read between the lines of the diary much that the writer had not put down. Soon I became quite absorbed in the work.

One night, late on the 6th of September, a strong feeling came over me that I should write next day to Mr. Harrison to suggest certain additions in elucidation of the identity of important personages possibly unfamiliar to an American public, but whose personality as factors in international affairs must be made to appear. The next day I received a telegram [from my broken-hearted friend, announcing the sudden death of his wife.

As Mrs. Harrison was the one who most loved Cairo

and the life and position which she had graced so well, for a while the entire plan was suspended. Mr. Harrison felt that there no longer was any meaning in the work. With time, however, he came to look upon it from another angle. There was no longer any joy in it, but was it not a pleasure — if a sad one — to re-live those happy days which Mrs. Harrison had so truly enjoyed? To rehearse those scenes of brilliant splendor in which she had played her part and had her share?

The years she spent in Cairo were probably the pleasantest years of Mrs. Harrison's life. She may have had happier days; but I doubt whether her life ever was so crowded with interesting experiences. They were a great tax on her strength, as she was a most conscientious official hostess, and she never allowed her feelings to interfere with her official duties; but I cannot believe that Mrs. Harrison, in looking back upon those wonderful years, felt that the price had been too high for the pleasure which she had derived from the effort.

Often she reverted to her memories of those days, when her associates, Lord and Lady Cromer, Sir Elwin and Lady Palmer, Sir William Garstin, and other remarkable Englishmen such as General Kitchener, Slatin Pasha, Major-General Sir Francis and Lady Grenfell, and many more, were making a new Egypt. Great business schemes, such as the building of the great dam at Assuan, the great deals with Philadelphia firms for locomotives and for the Atbara Bridge, and other ventures connected with the reconquest of the Sudan, filled the air and brought to Cairo the important men of all countries. Mrs. Harrison's familiars then were Count and Countess della Sala — the latter born Princess Gagarine, a most agreeable Russian

woman of the world, who knew every one and everything, and who had her place at the Khedivial table whenever she chose to occupy it. Countess Montjoie was another friend with whom and with her husband Mr. and Mrs. Harrison kept up the friendship made at the time, and in the following pages will be found many names of personages who remained their good friends.

Egypt then, being technically a dependency of Turkey, was not entitled to a legation. But there was no point at that time where more important affairs and combinations of interests were involved. The result was that the European Powers, especially England, kept their eyes closely set upon Cairo, and sent some of their strongest men to represent their interests, political and financial, who, under the relatively humble title of Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General, played an important rôle in European affairs.

In the course of the winter Egypt became a political stage, across which passed a procession of international summities. The social life naturally was filled with the electric current that makes the atmosphere of society in the great capitals so intensely stimulating. The Spanish War in 1898 also added to the importance of the United States representative.

Through all this Mrs. Harrison, with her sweet, kindly disposition, her hospitable doors wide open to all, with her lavish entertainments and her cordial manner, made herself most popular with the greatest of Government officials, whether European or Turk, while she and her husband endeared themselves to their own countrymen. Most charmingly did Mrs. Harrison do the honors of her official residence, and she left many warm friends when

the time came for her and her husband to depart. Many were the letters received by Mr. Harrison at the time of her death; and a touching note from Lord Cromer, with whom relations in Cairo had been especially close in those days long ago, was especially valued.

After all the glitter of this most glittering of capitals, she and Mr. Harrison returned home quite unspoiled and adapted themselves to the old familiar Philadelphia ways with renewed pleasure in their old friends.

As Mr. Harrison's diary was so full of Mrs. Harrison's presence, it seemed almost a sacred duty to take up its publication, and to preserve in some permanent form the memory of those days as a tribute to her. It is thus that I was entrusted once more with the collecting of the material now given to the public, cutting out the unimportant and adding such notes as may serve to elucidate passages which might not be clear to those who are unfamiliar with life in Egypt at the close of the nineteenth century.

SARA YORKE STEVENSON.

PHILADELPHIA,

October, 1917.



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INTRODUCTION

IN 1898 the Khedive of Egypt seemed to be popular with all classes of his subjects. Every day in the season he rode from Abdin Palace to the railway station. His way lay through the narrow and rather shabby Sharia Abdin. He drove in an open carriage with an escort of cavalry in front and rear. The people stood and saluted as he passed, greetings which he returned in a pleasant manner. Although by no means as handsome as his brother, the Prince Mehemet Ali, the Khedive was yet a very prepossessing young man.

The birth of the young Prince, Abdul Munaim, was a source of great delight to the Khedive. He had ardently longed for a male heir, and now the wish of his heart was realized. He undoubtedly intended that this young Prince should succeed him on the throne.¹ The advent of the *prince héritier*, as he was called, somewhat complicated the situation from the English point of view. Had the Khedive died leaving no male issue, it would not have been so difficult to declare the dynasty extinct.

The person most affected pecuniarily was the Prince Mehemet Ali, who, as I have observed, is the Khedive's brother. The arrival of the heir cut down the allowances of the Prince materially. He was a young man, of cosmopolitan tastes, and he must have felt some embarrassment at the curtailment of his revenues. He was deemed one of the handsomest young men in Egypt, and he certainly was

¹ Recent events in Egypt have made such a hope remote. (1917.) (EDITOR.)

good-looking. Everything about him was highly elegant. He wore his tarbouche cocked at a very fetching angle, while his clothes were of the latest fashion. He lived in a splendid palace in the heart of the capital. His taste for horseflesh was well known, and he tooled a coach like an expert. In manner, he was very agreeable. At the ball given in honor of the newly born *prince héritier*, Mehemet Ali received the guests and conducted himself like a man who had had his income doubled rather than halved.

The Prince, according to one view of the matter, would not have succeeded to the throne of Egypt in any event, because the Sultan's firman of 1866 grants succession downward in the main branch, and not laterally. This interpretation of the firman, however, has been in dispute. The title of Khedive, itself, was but of recent date, dating only from 1867. The word is of Persian origin; it is accented on the second syllable and means "sovereign." The bearer of the title was strictly a tributary vassal of the Sublime Porte, and paid an annual sum to the Sultan. The Khedive Ismail had most exalted notions of the absolute character of his office. This Khedive was succeeded in 1879 by his son, Tewfik I. The death of the latter made way for his son, the last Khedive, His Highness Abbas Hilmi.¹

The natives of the country had but a vague idea of the real relation of their young sovereign to the British Government. The Pashas and high officials, of course, knew that Lord Cromer's will was law, but the people generally were unaware of the fact. Indeed, Abbas Hilmi was himself ignorant of the true state of affairs when he ascended

¹ Recently deposed and replaced by Sultan Hussein Kamel. See note, p. xxii. (EDITOR.)

the throne. The attitude of Lord Cromer opened the eyes of the Khedive, it is said, in a very disagreeable way. When the Khedive saw that he was helpless and must submit, he turned to the French. They were not able to help him. Abbas Hilmi was, therefore, in the position of a man who waited for something to turn up. He was inclined to be enlightened and progressive, and it is possible he might have taken no backward steps had he been freed from English control. But the control itself, according to the views of the Nationalists, was galling to a man of his spirit, readily as he must himself admit the unquestioned good wrought by England in Egypt.

Every problem connected with the government of a colony can be studied at leisure in Egypt. Not one question arising out of our administration in the Philippines and Cuba has not presented itself to the English in the land of the Khedive.

Our British cousins take the position that the Oriental races are not to be put on a level with Western peoples. It would appear that the English have but little intention of educating the Egyptians up to self-government. They admit, frankly, that at present the thing is out of the question and not to be attempted. Therefore, their plan of government is wholly pro-consular. Unless a fundamental change of policy occurs or the Egyptians themselves by force or ability compel it, the world may never witness self-government in Egypt as we understand the term.

Lord Cromer, with the Cabinet in London behind him, was the source of all authority. The government was divided among various departments. The real head of

each of the great departments usually was a British subject, known as Under-Secretary, although many Frenchmen occupied posts of great responsibility. The idea ever in Lord Cromer's mind was to have a few Europeans at the head of affairs under an Egyptian or Turkish figure-head, and with almost every subordinate post occupied by a native. The scheme worked well. Dozens, nay, hundreds, of young men came out from England, to Egypt, in the hope of securing a comfortable berth. They brought good references and had strong influences behind them, but they were not encouraged. There are, to be sure, many young fellows from England in the Egyptian service, but they have been appointed only when native talent was absolutely unavailable.

The natives have been quick to perceive and to take advantage of the vast opportunities afforded by such a policy. At first they could not grasp the idea that ability and merit were the basis of a career in the public service. They have been convinced by experience, however, and to-day hundreds of natives are in responsible positions who under the old system of things might be barefooted fellaheen.

The results of this policy greatly encouraged Lord Cromer and the believers in his system. The creation of a civil service based upon merit has been a blessing to the Egyptians in many ways. For one thing, it destroys the native belief that government is an inevitable evil. The Egyptians are grasping the idea that the Government is an institution which can be made to subserve their interests in many ways. I wrote in my diary in 1898: "I believe it would be impossible to get up a rebellion against the Government among the fellaheen and the working

population of the town. I do not mean that the masses love the Government — I simply mean that they do not hate it. In Egypt, this means that a vast change has been brought about.”¹

Although the English aimed at nothing like democracy in Egypt, they did look forward to the creation of a legislative branch of the Government based upon restricted suffrage. They created a sort of legislative council with advisory powers. The members of this body were appointed from the upper classes and they acquitted themselves creditably as legislators.

The Turks, Pashas, the upper classes, now Egyptians, that may be embraced in the words, “the governing people,” considered themselves victims of the insincerity of England in matters that pertained to Egypt. An idea of their point of view was imparted to me by a distinguished visitor, of whom I have spoken under date of November 22, 1897, and who called upon me not long after my arrival in Cairo. This personage was Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, the official representative of the Sublime Porte at the Court of the Khedive. I had from this gentleman’s lips a choice morsel of diplomatic history.

From his statement it would appear that in or about 1885, England and Turkey came to an agreement on the subject of the evacuation of Egypt. A treaty was drawn up and formally approved by the Ambassadors of both Powers. The document was sent to London, and, after some days of deliberation, the Queen signed it. When the paper in due time was placed before the Sultan, he made

¹ The event has proved the above prediction to be correct. The alliance of German and Turk, working upon the fanaticism and race feeling of the Egyptians, has failed to arouse serious disaffection. (EDITOR.)

some objections to it. If I am not in error, the English had made every arrangement to get out of Egypt. They were much embarrassed at the Sultan's hesitation. That monarch persisted in delay, although what his real reason was I never could learn. It was said to be due to French influence. The matter dragged on, month after month, nor did the pressure brought to bear by the English Ambassador at Constantinople suffice to move the Sultan. One day, however, when some six months had elapsed, the Sultan actually signed the treaty. He was about forty-eight hours too late. The English Cabinet had made up its mind to stay in Egypt.

The Turks were overcome with amazement. They pointed to the Queen's signature at the foot of the treaty. The English retorted that the long delay in the ratification had practically abrogated the agreement.

I frequently met Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, who was the official representative of the Sublime Porte in this matter, and who could be induced to talk of it only reluctantly, as for nearly thirteen years he had been in Egypt as the representative of Turkish sovereignty — practically exiled, as he put it, from his native land. So long as the present situation endured, he said, the Sultan would maintain a mission to the Khedive, as the living embodiment of Turkish ascendancy. I learn he has, since my departure from Egypt, sent to the Sultan his resignation and that he positively declined to serve longer.

Ghazi Mukhtar impressed me favorably. He was a man of sixty-five or seventy years, well preserved, swarthy, like the darker Turks, and wore both beard and mustache. He lived in a handsome palace, the structure being surrounded by high walls which completely concealed it from

view. He always walked by the side of the Khedive in all public ceremonies and generally conducted himself, as by right he should, as the equal of His Highness, from the fact that he was the embodiment of Turkish sovereignty. His manner had the charm of simplicity — or of its consummate affectation. He is, I should judge, highly educated, although not cultured in the sense of the word known to us.

I once asked Mukhtar if “Lord Cromer had any hand in the refusal of England,” because I wished to learn his opinion of the great Englishman. He looked at me and made a gesture without saying anything. I could not get him to express an opinion in words on the subject, but he was quick to express his liking and admiration. This is a noteworthy characteristic of Arab and Turk where Lord Cromer is concerned. They cannot help admiring him, even though they may fear him. It was beyond my power to extract from any Mohammedan in Egypt an opinion of Lord Cromer as an official. They look volumes at mention of his name, but they say not a word. I was given to understand later that the Turks are distrustful even of Americans who happen to be invested with a diplomatic character. They consider our country greatly influenced by, and over-friendly to, England. This cue is given them, it would seem, from the Sultan himself, who is much annoyed at the persistence of our Government in pushing claims against the Sublime Porte. Had I been a Frenchman, perhaps my Turkish friends might have confided to me precisely what they thought of Lord Cromer.

In times past there were various ways in which the Khedive could make himself annoying to the English in

Egypt. He created what might be called a Turkish party. The leading officials — that is, the Arabs — paid him a great deal of attention and strained points in his favor. This was because he gave them to understand that the English might yet be driven out of Egypt. How he could establish this possibility, I have never been able to learn. But do it he could and did, and there it dangled before the native mind, in potential warning of what might be expected in the event of British evacuation. The native Pashas have had some vague notion that the Powers might ultimately combine to drive England away from Cairo.¹

The telephone had established itself in Cairo in 1898, but the typewriter had not. There was an admirable police force and there was a public-school system, but there were no sewers. These were the gaps which bring one to a realization of what Cairo really is. It is the largest city in all Africa — 450,000 to 500,000 being the estimated population.

The civilization of the place, so far as it has any, leaves nothing to be desired. The hotels are unsurpassed in the world. Railway and telegraph service are at command. Even the department store has made its appearance, while walls, fences, and even relics of the Mohammedan

¹ The Khedive and his brother, Prince Mehemet Ali, had been brought up and educated in Vienna, Austria. Their inclinations, therefore, were entirely toward the Teutonic interests. It is worth while to bear this in mind if one wishes to understand the antagonism which the British, who were developing his country, met at the Khedive's hands; and the subsequent behavior of the young Princes when war broke out in the summer of 1914, resulting in the downfall of the Khedive and the elevation of Hussein Kamel Pasha as Sultan of Egypt, he being the eldest living Prince of the family of Mehemet Ali, and now reigning under the English Protectorate. It is possible that, after the war, he will become Caliph of Islam, which title for many centuries was vested in Egypt and was seized by the Turkish sovereign in 1517. (EDITOR.)

past begin to be adorned with announcements regarding the merits of beer, soap, and corsets.

But in spite of all these things there is scarcely a veneer of modern progress. The European population of Cairo is about 25,000. The remaining 425,000 to 475,000 are mostly natives, Copts, and Turks.

It is very easy, when walking about the European quarter, to mislead one's self into an over-estimate of the extent to which modern progress has established itself.

Cairo to-day is spread over some dozen square miles. "The mother of the world," "the brightest gem in the handle of the green fan of Egypt," and endless other phrases are applied to it by the Arabs. Yet the city of to-day is by no means identical with the city of these panegyrics. Four great towns were founded upon its site and crumbled away before there existed even the material out of which Cairo has been built. The eldest of the four was founded in 641. What is left of it may be seen in Kasr-el-Atika, or old Cairo. This specimen of the Arabesque in architecture has a well-defined history. Some hundred years after it came into existence, a Mohammedan ruler of the land established himself a little farther off. The place of his residence was El Askar (The Camp). A third essay in the founding of an Egyptian capital was made by the renowned Achmet-ib-Tolon. Finally, a great Fatimite conqueror, named Johar, built himself a palace and called it El Kahira, which means The Victorious. This was in 969. From El Kahira to Cairo, the descent is obvious. The Cairenes of to-day call their city Masr-el-Kahira. This again is shortened into Masr. Egypt, too, is Masr in Arabic.

The four old sites form to-day one new site. The masses

of ruin which meet the eye here and there in Cairo are, for the most part, relics of a wall built about the Fatimite foundation. The splendors of the past, however, must be sought towards the Citadel. The streets in this, the northern or higher city, are as typical of the Thousand and One Nights as anything in the modern world could be. I have wandered about this region for hours without molestation from the native denizens. Mosques, palaces, courts, and gateways afford an endless panorama. The lines of camels and donkeys, the throngs of men, women, and children, the life of the people exposed to view in the frankest and simplest fashion, give rise to a most novel series of impressions. The University of El Azhar, the resort of students from all the Mohammedan world, the mosque of the Sultan Hassan and that of El Ghorî, and other wonders, are in this quarter. The narrow streets or lanes are lined with private dwellings, rendered doubly picturesque by the projecting windows above the doorways. These structures are adorned with the famous arabeyah or lattice-work, some of which is the workmanship of the Middle Ages.

As I have said, the visitor in these regions meets with little molestation from the inhabitants. The only inconvenience is attendant upon the succession of smells. The odor which the Arab declares to surpass aloes wood, and to be cheering to the heart, in my own nostrils, is most oppressive. The emanations from the soil at every footfall are almost palpable. The native delights in them. They are in no exaggerated sense the breath of his nostrils. The effect upon the population, however, is in the highest degree unsanitary. Contagious diseases are always rife here. Smallpox is said to lurk for the European artist who penetrates into the remoter courts and alleys.

But these evidences of a dead and gone day are now fading. The modern city — by which term is denoted the Ismailieh quarter — constantly enlarges its boundaries. In this section of Cairo are wide thoroughfares, well lighted and policed, and lined with stately dwellings. Here is the Esbekieh, or City Park, surrounded by hotels and business houses; to the right of the Esbekieh is the opera house; farther on, accessible through a narrow and not splendid thoroughfare, one comes to the Abdin Palace, where the Khedive has his official residence and in which most of the royal functions take place.

Great changes are undoubtedly imminent for Cairo. The most radical of them will be the inauguration of a system of sewerage. The absence of any such factor of municipal development hampers the city greatly. The occasional rainfalls flood the streets until wagons are sent about to collect the water and haul it off to the Nile, as already has been told.

The municipal government is admirable. Order prevails everywhere, and the stranger may visit every nook and cranny of the city with safety, provided he mind his own business. Even the criminal quarter is safe, although anything but edifying.

The masses of the Egyptian people to-day — the millions to whom the term “fellaheen” is applied — are precisely like the masses of the Egyptian people three thousand years ago. This seems difficult to believe in a world so prone to change as ours, but the statement is made on good authority.

The fellaheen are almost wholly of pure Egyptian blood, although there is here and there an intermingling of Syrian

and Arab stock, but the dominant race ever asserts itself in the end.

There is something distinctive in the gentle demeanor of this agricultural class. In the rural portions of the land, where the tourist seldom penetrates and where life is simplicity itself, the type of native character presents a fascinating study. The fellah's complexion grows darker, by the way, the farther south one goes.

They are all, light and dark, a keenly intelligent lot. This opinion, I know, is contrary to the general view. But the general view takes no account of the fellah's bewilderment at the new conditions which came in with the English Occupation. As an agricultural class the fellaheen are growing more prosperous. Their prospects are really bright. They can raise their crops and have something left for themselves when taxes are paid. They are no longer forced to borrow money at enormous rates of interest, because the English have established a banking system for the special benefit of the natives.

The type of physique among them varies little. They are often over, rather than under, medium height, and very slender. The head is large in proportion to the rest of the frame. The eyes are deep-set, the face oval, and the beard scanty. The tendency of the lips to project gives the countenance the aspect of a sneer, an effect not much atoned for by the shortness of the nose and the deep set of the eyes. Large chests, shrunken abdomens, and the claw-like hands and feet comprise the remaining physical characteristics. An unfortunate thing in the fellah is his aversion to standing upright. His favorite attitude is a squat. When he stands, however, as in the army, he makes a fine, soldierly figure.

The character of the fellah is, and must long remain, a matter of warm dispute. The average foreign resident in Europe denounces the native as cowardly, false, licentious, lazy, and degraded. The friends of the fellah point out his sobriety, docility, steadiness, and reserve. It would be easy to compromise and say of the fellah that he has his good and bad qualities.

Socially, the fellah is at the bottom of the scale. Every other element in the population looks down upon him. The Bedouins will not let him marry into their tribes, although a fellaheen girl is occasionally wed by a Bedouin of the humbler sort. When a fellah leaves the country for the town he often tries to conceal his origin.

They dress in a shirt and drawers on ordinary occasions. This attire is supplemented with a blue smock or a coat with sleeves when the weather grows cold. The tarbouche is worn, of course. Their persons and their clothes are very dirty. I never saw a head of hair decently combed or a face shaved. The women are plumper than the men, and shorter, as a rule. They wear cheap silver ornaments on their arms and legs, and very often tattoo themselves. Marriage takes place incredibly early; I have heard of grandmothers who had not reached the age of twenty-five.

Their mode of life is unvarying. Vegetables, not infrequently in a raw state, and a crude sort of home-made bread constitute the staple diet. The use of meat is practically unknown. The water of the Nile and coffee are their only drinks. The tobacco weed of the country, smoked in its green state, is a great solace to the men.

The houses are mostly of sun-dried bricks and might be described as only fit for beasts. In their domestic economy a strange ingenuity is displayed in avoiding any-

thing conducive to health. Filth is allowed to accumulate upon the rude earthen floor of the miserable shelter. Every sanitary law seems set at flat defiance. The children sprawl about in uncleanness, their eyes literally picked out of their heads by the swarms of flies that settle upon these victims of ophthalmia. The native villages are hotbeds of this scourge, and there are many of the fellaheen who suffer from some defect of vision. The ophthalmia among the fellaheen, I am convinced, is simply the result of their lack of cleanliness. I believe that a general washing would mitigate this evil.

In spite of these drawbacks, the fellaheen are fairly robust. Their great strength seems to be centered in the spine. I have heard extraordinary tales of the heavy weights they are capable of lifting upon their backs. A ponderous vehicle can be raised some distance from the ground in this manner by a robust fellah.

The great burden of the fellah, until recently, however, was taxation. Until the British Occupation the native retained about the tenth part of the product of his labor. The remainder went to the Sheikh, the Nazir, the Namur, the Cadi, and the Pasha. Often the cultivation of the land proceeded under the spur of the whip. The transformation under the English rule has been magical. Taxation is now fixed in amount and is regulated by the capacity of the fellah to pay. There is a certain tenure of land. The end of the year finds the fellah with something to his credit. The native has, for the first time in his existence, something to look forward to, something to work for. The effect has been marvelous. Self-respect, energy, and determination are beginning, slowly, it is true, but surely, to manifest themselves among these masses.

The only drawback at present is the crushing load of debt under which the fellaheen have managed to put themselves. They have borrowed sums, ranging from five dollars to fifty dollars, at rates of interest varying from forty per cent to a hundred and fifty per cent a year. Their creditors are mostly Greeks, a very troublesome element in the population of modern Egypt. The fellah has fallen a prey to the operations of the Greeks, and how to rescue him is one of the problems presented to the English rulers of the country. The establishment of a loan bank, which accommodates the fellah with money at nine per cent a year, has already done much good. Numerous other remedies and measures are at work. The fellah has a future.



Thomas Skelton Harrison

THE HOMELY DIARY OF A DIPLOMAT IN THE EAST

PART I

I WILL not attempt to enter into any details of my journey from New York, on September 9, 1897, by the good steamship, *Augusta Victoria*, of the Hamburg-American line, on my way to Cairo, further than to say that the passage across to Cherbourg was a smooth and charming one. My wife, of course, was with me, and with us, my new secretary, an agreeable, most obliging and acceptable young Italian who had been recommended to me by a friend; and with us, too, as far as Paris, came my sister-in-law, Miss Marion L. Harvey. A maid for my wife and one for Miss Harvey completed the party. From Cherbourg to Paris, starting at 9.30 P.M., and arriving at 4.30 A.M., was not a pleasant experience; but our comfortable and sumptuous quarters at the Hotel Westminster on the Rue de la Paix, where we sat down to an early breakfast at five o'clock, did much to rest us in mind and body.

We remained in Paris until the 2d of October, when we started for Brindisi to take the P. & O. S.S. *Egypt*, on the 24th of the month, and having plenty of time we first broke the journey at Turin, where at the Hôtel de l'Europe we were hospitably and well cared for. By this time our party had been reduced to my wife, my secretary, myself, and a maid — Hannah Sweeney — a good, faithful, but none too efficient, creature.

On the way from Paris to Turin, and before reaching Mâcon, we suddenly became aware that a part of the train, on which Hannah had been given second-class accommodation, had been divided from the rear portion on which we had a *wagon-lit*, and had gone ahead as a "first section." The train was for Marseilles. Our party was to change, at least Hannah was (our sleeping-car being carried through), at Mâcon. Would Hannah, who neither spoke nor understood a word of French, go on to Marseilles, or get out at Mâcon before our train arrived, and wait for us there? One may well imagine we were anything but comfortable with the thought that she might go on, especially as we had given her positive instructions not to leave her carriage under any pretext whatsoever, until taken from it by my secretary. Fortunately, at Dijon, before the time came to change for Turin, her train stopped twenty-five minutes for supper, and as it was but fifteen minutes ahead of ours, we arrived before it started anew. My secretary found Hannah sitting in her place in the otherwise empty second-class compartment, and we were all greatly relieved. Fortunately for her peace of mind, she had not known that all the way from Paris she had been traveling on a separate train.

We were well housed at Turin at the excellent Hotel d'Europa, situated on the square on which faces the Royal Palace. It was my second visit to the city, my first having been in 1878, with Arthur Delacourt; but either I must have seen nothing of it, or I had forgotten all that I had seen. We remained four or five days, very agreeably, and we bought some furniture for the Cairo house.

Our next stop was at Bologna, where we had intended remaining only one night; but one of our trunks, which we

knew as the "Frankfort" one, containing many articles of value and of absolute necessity, was found to have been left behind in Turin. Of course, each of us tried to place the fault on the other, and each had a plausible excuse for the oversight. Whoever was to blame, we were detained three days, much to our annoyance. At last we started for Florence by a belated train, of course, and we found ourselves in the most interesting of all the Italian towns except Rome. At Bologna we had stopped at the Hotel Brun, an old palace, altered and modernized. At Florence, we lodged at the new Hotel Savoy, the best-equipped hotel we have yet discovered in Europe. Even Hotel Westminster at Paris, where dinners were twelve francs a head, was no better, and sometimes not so good. Our object in stopping in Florence was to give the artist, David Sani, another chance at my wife's full-length portrait. I had had it taken from its frame in Philadelphia and sent to him in advance. We found it there, at his studio, 12, Via dei Robbia, and him, working on the head. When we left Florence we felt that the stop there had not been useless — Sani had succeeded in making a likeness, not exact, not so good-looking as the original, but pleasing.

Through the politeness of the officials of the railway, we were given an Italian sleeping-car to take us, via Bologna, to Brindisi, without change. This car consisted of four compartments, with a toilet-room. One compartment had a room for two to lie down at full length — across the car; in another compartment was a place for one person to sleep; and the two other compartments at the other end of the car and over the wheels afforded seats for second-class passengers. These, or one of these, was occupied by the two servants, Hannah Sweeney, and

Irene "Something," an Italian girl engaged at Florence, a maid for my wife, who spoke and understood nothing but her own language.

When we reached Bologna, having started from Florence at 3 P.M., we were told that the Ancona bridge on the road from Bologna to Brindisi had been carried away by the floods, and that the only way for us to reach the latter place was to go back to Florence, down to Rome, and thence via Castellamare to the Adriatic. We reached Rome the next morning at about eight o'clock, breakfasted and leaving at about 9.30, reached Castellamare about 5.30 P.M., in a pouring rain, which continued all night almost without intermission. We dined fairly well at the station restaurant; met three Spanish officers, good fellows, and struck up an acquaintance, my secretary remaining with them until nearly 11 P.M. Our great anxiety was, would the through train for Brindisi, from Naples, which was to pass through this town at about 2.30 A.M., Sunday morning (we left Florence at 3 P.M. Friday), take us up or leave us and endanger our catching the S.S. Egypt which was to sail from Brindisi Sunday evening? Fortunately, our minds were relieved about 3 A.M., by the arrival and stopping of the train and the hitching of us to the center position. We reached Brindisi at 11.30 that morning, worn out with more than forty-four hours of uncomfortable railroad traveling, but congratulating ourselves, nevertheless, upon having had our own carriage, with the comforting thought of the discomforts we had escaped had we been obliged to change cars at each of the stopping-places, namely, Bologna, Florence, Rome, and Castellamare!!!!

By good luck, the Egypt was lying at her quay, and

we were allowed, one and all of us, with baggage, to go on board, and comfortably, so far as the accommodation would permit, to settle ourselves in our staterooms. My secretary was the most fortunate of all, having been assigned a large stateroom with three berths, but as he was afterwards alone in it, he enjoyed sumptuous ease. We were immediately opposite, in a two-berth cabin, lighted artificially (electric); no sofa and barely room enough to get about in with any comfort. Still, it was better than the old *Cusco*, on which we made our crossing from Ismailia to Naples, in 1895. It was the *Egypt's* first trip. She is a fine steamer of about nine thousand tons and handsomely fitted. Her smoking-room and ladies' room are especially comfortable. At first, I thought the table good, but before I left I changed my mind. Curiously enough, although an English ship, we did not have a joint of roast beef while we were on board.

The ship was due to start at 10 P.M. Sunday, 24th of October, but owing to storms and washouts, which had delayed the trains and the Western mails, she did not clear until five o'clock the next morning. We reached Port Said on Wednesday at 5.30 P.M. On the trip I made no acquaintances to speak of. Perhaps I may mention a little Philadelphia woman, whose name I did not learn, who sat opposite to us at the table and who was going out two hundred miles from Bombay to join her husband, an Englishman who had a contract with a Maharajah to start and carry on schools for the middle class of his (Indian) community. Then there was a Mr. Rosenplanter from Staten Island, manager of immense oil works in a north-east corner of India, near the Chinese boundary — I think, Annam. He is connected with many of the best

society of New York City and was a very agreeable fellow.

We concluded to remain on the Egypt until we reached Ismailia, where we arrived at about 9 A.M., Thursday morning, having been detained at Port Said to put on twelve hundred tons of coal. At Port Said, W. Broadbent, the United States Consular Agent, came alongside in a trim-looking four-oared yawl and sought me out on board. I liked his appearance, manners, and speech, and felt satisfied that our Government had a good representative in him.

Through Mr. Broadbent I found everything in readiness at Ismailia to leave the ship. Mr. Watts, my Vice-Consul-General, had sent the first cawass of the office, Andrass by name, and with my secretary he got the luggage safely and all off to the Hotel Victoria and then to the railroad station. Louise took a room, and the rest of us lounged about the house and grounds until 11.30, lunch time; and shortly after luncheon we took the train for Cairo. When we had gone to within ten miles of the city, however, our engine broke down and we had a very tiresome wait of over three hours before a locomotive in good order could reach us, an unaccountable delay to me. On the Egypt and on the train with us, in the next compartment, were Prince Said Tussun and the Princess. She was an Englishwoman, or rather Irish, from Australia, a widow when he married her. It was said she had some money. He, although he was the son of the Said Pasha who signed the decree for the cutting of the Suez Canal, was said to be comparatively poor, having only about four thousand pounds a year. He is not on the best of terms, I was told, with his family on account of his mar-

Prince Said Tussun



riage, and the Princess is said to avoid his mother and sisters. I give the above for what it may be worth, which is not much, I imagine.

October 28. On reaching Cairo at 8.30 P.M., we were met at the station by Mr. Watts and Mr. Touhey, the latter the consular clerk. Fero, my coachman, who had preceded me, was there with my bays, "Nellie Bly" and "Lady Knox," hitched to the victoria, and we were soon whirled along to Shepherd's Hotel, where an excellent suite of rooms on the first floor was in readiness. Salon, three sleeping-rooms, two of them fronting the Esbekieh, and a good chamber for our two maids. We soon had a light supper, after which my secretary and I took a stroll for about an hour.

October 29. To-day I went to the office and Agency, looking the house over pretty thoroughly and reading up some of the dispatches of my predecessor. I did not find the work in very good shape. Desks were littered and there was an untidiness — I do not mean so much as to dirt, as to confusion and general lack of order or business method — that struck me unfavorably. The house, though not spacious, is amply large for everything but a ball. The rooms are of good size, but the decoration is most unsightly. There are no fireplaces, no gas but in two rooms, and no bathtub or fixtures, nor are there any butler's pantry conveniences. I find I must do a great deal.

In the afternoon we took a drive out to Ghezireh and went into the hotel, where we were shown the suite of rooms that had been intended for us. Magnificent, superb,

are the only words; but we concluded we must stay in the Agency, on account of the convenience, and in order that I may be identified immediately as the chief representative of the United States.

Letters were written to the Department at Washington of my arrival here and I had a very long discussion with Watts as to my proper course in relation to taking charge of the Agency. He was of the opinion that I should await the arrival, from Constantinople, of my *exequatur* — Mr. Angell, the Minister there, having been advised of my arrival and requested to forward it without delay. Boutros Pasha Ghali, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was also advised of my arrival.

October 30. To-day again Mr. Watts and I discussed my taking charge and relieving him. He was as positive as yesterday; but I suggested asking Lord Cromer's advice, and we set out at once, found Lord Cromer in his study, and put the matter before him. He agreed with what I claimed and advised us to drive to the Minister of Foreign Affairs at once and get his permission to serve, pending the arrival of the *exequatur*.

I was very favorably impressed with Lord Cromer, who appeared to be a friendly, plain, outspoken gentleman. He seemed to me to be about sixty years of age, tall, with a round, clean-shaven face, and a good-natured English countenance. He was very courteous in welcoming me to Cairo.

We immediately proceeded to the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and after driving through a dirty and badly littered court, we passed within a shabby, worn-out, and dirty-carpeted room, or reception hall, to the

grand stairway, on the first landing of which were uniformed servants or guards. On the landing of the first and principal floor, preceded by Andrass, my cawass, we were led to the anteroom, a fine apartment, in good order and well furnished. Then, giving our cards to one of the chamberlains, we were requested to be seated, and after waiting only a few minutes, we were given an audience. Boutros Pasha Ghali is a Copt, of medium height, with a round, good-natured face that did not impress me as one of much strength of character, although his speech, which was decisive and to the point, rather gave the contrary conclusion. He ordered coffee and gave us cigarettes, and we had a friendly and informal chat at first. Then I told him the object of my visit and he at once replied that he recognized me from that moment. So the matter was concluded and Watts and I (he a little crestfallen) went back to the office, where I wrote letters that the new condition required.

October 31. — Sunday. Watts had written me a note the night before, telling me that a pew was reserved in the English church for the Agency and that he and Mrs. Watts were going. Unfortunately, I had not received it in time to give Louise the chance to dress, as she would have liked on her first appearance at divine service. Her trunks for the most part were not unpacked, and we did not avail ourselves of the information; but my secretary and I strolled up the Mouskey and walked a few minutes in the bazaars, just to give him a *coup d'œil* and whet his appetite for a longer visit.

In the afternoon we drove to the Zoölogical Gardens; amused the monkeys and ourselves; admired the beauti-

fully laid-out walks and grottoes, flower-beds and stately palms, and started back to the hotel fully alive to the beauties of Cairo's most lovely garden. There was a charge for entrance of two piastres each, which tended, of course, to keep the rabble from the grounds.

November 1. This morning was spent at the Agency. The afternoon, after 2.30, I devoted to making calls upon the Agents and Consuls-General of all the countries represented at the Court of His Highness the Khedive. The only house into which we were admitted was that of the Minister of Persia. An unprepossessing courtyard, or garden, before entering the dwelling, and the furniture rather shabby with the cheap look that almost always accompanies the Eastern gilt, try-to-look-better-than-it-is interior belongings and decorations. We were received on the first floor (our second story) by a man under the average height, who weighed, I should say, about a hundred and thirty pounds, dressed in European dress, but wearing his black tarbouch. His face was that of a man of intelligence and abstinence — good eyes, high but narrow forehead, an aquiline nose, small mouth with rather thin lips, and with a chin and jaw that indicated decision and thought. His name is Faradjalla Khan, a general. After smoking a cigarette and holding conversation entirely in French, we rose to go. Just as he had said good-bye and we had reached the first two or three steps of the stairway, we were met by a servant bearing a tray, on which were cups of tea. We excused ourselves, however, and started on our way again upon the round of visits. After my return to Shepheard's I found a number of cards of visitors, among them Lord Cromer's and Colonel Cooper's

Lord Cromer in 1898



and Mrs. Cooper's for Louise, and about 6.30 came Elias Bey, Inspector in the Bureau of the Interior Department, who had been in Philadelphia in 1876 in some official capacity and who knew or had known some of our best people.

He told me he had been present at the birth of the Khedive and his brother Mehemet Ali, and looked upon them almost as his sons. I judge that they greatly esteem him. He spoke most highly of them both, especially of His Highness. Looking over my papers, I have found a letter of introduction to Elias from Frank Rosengarten, and now remember how favorably he had spoken of him before I left home.

November 2. Nothing especial to-day. Have been working with plumbers, painters, paper-hangers and looking at rugs. I wrote to the Lord Chamberlain, — at least Watts did by my direction, — asking for the honor of a private audience with the Khedive. I ordered a suit of heavy blue cloth for Jack Fero.

I have caught a Shepherd's Hotel cold — influenza — that is sure to result from sitting in the draughty halls of this house. Our evenings, invariably, we pass in our rooms. About ten o'clock my secretary and I take a short stroll about. This evening, passing the "Sphinx's" office, Longworth, the editor and owner, was standing without. He pressed us to enter to hear some fellaheen sing and act their songs. He was about to select them for a London show. There were four of them; one an old chap who seemed the chief of the gang. Of course, there was no music in the sounds they uttered, but one of their chants reminded me of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-dee-ay," and I think

might have been intended as an imitation. They emphasized their periods by clapping each other, keeping time, on the sides of their faces. It was funny and very curious.

November 3. To-day has been almost a repetition of yesterday; work with mechanics, and spent many weary moments looking at rugs. We were shown some good ones at the Agency and for what I was asked £103 I offered £42; but as yet my offer has not been accepted and I fear will not be. Some of the lot were really beautiful, antique, and with a gloss as if from silk. They were made from the Angora wool.

The Countess Montjoie had written Louise asking if it would be agreeable to her for them to call this afternoon, and Louise replied fixing six o'clock. The Countess came, with her daughter, a girl of about twenty or twenty-two, quite pretty; and she herself, not altogether *passée*, must have possessed a great deal of beauty in her early youth. I should say she was approaching fifty now. She is an American, an intimate friend of William Penn Brock. She has married a second time; her present husband, a Bavarian officer, is in the service of the Khedive. They made a long visit of about an hour. Spoke of many of our Philadelphia friends. Were thoroughly *au courant* of all of the Cairo gossip.

November 4. Spent the morning with upholsterers and decorators until about 10.30, then went to the Agency until 12.45, my secretary writing, copying, and so on. Fitted up my private room, with the late drawing-room furniture of the Penfields. In the afternoon, with Louise and my secretary, I called on the wives of the Ministers,

or Agents; got through at about 5.30, and took tea on the Terrace. A young American engineer from the Far West, a Mr. Bancroft, who had been out to Australia for a London company, came up and introduced himself. He was on his way to London, and perhaps the Klondike. I was well pleased with him — a good-looking, healthful, clean, strong six-footer, who knew what he was doing and what he was talking about. We returned the visit of the Countess Montjoie and saw her and her daughter in their apartment.

November 5. A busy day. First, in the morning, the decorator, the upholsterer, came and had his samples examined, but nothing was decided upon. I then went to the Agency, where I examined the work that was being done by the mechanics. Louise called for me there to go to see the palace which was for rent and which we think of taking should we be able to get it. I found a note from the Grand Chamberlain at the Agency, naming four o'clock to-morrow for the private audience with the Khedive; also a note from Lord Cromer, that had been passed from Agent to Agent, announcing the forming of a committee for the Diplomatic Corps to meet the King of Siam on Sunday at 5.30 P.M. In the afternoon I returned the visit of Rev. Mr. Harvey, of the American Missions, a pleasant gentleman of about sixty-five or seventy, who has resided in Egypt since 1865. His wife, daughter, and friend (lady) came in while with my secretary I was at the mission. I was not greatly impressed by either the beauty or wit of my hosts. Mr. Harvey wished to introduce me to Rev. Mr. Griffin, his colleague, but although we mounted another flight and searched from room to room

we did not find him. The building of the American Missions is opposite Shepheard's and is quite important in size. Mr. Harvey told me that over seventy Arab girls were being taught there. The chapel within the structure is quite large. It is divided in the center, lengthwise, by small columns, on the tops of which is a rail, and on this rail is suspended, by rings, a curtain that can be drawn, so that one side of the church where the women sit can be shut off from the view of the other where the men have their places.

After Mr. Harvey, we visited Elias Bey, Inspector in the Department of Internal Affairs, and found him at home, as well as his wife, a young and beautiful woman. They were very polite, offered us cigarettes and sweets, with a small glass of cognac, of which we partook. After our visit we returned to the hotel, picked up Louise, and drove to Ghezireh. On our way back to Shepheard's, Louise returned the visit of the Thorndikes, who were stopping at the hotel; and afterwards we received the Countess della Sala in our salon.

November 6. This has been a day full of interest and import. Not feeling entirely satisfied that I should go to the reception of the Khedive with the Diplomatic Corps in the morning at 10.15, when I was to have a private audience at four o'clock, I wrote last evening to Lord Cromer, as Dean of the Corps, asking his advice. He courteously and promptly replied, stating he thought I had better send Mr. Watts in the morning to represent the United States Agency, and go alone to Abdin Palace in the afternoon as appointed, explaining to His Highness that the reason I had not appeared in the morning was

because I had not previously had the honor of being received by him. Therefore, I sent Mr. Watts, and after looking over some wall-papers and thin curtains for the house with my secretary, I returned to the Agency. There I remained until twelve o'clock. After luncheon, Louise, who was to be presented to the Vice-Reine *mère* and to the Vice-Reine by Lady Cromer, at Koobeh, made ready for that important and interesting function. She was beautifully dressed and looked charming. At 2.30 she started off with the janissary, in the victoria driven by Fero. The whole establishment was first-class, and I felt well content with it, especially with its lovely burden. At 3.30, with Ali, my second cawass, in a wretched-looking hotel turnout, I set out for Abdin Palace, stopping at the Agency to kill time. I reached the Palace about ten minutes too soon; but, of course, was expected and met at the foot of the grand stairway by two of the chamberlains; conducted to the salon waiting-room on the first floor to the right, where I was requested to sit until His Highness could receive me. After a short wait another official came to give me a message from the Khedive, that inasmuch as we knew each other, he, with my permission, would dispense with the members of his Council and receive me alone, which suited my wishes exactly. I was then conducted across the hall into the *Salon de Réception*, immediately opposite to the room in which I had waited.

So soon as I entered the doorway, I saw the Khedive approaching, smiling cordially and extending *both* hands, which I took, and received a most friendly double shake. The Khedive then led me to the farther end of the room and, seating himself on a Louis XV lounge, motioned me to sit beside him. He expressed his satisfaction that the

President had sent me to his Court to represent the United States and said some very pleasant things about me and my past visits to Egypt. I thanked him for the honor he had done me in granting me the audience so soon, and especially on a day when he had so much work himself. He had commenced his receptions that morning at 7.30 and had been at them all day. He was to be at the railway station at 5.30 P.M. to meet the King of Siam; so I could well take it as a compliment that he had not deferred the audience until some day next week. I told him, quite frankly, of my interest in himself, my affection for him, if he would permit the use of that word (and he smilingly assented, placing his hand on my knee), and the admiration I felt for the improvement in the condition and welfare of his people due to his example and beneficent rule. Then we talked of horses; of where I would live while in Cairo; of the health of Louise; of donkey-riding; and then he asked about Fero, and was much amused when I told him of Jack's admiration for him and of the value that he had placed upon the scarf-pin that His Highness had given him.¹ The audience lasted nearly twenty minutes. I had hardly returned to the hotel when the Khedive escorted by a squadron of horse, was driven by. I felt that the compliment was all the greater, when I saw that he had given me so much of the time he needed for himself to prepare and dress in appropriate uniform to meet his expected royal guest.

On the Terrace at Shepheard's a great throng had as-

¹ In 1895, Mr. Harrison sent to the Khedive a stallion, a Wilks trotter, for breeding purposes, under the charge of Jack Fero. Eventually the Khedive bestowed "Bay Harrison," as he was called, on his brother, Prince Mehemet Ali. Some time afterward, the Grand Chamberlain sent Mr. Harrison a splendid Arab mare and two Mecca donkeys. (ЕДРОВ.)

sembled to see the King of Siam and his escort go by on the way from the station to Abdin Palace, where he and his suite were to remain a fortnight or so, and I met a number of friends, among them Brewster Bey, my old acquaintance. He did not look prosperous and has begun to show his years. He is the same honest, straightforward fellow, and I like him very much. I also met his wife, but as she was surrounded by friends in a chair in front by the rail, I did not dwell long by her side, although I must compliment myself on my French, which came easily and well that time, anyhow. I afterwards met Chereef Bey and an Englishman whose name I do not recall, who reminded me that he had been assigned at Abdin to care for Louise and me at the Khedivial Ball in 1895.

I forgot to say that, upon my return from the Agency this morning, I found awaiting me, and talking to Louise, on Shepherd's Terrace, Count Montjoie and Count della Sala. The former, a big fellow, a sturdy, honest Bavarian, in the employ of the Government; the latter, a clever Italian, the husband of the Countess who has already received some attention in these pages. As Montjoie spoke only French, I was obliged to grind out that tongue for over half an hour, and was well content when he rose to take leave. I, however, liked him exceedingly. As for the Count della Sala, he certainly is an agreeable fellow, a thorough man of the world, about sixty-five, and pleasant to be with as an occasional companion.

About five o'clock Louise was driven up, and almost immediately afterwards two ladies arrived whom she had met at Koobeh, at the Vice-Reine *mère's* reception, and whom she had invited to see the King of Siam go by from our salon at this hotel, much the best place in Cairo for the view.

These ladies were the Baroness Malortie and Mme. de Mohl, whose husband is the German representative of the Caisse de la Dette. Mr. Behler kindly gave us the large salon and its terrace on the first floor, from which we had a perfect view.

The King, seated in the state gala carriage, on the right of the Khedive, saluted to the right and left as he was driven by. The carriage, the same in which I am to take my ride when I appear officially to present my credentials, sometime next month, was a thing to behold, with the coachmen and footmen and outriders on the rumble, all in pink silk stockings buckled on their knees; laughingly striking to me when thought of in connection with the grandson of the Philadelphia Quaker who must accompany them on his state errand. After they had gone the Countess Tugini, wife of the Italian Agent, and the Baroness Acton, wife of the Italian Consul, called upon Louise and were shown to our salon. While there Mr. Wilson, correspondent of the London "Times," called and was admitted; so with my secretary and ourselves, we had a roomful. The ladies both spoke very good English, although the greater part of the conversation, due to my secretary being admitted to it, was in French. We found them both charming. Countess Tugini, while not a beauty, was quite pleasing looking—a handsome blonde. Baroness Acton looked like a German, was of medium height, with a good face, and an honest, sympathetic manner. We liked them very much. Mr. Wilson was a man of about sixty to sixty-three, with a grizzly full beard and mustache, rather short, careless of dress, and with very quiet and undemonstrative manner. Only after he had gone did I learn that he was a correspondent of the London "Times," and it was just as well, perhaps, that

it was so, for I was more natural and less reserved than I should have been had I suspected an "interview." Louise was very polite to him and he remained fully half an hour after the Italian ladies had gone. So ended a busy day.

In the evening, I received an invitation, by the Grand Master of Ceremonies, by order of the Khedive, to dine with him to-morrow, Sunday, at Abdin Palace, to meet the King of Siam! I shall go, of course!!!


Sunday—November 7. I shall confine my account of this day to the reception given, by the King of Siam at Abdin Palace, to the Diplomatic Corps, and to the dinner that followed, given by His Highness the Khedive, in honor of the distinguished visitor to his country, for little else, if anything at all, is worth mentioning.

We were invited to Abdin Palace for the first ceremony at 5.30 P.M., and as the Secretaries of the Legations were included in the invitation, Mr. Watts, acting as such, accompanied me. We were driven within the courtyard of the Palace and alighted on the right at an entrance within the building, from which a noble staircase of marble led to the floor above. There we found officers of the household and were passed on by them until the apartment in which the audience was to take place was reached.

I met Lord Cromer just as I entered the Palace, and we walked up the stairway together and continued in company until we reached the salon. There, the other diplomats being already assembled, he introduced me to each and I had a short conversation with the Diplomatic Agent of Germany, Count Metternich; of France, M. George Cogordan; of Holland, Van du Does de Willebois; of Russia, M. Koyander; of Italy, M. Tugini. The others, whose

names I do not now recall, but may have occasion to mention later on, simply shook hands with me with a smile and a bow. It was plainly to be seen that Lord Cromer was the principal figure "in the show," and this was made the more manifest when the King of Siam entered. He first saluted Lord Cromer, who was nearest to the door, and stood and talked with him cordially and for some time, asking him questions and frequently laughing at his replies. He spoke in English, not very well, and with a loud, high voice. Occasionally, and after a pause in the conversation, as if he had been thinking what to ask next, he would almost shout his question, and you were impressed, for the moment, with the thought that he was about to make a stump speech, after the American style.

After leaving Lord Cromer, he turned to the next Agent, and so on from one to the other until he had saluted the whole corps. To some he said only a word or two. To those who did not speak English he only made a bow, but to France and Germany and the United States he gave time and attention. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Boutros Pasha Ghali, accompanied him on his round and introduced to him the several diplomats. When he came to me, dressed in evening suit, he was attracted by the order or insignium of the Loyal Legion, which I wore suspended on a ribbon about my neck. He asked, "What decoration is that? I do not know it." I replied that it was one of two that was recognized by the Congress of the United States and which had been given to officers of the Army and Navy who had participated in the late rebellion and whose record was such as to entitle them to wear it. He seemed very much interested and said he regretted he had not been able to visit the United States on this



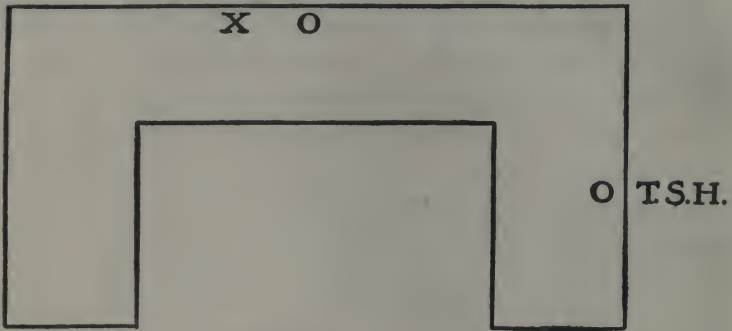
The King of Siam with the Khedive and his Court



trip, but from lack of time had been obliged to forego the pleasure. He is rather a merry-looking, round-faced, almond-eyed man, resembling both a Japanese and a Chinaman; in fact he has the Asiatic countenance. He is rather stout for his height. He was dressed in a coat of white cloth, and, if I remember right, trousers of the same. Over his breast, from shoulder to thigh, he wore a wide scarlet ribbon of some order; and diamond stars — sufficient, had they been in the heavens, to satisfy an ordinarily eager gazer on those celestial bodies — were hung around or attached to his breast, as well. With him, though remaining at the door, were members of his suite, and these were gorgeously attired, one with a coat of cloth of gold that was simply woven of threads of that precious metal and was stiff enough to stand, unwrinkled, by itself. He too had stars and especially buckles that were studded with diamonds as big as hazelnuts or filberts. The ceremony being over, we all filed out and took our carriages for our several homes. I found Louise with Mrs. Brewster and the wife, I think it was, of Chereef Bey, or some such name. Count Montjoie was on the Terrace and I stopped awhile to talk with him. A half-hour later, Louise and I left for our rooms, leaving my secretary with the ladies. I had to prepare for the dinner which was to take place at 7.30.

Promptly at that hour I found myself ascending the grand stairway, the same that I had climbed the day before when about to be received by His Highness, and was shown into the apartment where the Khedive was receiving his guests. I found there the same gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps, and with them the princes of the royal family and high officers of the Court, together

with the members of the Council. The Khedive received each as he entered, and after shaking hands with me, with a word of greeting, I took my place on the right side of the room, awaiting the coming of the guest of the evening, with his suite. The King of Siam soon arrived, and His Highness joining him, the couple preceded the company to the banqueting hall, a superb room, beautifully lighted and tastefully decorated. The tables were placed thus:



At the head sat the Khedive (O) and on his right (X) the King; next to him sat Prince Mehemet Ali, and next to him, one of the King's sons — or one of his brothers as I afterwards heard it might have been. He appeared much too old to have been a son, and it may have been a brother, for in these Eastern lands, the next heir to the throne is frequently a brother next in age, and not the eldest son of the reigning sovereign. I now remember that it was one of the sons that sat on the right of Mehemet Ali; it was the brother that sat on the left of His Highness, the real place of honor. I was well placed, the ninth on the left of the Khedive, and no one between him and

me, excepting the Siamese and princes of the reigning house of Egypt, Boutros Pasha Ghali, Minister of Foreign Affairs,¹ and Count Metternich, the German Agent — the last on my right. On my left was Sir Elwin Palmer, a distinguished Englishman and virtual controller of the finances of the country.

Just as the King and Khedive, followed by his other guests, were leaving the reception room, the electric lights suddenly went out and a comparative darkness followed, the usual candelabra of candles seeming quite inadequate to illumine the apartments. The banqueting-tables, however, had numerous candelabra, and the room if not brilliant, was fairly well lighted. It was at least a quarter of an hour before the electric lights resumed. The Khedive's mortification and displeasure were plainly noticeable. It was the first time electricity had been used in the palace.

All of the diners were most gorgeously attired, with gold enough on their coats to insure a return to the gold standard had the country been reduced to paper money! Only Count Metternich and myself were in ordinary evening dress, while I, in addition to the Loyal Legion insignium, with ribbon around my neck, carried on my left breast the decoration of the Grand Army of the Republic.

¹ Boutros Pasha Ghali, was a respectable Copt, or Christian Egyptian. He was appointed after this period (in 1907) Prime Minister by the successor of Lord Cromer, Sir Eldon Gorst. He replaced Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, whose infirmities and age compelled him to give up his office. His appointment caused a serious feud between the Mohammedan Nationalists and their Christian colleagues. The two factions sprang at each other's throats, and at last, in 1910, Boutros Pasha paid with his life the price of his elevation. He was assassinated by a Nationalist named Wardani. Sir Eldon Gorst, who is said to have been "watching the fight with a sardonic smile," was profoundly moved when the comedy became a tragedy. He saw to it that Wardani paid the penalty of his dastardly crime, although the Nationalists had sworn he should escape. When the black flag went up over the prison, however, it marked their defeat and peace. For an Egyptian knows when he is beaten. (ERROR.)

No one knew but it was equal to the Iron Cross or the Order of the Bath! It certainly was equally honorable and often more difficult of attainment; it meant active service in a great war and a deserved record in most cases. Many, however, who begrudge the veteran his well-earned pension, will not agree with me.

The menu was a good one, but the food was not hot, a fact that is apparent at almost all large banquets; although this one did not include more than sixty covers.

Consommé à la d'Orléans
 Timbales à la Nantua
 Poisson à la Valençay
 Filet de bœuf à la Richelieu
 Suprême de poulardes à la Bankok
 Côtelettes d'agneau à la Béarnaise
 Terrines de Nérac en belle-vue
 Sorbet au Marasquin
 Cailles rôties sur canapé
 Salade Russe
 Asperges en branches
 Savarin à la Khédive
 Bombe panachée
 Paillettes au fromage
 Dessert

Palais d'Abdine
 le 7 Novembre 1897

We arose from the table at about nine o'clock and were led back to the reception room, where cigars, cigarettes, coffee, cognac, and liqueurs were served. While all of us were smoking, the King of Siam walked about among the Diplomatic Corps, saluting one after another, for a short talk, and I again received a good part of his atten-

tion, the subject again being decorations and the United States. His remarks concerning our country, however, did not evidence much, if any, knowledge of its institutions, its government, or its people. They were mostly expressions of regret that he had not been able to visit it during his present trip. I judge that he is pretty well satisfied with himself and his importance and much underestimates that of the great Western Republic. I was back at Shephard's by ten o'clock. Altogether, the experience was interesting and novel. I had, during the smoking half-hour, some pleasant chats with the French, Russian, and Holland Agents; and, had, during the dinner, with Count Metternich and Sir Elwin Palmer,¹ a very agreeable time.

November 8. Nothing of importance occurred to-day, excepting that Mr. Hewat, the Consular Agent at Alexandria, called upon me at the Agency, by appointment. I assured him of my good-will and that I knew only of good reasons why he should continue to hold office at Alexandria. I left the Agency about noon, having a very bad cold and there being no place there, as yet, to sit about comfortably. In the afternoon drove with Louise to Ghazireh Palace Hotel to look at the Ismail apartment. "Luigi" was up the river with the King of Siam, so nothing was concluded. We received an invitation from Lord and Lady Cromer to dine with them on Saturday next, November 13. We go to an "at home" there to-

¹ Sir Elwin Palmer succeeded Sir Edgar Vincent in the summer of 1889, when the latter left Egypt, where he had been at the head of the Caisse de la Dette as Financial Adviser and had initiated many reforms, which under Sir Elwin Palmer produced such brilliant results, bringing about the final regeneration of Egypt. (ERROR.)

night, thus breaking the ice on the social river, with a wondering, more or less amused, thought, whether the current is to be sluggish or swift, or whether we shall find the waters cold or warm, muddy or clear! *Nous verrons!* I do not feel, notwithstanding the interest I have just expressed, any desire whatever to make a business either of going to or of giving luncheons, dinners, "at homes," or balls. I suppose, however, that I must go through with a certain amount of them, and endure them as best I may.

November 9. Louise and I both have had colds to-day, although we have been out, she all the morning, and I as well, until after five o'clock, at the office. I had another busy day with my correspondence and interviews at the Agency and at Ghizeh.

At the latter, by appointment, I saw M. Victor Loret, the Director of the Museum, or of the section of it that has jurisdiction over the excavations in Egypt. My visit was induced by instructions from the Department at Washington to do all in the power of the Agency in favor of the American Exploration Society, of which Dr. William Pepper is president, and Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, secretary. The Director had received letters from both of them, and both of them had interviewed me in Philadelphia immediately before my departure.

Unfortunately, M. Loret did not understand English and as my knowledge of French did not permit me to be as strong in my argument as I should have been in my own tongue, I felt at some loss. However, I consider that I made him sufficiently understand what was needed. Before I left I received his expressions of sympathy and his

promise to do what he could to get concessions for the Society which would allow the excavations to proceed, if not this year, then next. Unfortunately, the Council that determines whether or not permission shall be given sits but once a year (to-morrow) and the time to consider the application of the Society was too short; and further, I had been put in possession of so few facts respecting the scope of the Society, its work and relations, that I was unable to do more than assure the Director of its respectability and the importance of the University of Pennsylvania which I believed it would principally favor. In the afternoon I wrote an engagement for the Society to M. Loret, promising, should the concession be made, that it would accept such territory as the Council might assign as well as obey such regulations as might be promulgated, and further that the man in charge of the work should either be of the Council's appointment — an experienced Egyptologist — or one that the Council would approve of the Society's appointment. The letter was sent by mail late this afternoon.

In the evening Louise and I went to Lord and Lady Cromer's "at home." I greatly feared that I would have to go alone with my secretary, Louise had such a cold, with pains in her back and aches in all her bones; but at 9.15 she concluded to dress and we got off at 10.15, she carefully bundled up. There were only about thirty-five to forty there: among them the Italian Minister and the Countess Tugini; Lord Granville, a young and polite attaché of the English Agency; Mme. de Mohl; Count and Countess Quadt, Count Golokunzki, etc. Nothing but tea, lemonade, and cake for refreshments! The house is spacious and elegant, with some rich and appropriate

furnishings. At first, we assembled in the drawing-room; afterwards in the ballroom and music-room, a large square apartment, with glaring white walls and ceilings, unrelieved by gilding or any color; the furniture, too, was of white woodwork and the stuffs with which it was upholstered lacked character. The lights were electric — and the whole was very trying to the women.

Lady Cromer was very gracious and her husband a polite host. I was presented to Miss Baring, a niece of Lord Cromer, neither good-looking nor otherwise; rather frail in make-up. Also to a bride, a Mrs. Nicholson, who came out from London in the *Egypt* and, with the groom, had the stateroom next to ours. She is very pretty and animated. Louise wore her black-and-white Paquin creation, a lovely gown, and looked charming, although so far from well. It was remarkable to me how she was able to forget her aches and ills and enter into the spirit of the evening, sluggish as it undoubtedly was. One of the gentlemen, and afterwards one of the ladies, played upon the grand piano that was in the room. The airs were unfamiliar to me and the execution may have been perfect, but I failed to enjoy either. We left the house about 11.30. On return to the hotel, not having gone down to table d'hôte dinner, I made a hearty meal of bread, butter, and cold roast beef, washing them down generously with Munich beer!!

November 10. This morning at Collicott's respecting my navy dress suit, and afterwards was at the office until 11.30 when I went to look at a furnished house. Aside from the rent of six hundred dollars per month it was objectionable in many respects.

Returned to office and wrote to Judge Tuck on the subject of the judgeship at Alexandria. I told him that the Khedive and his advisers had already voted an assignment both to Alexandria and Mansourah, and such being the case would it be worth while to do more than protest?—that in my opinion the appointment to Alexandria of the German would not be annulled by anything I might say, so why waste powder asking for it? I suggested that he write a form of a letter for the Agency to send to Boutros Pasha (as he was so much more familiar with the whole matter of the past three years than I), and, if I approved it, I would have it sent to the Minister of Foreign Affairs over my signature.

When I returned to Shepherd's I found Louise still abed, with less pain than yesterday, but evidently with fever, and concluded it would be more prudent to send for a doctor. This I set about doing by having my secretary find out who attended Lady Cromer; learning this, he sought and found him. When the doctor came, which he did about 5.30, he pronounced it an attack of dengue fever, a local trouble that was now almost epidemic and usual in the month of November. Louise is to remain in bed three or four days and eat only "baby food," when it is expected she will be well again. My secretary, too, has an attack of the fever and has been put to bed. I remained in the room with Louise all the afternoon and evening, reading "New Egypt," by Adams. The book is interesting and strongly written. Its descriptions of the Khedive and of Lord Cromer are lifelike, and the details of interviews with them are very entertaining. I gather from it that Adams does not believe that England will evacuate Egypt; that he is rather inclined to the opinion she

should not, for the good of Egypt; at the same time he gives the impression that England is in honor bound to keep her promise and leave the country as soon as strength to govern by the Khedive's Government prevails and quiet exists.

For my part, I do not believe that England will let go. Egypt is but a pawn on the world's board, and, in England's game in the East, with the Canal, is essential to her. It must be held or protected by her. The evacuation of Egypt, either diplomatically or by force, will mark the beginning of England's loss of prestige. For her to remain may be irksome to the Khedive and to his family, to the Pashas and those who do not work, who live on the labor of others; but certainly, in my opinion, there would be no gain to the common people, the middle classes, or to those who wish well to the country, in a change from that of the English to the old system, or to a new one under the Khedive, or to a "dual control" as under the protection of the French and Germans, or of any other two nations.

England's rule is constitutional at home, and the influence of official responsibility as well as the superb character of her civil service warrant the conclusion that the happiness of the people of Egypt, their increase in comfort and material wealth, are as secure — if not more so — under her present rule, as they possibly could be under any other system.

November 11. Louise abed all day — no fever and no pain. Dr. Sandwith thought the case a light one and that she could get up to-morrow and use the salon and her own room, sitting about. She, however, began to have severe pains in her back early in the evening which bade fair to

continue all night. Unfortunately, she had taken, during the day, almost all of the medicine prescribed to relieve the pain.

I received quite a mail this morning from Gregerson, my brother John, Miss Turner, and my nephew Leland. Wrote to Baker, authorizing him to buy "Brig's" colts with proceeds of sale of "Daireen." Received a cablegram from Assistant Secretary Cridler, asking if Judge Fearn had resigned, and I sent Watts to Boutros Pasha to inquire. Learning that he had, I cabled "Yes." Boutros Pasha told Watts that Judge Batcheller would be acceptable. In the afternoon I was driven to Ghezireh to see Luigi to learn his terms for the Khedivial apartments; but he had not returned from his trip up the Nile with the King of Siam. Dined alone and went to bed at 9.15.

November 12. Last night was a bad one for poor Louise. About eight o'clock the fever pains came on again and thereafter until daybreak, and even after, all day until the doctor came. The pain in her back was excruciating: really a terrible night for her. My secretary, too, had a bad night; his aches were in the head.

I wrote at the hotel until about noon, when the doctor called, letters of importance to Washington, and others. Then I went to the Agency. Found an important dispatch from Boutros Pasha Ghali respecting the vacancy in the Mixed Court,¹ with a recommendation on the part of the

¹ Before Mixed Tribunals were established in February, 1876, all suits against foreigners were brought before their respective Consular Courts. Sir Alfred Milner states that it would be impossible to give an idea of the unscrupulousness with which foreign Diplomatic Agents, especially during the reign of Ismail, used their influence to obtain from poor, weak Egypt the payment of even the most preposterous demands. When the International Tribunals came into existence, there were £40,000,000 foreign claims outstanding against the Government. One claim of 30,000,000 francs was awarded £1000. This gives a notion of the wholesale injustice of these claims. (ERROR.)

Egyptian Government of Judge Batcheller, who had been on the Court and left, I think, in 1885. If I remember right, this man was a high officer of the late International Postal Convention at Washington. Colonel Long told me of him, and from what he said, I am not very favorably disposed towards him. On the other hand, I believe him to be a friend of my friend, "Joe" McCammon, of Washington, and he thinks well of him. However, I only confirmed the cablegram I sent yesterday, that Judge Fearn had resigned and sent a copy of the letter of Boutros Pasha to the Department. In the afternoon, I returned to the Agency, and at 4 P.M. took a drive in the bicycle wagon, "Lady Knox" in the shafts, and Jack beside me. Went to the Ghezireh Sporting Club and paid my dues for this year. This will entitle my secretary to go within the club grounds with Louise or me, but not to play any of the games. Louise has all the rights I have. The doctor came again about 10.30 P.M.; I thought, from a rash on my chest, that I was about to fall a victim to the fever, but it turned out only a prickly heat expression. I forgot yesterday to record the receipt of a cablegram from Mr. William H. Nichols, President, New York, as follows: "Manufacturing Chemists Association miss you at their meeting to-day and send best wishes." I wrote to Nichols acknowledging and expressing my gratification at being remembered.

November 13. Louise still too sick to be out of bed. She had a much better night, however; in fact, slept through-out and felt much improved this morning. The doctor came about 12.30, just as I was returning from the office, and he smilingly said, "the case was as good as one had a right to expect."



Lady Cromer



I went early to the office and did a lot of miscellaneous work, notably preparing a letter of instructions to American shipping to this market. Louise's dress, that had been shipped from Paris about three weeks ago, turned up in Alexandria, where it had been since the 6th. So far, I have heard nothing of the cigars from Havana nor the chinaware from Dresden. Wrote to Nichols and Lamm. Also wrote to Miss Turner for the letter-book files. Watts called to see how Louise and my secretary were. The latter dictated two letters to Irene, my wife's Italian maid; one enclosing twenty lire to the Turin *maitre d'hôtel* and the other to the Florentine chef.

In the evening at eight o'clock, I went to Lord and Lady Cromer's dinner. There were but twelve guests at the table, including the host and hostess. I was received in the drawing-room, where already most of the guests were assembled. Both host and hostess were very cordial and asked particularly about Louise, expressing regrets that she was ill and unable to be present. I took Lady Cromer in to dinner and sat on her right. The ends of the table were occupied by two gentlemen, whose names I don't remember, and the sides each by five persons. Lord Cromer sat opposite to his wife, immediately in the center of one of the sides. Next to me, on my right, sat Miss Baring, a niece of Lord Cromer's, a sweet, young fresh-looking, though not a robust English girl, who had just come out to pass the winter. So I was well placed. With Lady Cromer, I talked mostly of Egyptian life as led by Europeans, their amusements and occupations; of her husband, of whom, of course, she is a great admirer; of flower-shows, of horse-shows, of house servants, of languages, what-not? I found her attentive, sympathetic, and while not original, solidly

sensible. Miss Baring was guileless and unaffected. She spoke of her anticipated enjoyment of the coming season, of the delay in the receipt of a Paris dress, a matter she enlarged upon as a thing of the first importance, "for you know," she said, "I don't get all my gowns in Paris, I can't afford it." The table was beautifully set, the glass being especially elegant — strikingly so. Goblets and not tumblers — all the stems were spiral and gilded bright gold, and on each piece was a monogram. The champagne glasses were high. In the middle of the meal, a cherry bounce was served in small glasses, and these were within,



but a little higher than, a small silver container of the same form. The glass was about one inch high by seven eighths of an inch wide. The linen was exquisite — only a few simple flowers in the center ornament. There were five ornaments, gold or gilded vessels, along the center line of the table, with



two flat dishes (and all of these gilded) on each side of the center ornament. This, containing flowers, was higher than its side companions. They were two, round, about eight inches in diameter, and say, eight inches high, like a large bowl, but with the sides fluted. Those nearest the ends of the table were in the same style, but were oval. These, with the handsome



glass, were the only ornaments of the table. No small, insignificant dishes, with almonds, sweetmeats, nuts or cakes. *Simplex munditiis* — the wines were served from decanters, excepting the champagnes. They, a sweet and a dry, were served in long-necked flasks that seemed large enough to hold one and a half bottles; very curious-looking, and apparently without stoppers. The service was by two East Indians, who were turbaned and dressed in white and gold. The dinner was more than excellent; everything that should have been hot was so. First, a clear, golden soup, with small green balls of something soft, — eggs and cornmeal, most likely; then an *entrée, en timbale*; then what seemed a *fricandeau* of veal and a variety of decorative vegetables around the dish; then cold breasts of wild ducks, I think with meat jelly; an aspic and a potato mayonnaise salad were served at the same time; then an ice and a pastry; but just before this, a cherry bounce from Norway; again, either a crisp cake or pastry — no cheese.

After this, the wine-glasses were removed and the ladies rose and left the men at the table, where coffee (Turkish) was served with cigarettes; two fresh wine-glasses were placed before each and a choice of claret and some other wine (port) offered. Lord Cromer changed his place and took the one next to me that had been occupied by his wife. I chatted with him and my neighbors on my right. The only people that I knew at the table were the de Mohls, besides the host and hostess, although two of the gentlemen said they had called on us, but had had to content themselves with leaving cards.

The dinner lasted until 9.45, — that is, the dinner proper from 8.15 to 9.25, — the smoke about twenty minutes.

After that we all went to join the ladies in the drawing-room. There I met the Sirdar, Major-General Kitchener; and shortly afterwards I excused myself on the plea of Louise's sickness and said "Good-night." Lord Cromer accompanied me from the room to the door, calling for my carriage himself.

November 14. Louise still abed all day, though much better. It was so unusually cold for the season of the year, that fires would have been in order had there been any place in the hotel or our rooms to make them. There being none, it was thought more prudent that Louise remain in bed. She felt able to get up and the doctor was willing that she should for a few hours.

I went to the office a little while to decipher a cablegram that I had received about the shipment of the horse "Otto" which I had wired to be forwarded by an early steamer. The dispatch said there would be none that would sail before the 27th of December and I concluded to wire to-morrow (Monday) not to ship him, and to content myself with buying something here for my own driving.

In the afternoon I was driven down the road to the Pyramids. The wind was very strong and the air cold. I was glad to get back even to the cold rooms of the hotel. My secretary had risen and was in one of the sitting-rooms. Remained indoors all the evening and went to bed before ten o'clock. Lord and Lady Cromer called in the afternoon to inquire after Louise — a piece of attention that was very gratifying.

November 15. Louise had a good night and was much better this morning, so much so that, after a fire had been



General Kitchener



made in her room, and another one in the sitting-room, in the little oil stove that I had brought from America, she got up and was made comfortable where she could be amused with talk or book. My secretary joined her about eleven o'clock, after I had started for the office.

The Arab with the carpets, who agreed to accept thirty-two pounds for them, came, but the rascal did not bring with him the same rugs. However, I selected fourteen and put the money in his hand, but he refused to accept the sum, although he left the carpets at the Agency for us to consider. Were I certain that we should go into the house, I would close with him at once for a pound or two more, which I am sure he would accept. The plumber came and we looked over the work done by him. He admitted his errors and agreed to correct them. Louise now thinks if steam heat can be put into the house, it might be made comfortable, but my impression is that with a big stove down in the lower hall and a couple of Franklins, one in the drawing-room and one in the room above it, we should be warm enough — especially with our three little oil stoves.

When I awoke in the morning I experienced a sharp, knife-like pain under my right shoulder-blade; it was not continuous at first, but intermitting; but towards noon, it had established itself and became a constant companion. I remained indoors all afternoon in consequence, also during the evening, and before going to bed put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster. I cabled H. B. and Company not to ship the horse and to tell Baker not to sacrifice the stallions or brood mares at the sale.

November 16. Louise better to-day, and in the sitting-

room until 9 P.M., looking in the evening, though pulled down, like her own dear self — not haggard or delicate-looking, but with a color and brightness that was pleasing to see.

I got off to the Agency early and started my petroleum stove. Wrote letters, especially to Mr. Hewat, about goods arriving in Alexandria for me. My cigars and seven cases of champagne already arrived there and should be in Cairo to-morrow.

M. Loret, Director of the *Service des Antiquités*, called to inform me officially that my request in favor of the American Exploration Society, of which Dr. William Pepper is president and Mrs. Stevenson, secretary, had been granted. He left with me a copy of the formal paper that is to be signed by the Administration of the Museum and the American Society. I consider getting this privilege (privilege to explore at Tanis and to excavate, by which the Society gets one half of everything, excepting bodies and belongings of royal personages) a great piece of work and most creditable to the Agency, when it is considered that the application was made only one day before the sitting of the Council (which meets but once yearly to decide on matters relating to the Museum), and was couched in such indefinite terms, and for a society that was entirely unknown; and further, it always having been held that at least one week must be given the experts of the Museum to study and consider all requests for grants, I am sure that what I claim as "a piece of good work" will be admitted by all who know the facts. The principal thing was at the start to gain the good-will of M. Loret, and the result shows, as Mr. Watts has said, I did that completely.

My secretary left cards for us on fourteen persons, and still there are a number yet to be called upon whose cards are before me. In the evening I received a note from Sir Elwin Palmer that he had been able to get a *première loge* for us — a thing said to be impossible — so that matter is most delightfully settled. The opening night of the opera will be on the 19th, Saturday next. I read "Bel Ami" until 11 P.M. Had fires in the sitting-room until bed-time and in one of the bedrooms, for Louise, until nine o'clock, when she retired.

November 17. Louise not so well this morning, though the dengue has been conquered. She had one of her old-fashioned headaches and suffered excruciating pain. It wore off during the day, and by five o'clock and throughout the evening she was her own bright self. Fero drove my secretary and me, with Andrass to see a palace at Koobeh that was to be let. We drove the pair of mares to the two-seated surrey, which attracted much attention. The wheels looked so light that an Arab in front of Shepheard's knocked one of the spokes to see if it was not of iron! The palace had been built by Ismail and was situated, after a drive down a noble avenue of acacias of about a quarter of a mile, in about the center of one hundred acres of land. Its exterior was shabby and many parts were going to decay. The interior was beautifully decorated and furnished, but the ceilings of many of the rooms were in bad repair, parts having broken out and fallen, and the side walls were marred with the dampness that came through. One could see, however, how thousands had been spent and wasted. It had not been occupied for five years and seemed to be allowed to go to decay.

After the drive, I went to the Agency and did a lot of routine work. Count Tugini, the Italian Minister, called to request my attendance at the funeral of Commander Giuseppe de Martino, late Agent and Consul-General to Egypt.

The funeral services were held in the Roman Catholic Church, about a mile from the residence of the deceased. I went to his house with my secretary, in the brougham, and reached there at about 3 P.M. We had been requested to dress in frock coat and top hat.

On arrival at the house I found a guard of mounted police and a great crowd of people standing in front of the entrance. I was escorted by a janissary through the court of entrance and into the house, up a high flight of outside steps, that were flanked by life-size figures, holding lamps, at each landing; and back through a hall into the dining-room, where the Diplomatic Corps were assembled. Lord Cromer came forward to greet me and before taking my place in the circle, I shook hands with the French and Russian Ministers, as well as with Count Metternich.

After a wait of about ten minutes, the Diplomatic Corps were requested to move, and at the front entrance were furnished with shoulder scarfs that were passed over the head and hung down on the side under the left arm. They were of black crape and heavily or largely decorated with a knot. Boutros Pasha and the Minister of Foreign Affairs whom he succeeded were also decorated with scarfs. At the foot of the steps was a funeral car on which was the coffin. This was a highly decorated affair, black, with rich and gilded wood carvings of garlands of flowers that ran its whole length, at the top and bottom. The coffin,

and in fact the whole top of the car, was covered with wreaths of fresh flowers. On one of the wide ribbons which was about a wreath, I read the word "Rissotti," which I believe to be the name of some Italian society. The car was drawn by six horses that were covered and hooded in black. The driver was an African and, for all the world, looked like a Baltimore or Richmond family coachman.

Heading the procession, which was starting for the church, was a priestly attendant carrying high in the air a large silver crucifix. He was followed by choir boys and after them what appeared to be some fifty school children, boys and girls, who followed two or more Franciscan friars. After these came four priests in gorgeous vestments. We were requested to take our places in front of the car and carry two banners. The first was carried by six persons, with Boutros and another native of high rank in the lead, by Lord Cromer and the Belgian Minister at the other end, and the Russian and Italian Ministers in the center. The banner was of black velvet, bound around the edges heavily with yellow cord; at each end were tassels by which to hold it; also tassels in the center of the sides. It was carried horizontally, the Egyptians leading and Lord Cromer and companion last. In the center of the banner was a large white cross, and at each corner a white skull and cross-bones. The banner that followed, carried by the French Minister and his first secretary, by Count Metternich and myself, was similar to the first, though smaller and intended to be carried by only four persons.

Between the funeral car and the banner at which I was, which immediately preceded the six horses drawing the car, there walked a representative of the family, bearing a velvet cushion of scarlet hue, on which were displayed all

inquired about her when she was abed with the dengue, and as I did not care to go without her, I went to the Agency and attended to correspondence. Afterwards, with my secretary, called at the Italian Minister's for information respecting the usage that prevailed as to attending the fortnightly receptions of the Khedive. I was told that having been to one reception during the season, it was not obligatory to go to another, although there could be no objection.

In the evening Judge Tuck came to our sitting-room and told us a good bit of local and personal history. He said the present Minister of War, Mohammed Abani Pasha, eight or ten years ago was an *huissier* of the Court, I think, at Alexandria, with pay one dollar per day. His rise had been phenomenal, but mostly through favoritism. When I was here, 1894-95, he was Grand Master of Ceremonies at Abdin Palace. The gentleman next to whom I sat at Lord Cromer's dinner after the ladies had risen, was a Mr. Dawkins,¹ a son of a railroad station-master in England. He is now, after Sir Elwin Palmer, the virtual head of Egyptian finances. His wife is a connection of James B. Eustis, late Ambassador to France.

Saturday, November 20. In the morning at the Agency early, first going with Maroni, the Italian engineer, to see, at Hamilton and Company's, the hot-water heater which he proposed for the house. It is an American make, H. B. Smith and Company's, of New York. At the Agency he agreed to put it in the court, with all necessary appliances, including water-tank, etc., with fifteen radiators,

¹ Mr. Dawkins afterwards, in 1899, financial adviser, and after that a partner, of Morgan's, placed in charge of the London house, with a salary, it is said, of £5000 (\$25,000) per annum. (Error.)

Judge Somerville Pinkney Tuck



hot water in kitchen, butler's pantry, and bathrooms, with some non-conducting material on the hot-water pipes in the court and where they pass under the office floor, for £120 (English), and to put in two extra radiators for £20 additional. He is to begin on the 22d and have all finished within fifteen days or pay a forfeit of £2 per day for any overtime.

A Mr. Bird of New York, stopping at the Continental, made a visit to the Agency — a man of about sixty-five, with a shrewd but kind expression from a pair of gray eyes. A full, round face and hair turning white, wore a grizzled mustache, and was a man of good height, weighing close to two hundred pounds. We talked New York City elections and general politics, and I found that our views were very nearly alike, especially on national issues.

In the afternoon Louise and I were driven out to the palace of Prince Fuad, a son of Ismail, and young uncle of the Khedive; she to visit his wife, whom she has known since 1895, and with whom she had been in frequent correspondence (the Princess to whom she sent the postage stamps),¹ and I to return a visit that the Prince made to me on the 16th inst. I really should have returned this visit on the 17th, as, in the first place, he was a royal

¹ Princess Fuad presented Mrs. Harrison with two "zarfs" or jeweled holders of small coffee-cups. These were of finest enamel, adorned with old cut diamonds. They had belonged to Ismail, the first Khedive of Egypt. Mr. Harrison has presented them to the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art in memory of Mrs. Harrison. Eventually, the Princess, who was said to be the wealthiest woman in Cairo, separated from Prince Fuad. She became engaged to another man, who, one day having heard of disparaging remarks made by Prince Fuad against his former wife, went to the Khedivial Club for the purpose of shooting him. The story goes that the Prince, fearing his vengeance, hid under the table, but nevertheless was wounded; and that members of the club who happened to be present, casting all dignity to the wind, hid themselves in any and every place at hand. The scene was described as intensely amusing, after the tragic element had been forgotten. (EDITOR.)

among the number on the Governor of Cairo and the Turkish representative, Mukhtar Pasha and his son.

On returning to the hotel, I found Judge Tuck, a Mr. Turnure with some friends, Surgeon-General Muhr and wife, Watts and wife, and Father Brindle, the priest of the Catholic Church here. Louise shortly afterwards joined us. After dinner Judge Tuck came to our salon to smoke a cigar. He remained until after ten and then, having said good-night, left, while I again attacked "Bel Ami."

November 21 — Sunday. I remained within our apartment until after eleven when I went downstairs and sat on the Terrace, to enjoy a mild Havana. Longworth, of the "Sphinx," joined me and talked horse. After he had gone Louise came down and we sat together enjoying the springlike temperature and bright sunshine. Then Judge Tuck put in an appearance. We all lunched together. Tuck left for Mansourah in the afternoon. Louise and I drove up the avenue towards the Pyramids, — an hour and a half drive. Prince Mehemet Ali and some friends called at the Agency to make a visit, about ten o'clock in the morning. I was sorry to have missed them and will call on the Prince to-morrow as strict etiquette requires.

In the evening read the 13th, 14th, 15th numbers of the Paris "New York Herald." There was a letter from Cairo in the edition of the 14th, and mention, quite complimentary, of Louise and me. Ordered from home a lot of hams, buckwheat meal, dried fruit, and roasted coffee. Yesterday, or Friday, ordered terrapin, cranberries, and some other things that cannot be obtained here.

November 22 — Monday. At nine o'clock the uphol-

sterers from Paschal came to our salon with samples of stuffs for hangings and remained until after ten, and again made us a visit, this time at the Agency, when we gave them an order for lace curtains at the windows and made selections of cretonne for the chambers. Maroni, the heater man, was taking measurements. I called on Prince Mehemet about 11 A.M., but he had gone to Koobeh.

In the evening we went to the opera to hear "Othello," occupying the loge that I had been so fortunate to secure for the season, No. 10. The house was crowded and the opera well sung and very well done; the scenery especially was fine. The house was most enthusiastic, calling the "artists" three or four times to the footlights after each act, especially after the third. Louise and I left my secretary in the box about eleven o'clock, after the ringing-down of the third act. When we reached our apartment I found Hannah had thoughtfully ordered a bottle of Munich beer and something to eat. After enjoying these and smoking one of the cigars that I had just received from Havana direct, I went to bed and had more than a good night, rising only after being called, at eight o'clock.

November 23. Got away from Shepherd's before 9.30 and went shopping with my secretary, first stopping in the gas company's office to hurry in the pipes. We reached the Agency at about eleven o'clock. I found Maroni at work placing the radiators for the new heater; painters in the lower hall, and Jack Fero, my American coachman from Pomfret, unpacking filters and similar things in the storeroom. The wine from Paris, twenty-three cases, arrived to-day, and to-morrow the bulk of the furniture from Florence will be due at Alexandria. Already the uphol-

sterers have begun to make the cretonne hangings and lace for all the windows. Mr. Turnure called in the morning. He says he has been living four years in Egypt. The name is familiar to me and it seems one that I had often heard my mother mention. In the afternoon Louise and my secretary made calls.

I remained at the Agency, and about four o'clock, Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, the Turkish High Commissioner, made me a visit of about an hour. He is the one in charge of the mission from the Sublime Porte to Egypt to exchange the treaty of evacuation with the English that was made by them in, I believe, 1885. So far as I can remember, an agreement was made by England to withdraw her troops within three years, and that agreement was signed by the Queen. But the Sultan, for some reason, did not promptly sign. About six months afterwards, when he did sign, England withdrew her consent on the ground of delay in ratification. The Pasha talked very freely of the matter; said he had been, as it were, an exile for twelve and a half years; that so long as England remained, Turkey would keep him, or some one in his stead, as evidence of its will and right to exact a treaty of evacuation. We had, really, a very friendly and charming interview. He is a man of about sixty-five to sixty-eight, well preserved, swarthy like the darker Turks, was most carefully dressed, wore both beard and mustache. His turn-out of horses and carriage, I am told, was very fine and he lives in a very handsome palace.¹

¹ Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Sultan, signed an agreement on October 24, 1885, the most important clause of which was that, as soon as the two High Commissioners should be assured "of the security of the frontiers and the good working and stability of the Egyptian Government," they would present reports to their respective Governments, who would then "consult as to the conclusion of a convention regulating the withdrawal of the British troops from Egypt in a convenient period."

Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha
Turkish High Commissioner



My secretary called on Prince Mehemet Ali, respecting his loge at the opera. It appears there has been some trouble in connection with it. His loge is a proscenium one, vis-à-vis to that of his brother, the Khedive, and for a while he had it in joint use with his uncle, Prince Fuad. About two years ago Prince Fuad gave up his share, and

A second convention was signed on May 22, 1887, according to which the British troops were to be withdrawn at the end of three years, unless at that time external or internal danger should necessitate postponement of the evacuation, in which case they were to be withdrawn as soon as the danger had passed. The Ottoman troops were also to be withdrawn when the causes requiring Turkey's intervention had ceased. A further article provided that Great Britain and Turkey should invite, first, the Great Powers and then all the others, "who had made or accepted arrangements with the Khedivate of Egypt," to give their adhesion to the convention.

Of course the crux of the matter was the recognition by the Porte of Great Britain's right to reoccupy Egypt or remain in case of danger. But the European Powers, notably France, interfered. The latter, with her ally Russia, so frightened the Sultan that, although Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, armed with the Queen's signed instrument, remained in Constantinople ready to exchange it for the Sultan's signature, nothing was done. After a while Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was recalled.

At once the Sultan tried to reopen negotiations. But Lord Salisbury, "although he did not desire to exclude the possibilities of future negotiations," declared that "the Sultan was so much under the influence of other advisers as to repudiate an agreement which he had himself so recently sanctioned, that any fresh agreement would obviously be liable to meet with the same fate as the late convention."

Thus the negotiations ended in smoke. They had an unsettling effect, but this was only transitory; and the only permanent element of disturbance which the Wolff negotiations have left behind them in the Nile Valley was the presence of the Ottoman High Commissioner, says Lord Alfred Milner. "Mukhtar Pasha has no intelligible attributes. He is not an ambassador, for a sovereign cannot send an ambassador to a portion of his own dominions. The Khedive is his representative. Nor has Mukhtar Pasha any administrative office. Technically, he is an anomaly. In practice, he is a nucleus of the smouldering agitation of Moslem fanaticism and of the intrigues of the old Turkish party. His presence is a perpetual nuisance which may become a danger." Thus did Lord Alfred Milner look upon the situation in 1892. To be sure, personally, Lord Alfred Milner entirely agreed that Mukhtar Pasha was a straightforward gentleman, as well as a soldier of high distinction, and that he had often expressed a desire to be recalled. Whether he was there to annoy England or to weaken Egypt, or because the Sultan did not want him at home, is one of those mysteries of Turkish diplomacy that is difficult to fathom. (EDITOR.)

since then, until this season, Mehemet Ali had it alone. The committee wrote, asking him if he wished to retain the whole loge, I am told, and though he had the advice two days he failed to reply by the time the committee fixed. Consequently, the committee took for granted (?) that it might let Prince Fuad have his half again and did so, notifying Mehemet Ali. He was furious and declined to have any part in it. Explanations have been made, but he refuses to accept any of them.

Well, yesterday the Superintendent of the Opera House called and asked if I would like to exchange Loge No. 10 for the Prince's, two nights in the week, Mondays and Thursdays. Having heard that there had been some difficulty with the Prince, I thought it best to have my secretary interview him, and if he found that the Prince wanted Loge No. 10, of course, to give way to him. The Prince made a full explanation of the whole matter — said unless he got his box to himself, he would take none; was enraged at Sir Elwin Palmer, and added that if Louise preferred the proscenium to Loge No. 10, it would not interfere with him at all; but he advised retaining the loge we had, as more comfortable for lights and seeing back on the stage. I, therefore, declined Sir Elwin's offer, especially as I heard that perhaps next year the whole loge going to Prince Mehemet Ali, I might lose my chance to be a box-holder. My secretary went to the opera, which was "Lucia"; was invited into Lord Granville's loge and had much politeness generally offered to him.

November 24. My first thought now in the morning, after having finished my breakfast, is to hasten the workmen who are doing the plumbing, putting in gas and

steam; and so, with my secretary, I go from shop to shop to show my interest and to see that nothing lags. This morning, after the plumber and the gas company, we went about draperies and carpets, and, I rejoice to say, found what we think is the best that can be had in Cairo and which will answer our purpose very well.

Louise proposes to have the walls of the vestibule of what we at home call the first floor, colored a medium and dull yellowish tone, with a silk-like paper that we have ordered from Paris, and that the hangings shall be of a light, but muddy green, of silk. There are five openings in this vestibule, as well as in the one immediately above it, and the amount of stuff it takes for the curtains and portières is alarming! This vestibule leads to the drawing-room; on the left of that is the dining-room, and on the right a room that we shall turn into a smoking-room, really a private room in which to receive distinguished visitors.

The drawing-room already has a good paper on the walls, a reddish maroon that will do well enough, and here the hangings will be of yellow satin and silk mixed. The dining-room is to have a muddy blue, with figures of great flowers of dull shades, on the walls, and the hangings are to be dull rose-colored on one side and the blue to match the wall on the other. The stairway will be furnished with a crimson velvet carpet over the center of the stone steps, held in place by round brass rods, and should give a warm and rich effect on entering. The stair platforms will be entirely covered with the same carpet.

About 10.30 Prince Mehemet Ali was announced and with him an equerry whose name I did not catch on the introduction. Our meeting was more than cordial, it was

friendly and intimate. The Prince said that we had missed each other so often that he had made up his mind to call at an hour when the business of my office would surely require me to be at the Agency; that he wished to see me and had been disappointed each time he had missed me; that to-day he was especially desirous of meeting me, in order that he might express his sense of appreciation for my courtesy in sending my secretary yesterday with the offer of my Loge No. 10, in case, as I have already explained, he wished it all to himself in place of the two nights that had been reserved for him in his old loge. He talked about the way he had been treated, which he thought was unkind and not his due as a gentleman, to say nothing of his relationship to the Khedive; and he was especially, I was about to say, bitter, in speaking of the petty gossip of which some of the English were guilty — one piece of which was that he had “cut” Lady Palmer because of the behaviour of her husband, Sir Elwin, who is all-powerful in opera-house matters.

Then we talked of “Bay Harrison” the stallion that I gave to the Khedive and who has loaned him to his brother; of horseshoeing, and so forth. In fact, he made a visit of over half an hour, and pressed me to soon return his call. Immediately after he had gone, Brewster Bey came to see me, to give me a list of those Turks of high position, princes and pashas, on whom I should call, and on whose wives (and they each have but one) Louise should leave cards. He continues very bitter about the Occupation.

I told him, as I had already told Prince Mehemet Ali, that personally I might have my opinions and sympathies, but as a representative of the United States my instructions were to take no part in the internal affairs of

Egypt, simply to be friendly with all and see that the citizens of the United States were well cared-for and their interests protected. In the evening Watts and his wife came to see us and remained in our salon until after ten o'clock. Before leaving the hall below a Mr. Davis, of New York, on his way around the world, was presented to us — also an Italian friend of my secretary, named Tranchant. The American was a young man about twenty-three to twenty-five.

November 25 — Thursday. Shopping for the house again this morning; at the Agency about eleven. Men working putting in gas-pipes and steam heater. Upholsterer there and mattress-maker, from whom I bought fourteen mattresses, bolsters, pillows, stuffed with cotton, which is the only filling used here, for six dollars a set! No visitors of importance.

In the afternoon again at the Agency, where I wrote a long letter of instruction to the Cleveland Foundry Company, respecting the manner by which they, and other Americans, should begin in their efforts to open this market for their products. Remained until nearly 5.30 P.M.

In the evening went to the opera and heard "Lucia" delightfully rendered. The stage was beautifully set. While some of the music was too elaborately difficult for the prima-donna, she did very well, singing with truth and feeling. The tenor was a little off at times, Louise said. I did not notice it; but certainly in the last scene of the closing act he was superb. Altogether it was a charming memory. I did not, but my secretary did, wait for the ballet. Home at 11.15 and enjoyed a generous supper of cold roast beef, with a bottle of Munich beer.

November 26 — Friday. At the upholsterer's at 9.15 and at 10 I was at the Agency to see a pair of Arab horses which I had thought to buy. I like one of them and am to have a trial of them both, to my light wagon to-morrow morning. My secretary went to an auction sale of second-hand furniture and bought a good, large-sized mirror, with elaborate gilt frame, for thirteen dollars (sixty-five francs).

Elias Bey called at the Agency, and I received him amid the dirt and noise of the workmen, who continually interrupted to have some special instruction. After he had gone the Count della Sala came and remained half an hour. An agreeable man, and an old "beau."

I invited Watts to lunch with me at the Turf Club, where we made a good meal and remained until 2.30. In the afternoon at 3.45 we started for Lady Grenfell's "at home" at the Casino of Ghezireh Palace. There we found, before we left at 5.20 about three hundred to four hundred people assembled, mostly of the English contingent, although all of the foreign nations were represented by their best people; very few of the natives; in fact, I saw but one tarbouche. I was glad to meet General Sir Francis Grenfell, having gone up the river with him in 1890 and passed two very pleasant weeks with him. He then was commander-in-chief of all of the English forces in Egypt and in charge of the civil government of Upper Egypt. Now he is commander-in-chief of all the armed forces, English and native, of the country. Kitchener is the Sirdar, or General-in-chief, under Grenfell, of the Egyptian Army.

Seven years have made a good deal of change in Sir Francis's appearance. His hair has begun to turn, his jowls (!) to drop, and his stomach to protrude! Lady

Grenfell has worn better; she was very sweet and gracious. Dr. Linn, a conjurer, had been engaged to amuse such as remained in the grand salon to see his tricks; but Louise and I soon found the room too close and warm, and both of us sauntered out into the open spaces, she with an Englishman, whose name, of course, I do not recall, and I with the Baroness Malortie, with whom I chatted and took tea for half an hour or so. Met and shook hands with a number of people whom I had seen before, whose faces were familiar, but whom I could not recall by name. The collation was simple, though in good taste and sufficient, consisting, I was told, of five kinds of sandwiches, various sorts of cakes, marrons glacés, and bonbons in profusion. Nothing to drink, that I saw, except hot tea, though there may have been punches and lemonade.

After dinner Mr. John H. Bird, of New York, called to invite us to dine with him and wife at Hotel Continental, to meet Mrs. Crookshank and her husband, Crookshank Pasha. She is an American, daughter of a Mr. Comfort, who is in the United States Consulate at Bombay. Crookshank is an Englishman and said to be the representative in Egypt of the Rothschilds in the Debt Department (Caisse de la Dette). Louise although she had no engagement, declined, simply saying to Mr. Bird, "I cannot go on Sunday evening," giving the impression, perhaps, that she would not dine out on a Sunday, or that she did not know Mrs. Bird, who had called, but whom she had not met. I felt very uncomfortable at her refusal to accept without giving any good reason, and had to make the best of it by being charmed (!!) to go without her on being asked if I would accept alone.

Louise during the evening received a note from Mme.

Tugini, the wife of the Italian Minister, inviting us both, at the instance of the Secretary of the Persian Embassy, to the ceremony of the marriage of Mohammed Tewfik-el-Din Bey, at Abdin, near the Khedive's Palace. A salon is to be given to the European ladies and gentlemen, and dinner is to be served to them. We are invited for 5.30 to-morrow and are all to meet at the Italian Legation. The secretary's name is Antoine Bacos Bey, evidently an Italian.

Saturday — November 27. This morning I tried the pair of Arab horses and bought them for fifty pounds. They are small, but of good color, mahogany bay, and one of them has the gait of a trotter. Jack says he can train him to beat three minutes. I should not be surprised at even a better rate than that. These horses will "come in" very well now, due to the accident to the mares last evening. I do not yet know the particulars, but have heard that Jack had got down from the box to take off a piece of wire that had clung to one of the wheels, leaving a little girl standing in front of the mares. Something startled them, the child screamed, and off they bolted. They were brought up, I am told, by running into a wagon loaded with iron, a piece of which very badly cut the forward part of one of the mare's hind legs, above the knee. I will have particulars later on. This occurred about 5.30 in the afternoon.

In the morning, after the trial of the pair of stallions, I went to the Agency and was busy there with interviews and workmen. A Mr. Edwards, from Union City, called and remained quite a while. He was a Democrat, in fact he had been Chairman of the State Committee of Ten-

nessee; but he was in favor of McKinley and strongly advocated a protective tariff. He had had enough of Clevelandism.

Back to the Agency in the afternoon until 3.45, when I started out with my secretary to make calls on the Princes and officers of the Khedivial Government. At 5.30 with Louise and my secretary, I took advantage, with eagerness, of the opportunity that was offered me of assisting at an Arab wedding in high life. The happy man was Mohammed Tewfik-el-Din Bey. I have an impression that he owns much landed property in Cairo. At any rate, his bride was described in such glowing terms that I shall ever regret the rigid laws which forbade a sight of her face. The invitation to the wedding, as mentioned above, had come to us through the courteous intervention of the Italian Minister. The ceremony was to take place at Abdin, near the Palace of the Khedive. A salon was to be reserved for our especial use and a dinner set forth for our entertainment.

We set out for the Italian Embassy, there to meet the party that was to attend the wedding. Everybody was in readiness and we rode off in carriages for the palace.

Nothing could exceed the brilliance of the illuminations. The streets, for blocks about the palace, were studded with gleams from lanterns of every hue. Venetian poles were planted as thick as forest trees and from their tops stretched gayly colored cords. At every available point hung flags, ribbons, and lamps. The lighted censers swayed to and fro, darting long lines of yellow, blue, scarlet, and green towards all points of the compass. Our carriages rolled under and over tossing seas of color.

The streets were densely packed. Natives had thronged

to the palace, and were now wedged in position outside of the square, until their tarbouches formed something very like a thoroughfare carpeted with red. They were an orderly crowd, but from every throat issued the sing-song of an Arabic dirge. The effect was that of a thunder-storm, grumbling below the horizon. The din was increased, as we rode up, by two clamorous bands of musicians. One set evolved a conventional tune. The other was made up of pipes whose combined screechings suggested to my mind that "the Campbells were coming."

We were set down in the center of all the noise, and conducted into what seemed like a palatial hall, although it was merely a long tent fashioned in haste for this occasion. The gardens of the Abdin Palace had been partly enclosed with gayly patterned canvas curtains of blue, yellow, and red appliqué forms, in the manner peculiar to Egypt. Hence we were occupying a patch of the royal grounds some eighty feet wide by a hundred feet long. The floor of this room, if I may so designate it, had been sprinkled to some depth with yellow gravel. Along the sides and up and down the center stood an array of chairs, and these were occupied by a turbaned and tarbouched mob of elegantly dressed persons. Everybody was drinking coffee or sherbet, and nearly everybody was smoking cigarettes. Fortunately, the ceiling was high enough to enable the smoke to ascend about forty feet above our heads; we might else have choked. A passage had been cleared through this mass of humanity, down which now hurried a gorgeous Master of Ceremonies. He made us a bow of the Oriental description, so soothing to one's sense of self-importance! Then we were conducted to a flight of broad, marble steps, that led to the first vestibule. A turn to the left, a bow,

and we were in the reception room especially assigned to us. We were very comfortably bestowed. There was a window from which could be viewed the sights in the tent we had quitted. An old fellow sat, cross-legged, upon a pile of carpets, reciting long extracts from the Arabian Nights. He was railed off from his fellowmen like the ticket-taker of a country circus. If, as I was given to understand, he repeated the Thousand and One with textual fidelity, his memory must have been marvelous. Another native was singing in a corner. He got two hundred and fifty dollars for his night's work, it seemed, and was the best songster in Egypt — also, I should add, the most melancholy.

An exhibition of the *danse du ventre* was to be the treat of the evening. But we had now been kept waiting an interminable time without a morsel to eat, and all of us felt the pangs of hunger in the most cruel fashion. The entertainment had so far been of a strikingly monotonous character, and even the prospect of a *danse du ventre* had no attractions for us. The hour of eight arrived, but brought us no dinner. We were asked to step out into the garden. Here the preparations were making to entertain us with a performance of the *danse*. I had by this time grown acutely hungry. The rest of the party were, I found, equally eager for something to eat, but there was no help for it and we resigned ourselves to another's *danse du ventre*, holding our own quiescent!

A tall Arab girl, of slight physique and slighter attire, emerged from a doorway. She wore a great number of amulets and trinkets on arms and legs. Her brows, lips, and cheeks were painted in most palpable manner. Her eyes were conspicuous in the glamour imparted by the peculiar lotion of the Egyptians, and she rolled her orbs

energetically. The mob on the floor had grown silent. We all watched this scene attentively, for the audience was as remarkable as its entertainer. There is an inexplicable form of taste in this country which renders the *danse du ventre* a sort of institution. An awkward performer reduces the native to a condition of unspeakable anguish. I can only compare it to the misery of the Wagnerites when their master is illy interpreted.

In the present instance, the dancer was renowned for her skill. She stood perfectly still for a few seconds, with her hands upon her hips. Suddenly her feet shot upward one after the other in rapid succession, like those of a person who has occasion to go upstairs in a violent hurry. Next she appeared to have converted her great toe into a gimlet and to be boring a hole through the floor with it. At last began the premonitory symptoms of the great *danse* itself.

There were a series of disturbances of the muscles of the abdomen. Many of these movements are imperceptible to the inexperienced eye, although the trained spectator detects them at once and is filled with rapture. The average European or American is reminded, by the advanced stages of the dance, of the convulsions of an epileptic. For fully fifteen minutes this performer advanced from one series of abdominal wriggings to another. Her muscular power must have been very great. I have been assured that no ordinary displacement has the slightest effect upon the digestive apparatus of these dancers. The thighs are freely exercised in different stages of the dance. The performance has various meanings. Sometimes a poem by one of the Persian masters of song is made a subject of interpretation. The stomachic convolutions ac-

quire a descriptive significance. Love, hate, revenge are set forth in turn by the play of the abdominal muscles. It is the endless variety of theme which renders the *danse du ventre* so fascinating to its devotees.

The delight among the spectators on the present occasion was evident and enthusiastic. The only sensation of which we were conscious at the conclusion of the performance was hunger, and we hastily complied with a summons to dinner. It was now fully nine o'clock. We were given a table to ourselves. The meal was excellent, — soup and fish, entrées and fowl, vegetables and sweets, with fruits, and bordeaux and champagne. All this was most generous, and as I did justice to the fare, I marveled at the peculiarity of the custom that led these Oriental people to entertain us so lavishly. We were total strangers to them, and it was in the highest degree improbable that they knew anything about us. I have heard, however, of far greater extravagances of this kind. One wedding, about a month previously, had entailed an expenditure of forty thousand dollars in entertaining. The people of the town — all who chose to come — were sumptuously fed for ten days.

We reached the hotel at about eleven o'clock, and tired out, gladly turned into bed for the night.

November 28 — Sunday. Immediately after breakfast, when I had finished letters to Frazier, Jauretche, and John Addison Porter, Secretary to the President, I went to the stable to learn the particulars of the accident to the mares, and found that the cause of their starting was that an Arab boy had struck one of them with a stick. This caused a quick jump, and a girl, standing in the street just ahead

of them, gave a scream. The combination of the blow and the cry was sufficient to urge the pair to a sharp gallop through the streets, which was kept up, without a slack of pace, over half a mile, until they had nearly reached the railroad station, where one of them fell over a heap of stones, injuring herself severely on the off hind leg inside, just above the hock, and cutting and tearing the skin of the near fore leg. She is likely to be invalided for a month at least.

Received letters in the afternoon from Baker, who told me of his good sales from the farm of "Flora Homer" and foal, for \$450; "Clytie" and foal for \$350; weanling of "Bertha James" for \$300, and "Darien" for \$300; also announcing the death, from rupture of a blood vessel, of the Arabian mare "Aziza," which was given me in 1895 by Ahmed Pasha Nachaat.

About 4.30, Colonel A. G. Dickinson, of New York, presented a letter of introduction from Colonel Chaillé-Long; and afterwards I met Mrs. Dickinson, who was received by Louise in our salon. We found them delightful — both Virginians born, who, having lived in Louisiana and the West Indies, had finally settled in New York. She is a granddaughter of Chief Justice Marshall, and a cousin of Emily Marshall Tuck, the wife of Judge Tuck. They sat with us until after half-past six. In the evening I dined at the Continental Hotel, as guest of Mr. J. H. Bird, of New York. At the table were Crookshank Pasha, who has been for thirteen or fourteen years at the head of the Prisons Department, but is now the representative of the English bondholders in the Daira estate, and Mrs. Crookshank, who was a Miss Comfort, an American, daughter of the United States Consul at Bombay. I took

her in to dinner. The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Watts. The dinner was good and the wines excellent, and I remained until nearly ten o'clock. I was introduced to some other Americans after dinner, a Mr. and Mrs. Smith, from Indiana, Mrs. Robert T. Carter and a Miss Garmany. Mrs. Smith is very attractive-looking, in fact more than pretty; about twenty-two to twenty-four years of age and bridelike in appearance — most becomingly gowned; and Miss Garmany, although not good-looking, is *pas mal*. I had no cause not to be well satisfied with them both as presentable American girls.

November 29. Nothing of any moment to record for this morning's doings. One of the New York Cuttings called to make oath as to some things he had bought and wished to ship home. The Government rooms at the Agency were in great disorder, the steam-fitters having begun to cut the walls for their pipes. Mr. Watts was obliged to move from his room and take a desk with my secretary. I mapped out a letter to Assistant Secretary Cridler, concerning Touhey's incompetency, begging that a capable man be sent to Cairo in his stead, and gave it to Mr. Watts to print. In the afternoon I went to the Agency, Watts and my secretary going off to make calls. In the evening I went to the opera where I heard and saw "Lohengrin" staged and sung as I had never before seen or heard it. The character of Lohengrin was taken or sung by Borgatti, an Italian with a true, sweet, and powerful voice, full of sympathy; Elsa by Mendiroz; the King by Grazia, and Ortrud by Bastia. Mendiroz was really superb in her voice and acting. Grazia was more than acceptable, and parts of Bastia's renderings were

fully up to the standard of excellence. Altogether the opera was exceptionally well rendered. We had in our loge the Baroness Malortie and Mr. Davis, in addition to our three selves. The Baroness, an Englishwoman, about forty-five years old, looked superb, robed in a white figured satin, very low neck. Louise and I agree that she is one of the most beautiful women we have ever seen, and, so far as our opportunity can make us judges, as sweet and charming. We left the house during the latter part of the third act, say 12.15 A.M.

November 30 — Tuesday. Jack came to Shepherd's at 9.30 for me this morning, with the little Arabian stallions and the bicycle wagon. I drove the pair for about half an hour and was greatly pleased with them. About eleven o'clock, having received a note from Judge Tuck, requesting me to call upon Boutros Pasha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to urge a prompt passage by the Council of the decree that assigns him from Mansourah to Cairo, I started for the Department and was, on arrival, promptly shown into the private apartment of the Minister, who rose to receive me. His manner was especially friendly and we soon found ourselves in a very pleasant and intimate discussion of various subjects.

After I had an opening well oiled, as the French say, I stated the object of my visit. I read to him a portion of the letter which Judge Tuck had privately written to me, which was all the stronger because it was a private communication, though *not* written to be held confidentially, and after some references to Mansourah and the satisfaction I would have in securing for the representative judges of the United States the assignments to Cairo,

Boutros, after a few moments' reflection said, "I promise you that Judge Tuck's decree shall be signed on Thursday next, dependent on His Highness holding the Council; if not on Thursday, then the following Saturday."

I leaned forward and with a cordial smile and warm expressions of thanks, extended my hand, which he took and cordially pressed, smiling in return. I said I hoped he would pardon me if I had, in my interview with him, overstepped the bounds of diplomatic manner and conversation; but that I was a plain man whose education had been with men of affairs in mercantile and not state matters, and that I was accustomed to direct dealing, where frankness and truthfulness were the rule, and for that reason I had been so plain in all my words. He answered with the most charming manner that he, above all, liked the direct and frank treatment — that it was always the best, though not always followed by all.

We parted after exchanging many expressions of goodwill and I returned to the Agency justly proud, I hope, of having accomplished in a half-hour what my predecessor failed to do in four years; that is, to have both the representative judges from the United States located either in Cairo or Alexandria — posts, that, as one of the six Great Powers, our Republic was entitled to hold, and did hold for many years until Judge Tuck was sent to Mansourah, from which my predecessor was unable to have him changed to either Cairo or Alexandria, though frequent vacancies in those courts occurred during his incumbency.


In the afternoon, with my secretary, I made visits on Prince Hussein¹ and other members of the royal family,

¹ Hussein Kamel Pasha, proclaimed Sultan of Egypt on December 18, 1914, is the eldest living Prince of the family of Mehemet Ali. Had Abbas Hilmi

leaving Louise's cards on their wives. In the evening, on account of the cold, sat with overcoat and hat on in the hotel hall and listened to violin, harp, and flute and some vocal music. To bed about 11.30.

Wednesday — December 1. First to Avogados, the Welsbach (American) light man, to select gas fixtures, of which we quickly made a happy choice, — no small matter for our one hundred and forty burners! Then to the Agency, where I prepared letters for Watts to write to Boutros Pasha and to the Department. A Mr. Jones and wife (this gives no very close identity) called and remained about an hour. They are from St. Louis, formerly from New York. She is a Washington woman, of, I should say, about thirty years. He at one time was one of the editors of the "World." He told me it was he who wrote the last Democratic (Bryan) platform at Chicago!! After luncheon I went again to the Agency and was visited by Tewfik-el-Din Bey, whose sister was married a few nights ago, to whose wedding we went and of which I have already given a meager description. He thought he owned the office, and kept me there until I was worn out talking French to him. The explanation, as it afterwards turned out, was that my rank, or position, compelled me to give him *congé*. He could not go until I made the sign. This,

played the straight game he would have now been Sultan of Egypt, and probably have become in time Caliph of Islam, a dignity which was vested in Egypt for many centuries, until it was seized by the Turks in 1517. Owing to his belief that the German cause must triumph and to his dislike of the English, Abbas Hilmi has joined the group of exiled rulers — a dismal destiny. But the real cause, which I have not seen advanced, is that Abbas Hilmi and his younger brother, Prince Mehemet Ali, were both brought up and educated in Vienna, and imbibed in their younger days a certain solidarity with the Teutonic Powers. Early habits rarely fail to color a man's character and future. (ERROR.)



Prince Hussein Kamel

Son of the Khedive

Sultan of Egypt since 1914



unknowingly, I did by rising, when, much to my relief (and his too), he took his leave.

Antoine Bacos Bey, Secretary to the Persian Minister's Agency here, called and was shown to our salon. He is an intelligent man, about forty years old, rather stout, with a pleasant, round face. He had been of the suite of the Shah of Persia when that sovereign made his famous European tour in 1890. His father came from Bagdad. He was born in Egypt. Spoke with me nothing but French.

In the evening Louise and I went to a small dance at Lady Cromer's. There were about one hundred people there and the house seemed filled with well-dressed women, red coats, and "ordered men." The ballroom is especially fine — almost square, with parquet floor, white walls and woodwork, but with rich hangings and the furniture with plenty of color. Electric lightings from the sides of the ceiling shed a soft and pleasing glow upon us all. The buffet, or supper, was very simple according to our notion, though in perfect good taste and according to the English custom. A small table, say eight feet long, was spread in one of the smaller rooms and placed opposite the entrance, near the wall, and between the openings that gave light to the apartment. Behind it stood two Indian servants, dressed in white, with red scarfs about their waists and huge turbans on their heads, their legs covered with white stuff — cotton cloth, I suppose — tightly drawn



over the calves, from above the knees to their Oriental toes-turned-up, red-morocco slippers. The accompanying figure will give an idea. I afterwards saw a couple more of these Indians, consequently I suppose that most of the domestics are of this nationality. The table was furnished with a variety of sandwiches, egg, ham, paté and so on, with tea and chocolate, champagne cup, and lemonade: everything, except tea and chocolate, cold. I forgot to say there were small pastry-like cakes, as well as bonbons, but with them all, should such refreshments be offered with us in the United States, much disagreeable comment might be the result. Louise was dressed in what she calls her Pompadour frock and looked lovely. Lord and Lady Cromer were very polite. I was stupidly distraught throughout and could have kicked myself after I had left for forgetting to be presented to the wives of the Ministers, who had requested me to present them to Louise, especially to Mme. Koyander, at whose table we are invited to dine Sunday next. I blush (!) with mortification every time I think of it. Mr. Dawkins took Louise to the buffet, and I, his wife. I talked with Mme. Maskins, a very pretty woman and still young, longer than to anybody else. Lady Cromer I held so spellbound that almost in the middle of a sentence she rose and seated herself elsewhere!! We were home by 11.30. Jack drove us, with the Arabs hitched to the victoria, going, but changed them to the brougham returning — they make a good little pair and we like them exceedingly.

Thursday — December 2. To the Agency early, where I at once prepared dispatches to the Government respecting the cablegram that I had sent concerning the accept-

ance of the nomination of Judge Batcheller, taking some credit to myself for not only having had the nomination accepted, but for having Judge Batcheller assigned to Cairo in face of the fact that the Egyptian Government contended, for three or four years, that the last appointments must go to Mansourah, a healthy but most unacceptable place for residence; and in face of the further fact that Judge Tuck of that court was about to be sent to Cairo, leaving a vacancy there. Yesterday I wrote a letter to Boutros Pasha, in which I detailed what he had promised me, to clinch the matter and check any change, should one be contemplated, and in reply to-day, I received a most cordial one from him, addressed to me as "Cher M. Harrison," and signed, "Votre tout dévoué," announcing the fact that His Highness had signed Judge Tuck's decree. I also sent a second and long letter to Assistant Secretary Cridler, about Mr. Touhey, the consular clerk, asking for his relief and the assignment of a younger and more capable man to the office. A copy of this letter I mailed to Penrose, requesting that he interest himself. In the afternoon, at the Agency, I wrote a number of letters to manufacturers of plumbers' supplies, picture mouldings, and other useful things and made a report, through the Department, to Brice, of New Orleans, on cotton ties, quality and quantity used, from what points I now had, and the cost laid down at Alexandria. Louise went to a reception at Dr. and Mrs. Sandwith's in the afternoon. In the evening to the opera, "La Traviata," which was most charmingly rendered. We had Mr. and Mrs. Watts in our loge. Left the opera at about 11.30 before the beginning of the fourth act.

December 3. To the Agency early, first going to my stable behind a Russian stallion that a dealer wished to sell to me. "Nellie Bly" was all right, but "Lady Knox," though improving, was still in bad shape, and I feel sure that the wound will not be well for a month at least. Unfortunately, "Nellie Bly" whinnies so much when away from "Knox" that it is unpleasant to drive her; consequently we are reduced to the little Arabs for all our work.

Finished the Government dispatches and left the Agency for the hotel about 12.30. The whole house is in the greatest confusion with plumbers, steam-fitters, carpenters, and painters, as well as upholsterers, who have begun to put up hangings in some of the rooms. Eleven cases of furniture arrived to-day from Florence via Alexandria; no word about the balance of the goods from Lemon and Company, and there are still to come thirteen chairs from one party, carving-table with mirror from another, commode and two night stands from a third, pictures from Sani which were to be framed; all of these from Florence. From Turin two large hall chairs, three commodes, and two cheval glasses. I fear Lemon and Company are acting inattentively and unkindly. In the afternoon first to the Agency to sign some papers, and then Watts and I, with victoria and the Arabs, went to Kasr-el-Nil, the Citadel and Abbassieh to call on the colonels of the different regiments; the proper thing to do, we were advised by Surgeon-General Muhr. All absent attending a cricket match. In the afternoon Louise and I dined at the Continental, as the guests of General Muhr and his wife. Eight sat down; two were colonels and two the wives of officers. After dinner we adjourned to the ballroom, where the hotel gave a dance. Louise danced

the lancers with General Muhr. We were "home" by 10.45. At the dinner were Mrs. Matthias, who sat next to me, Mrs. Adamson, Captain Adamson, a surgeon, and Colonel Langhorn, of the Warwickshire Regiment, in addition to Louise, the host and hostess, and myself.

December 4—Saturday. To the Agency early, stopping at the stable and seeing "Nellie Bly," whose leg is getting along fairly well. More or less busy directing mechanics, or watching them at work, and wrote a letter to Touhey in reply to his request to have printed on his card the word "Attaché." This I declined, in a positive manner, to permit. Touhey, though a pleasant, gentlemanly fellow, is not to be relied upon for any work that is needed to be well done. In other words, all but the mere routine of the office that he attempts and does must be revised, else it would be unsafe to trust to its perfection. He has a curious disposition, or rather, a disposition that is more or less unpleasantly common; he is pettily jealous, thinking he does not receive the courtesies that may be due him or the attention that he considers should be paid him. As an instance, he complained to Watts, after I had been a couple of days at the office, that I had not gone into his room to say "Good-morning" to him. I put him right a few days afterwards by asking him if his inattention in not saying "Good-morning" to me when I arrived was intentional or an oversight. He was very humble and apologized. He does not like work and gets sick when such is proposed. I have requested that he be at the Agency at ten, remain until twelve, back at two, and remain until four: the same hours for all; I, in the afternoon, at the office until 4.30.

in the afternoon. Blocked out a letter to the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, for transmission through the Department, giving my views as to the ability of the Egyptian markets to absorb American manufactures, with directions how to proceed to introduce the goods.

Received from Lord Cromer his views on the Colonel Long pension claim, together with a memorandum from the Finance Department — both adverse. Their reasoning seemed conclusive; but I will transmit a copy of their papers to Long and give him a chance to reply. Left the office at about 4.30 with Watts and stopped in at the Turf Club, where I met Father Brinley and had a long and pleasant talk with him. Another invitation to dinner for Friday next, from the Countess della Sala, but we are engaged to dine at Sir Elwin Palmer's. Had a quiet at home in the evening.

December 8 — Wednesday. Early at the Agency, and found Mr. Broadbent, the United States Consular Agent at Port Said, with Mr. Watts, who was talking with him about the terms of a reappointment. The Consular Agent at Alexandria contributes handsomely to the main office here, but those at Port Said and Suez give little or nothing, while the position enables the holder to gain largely. I have left the matter with Watts to arrange, as he is the principal party in interest. The whole office is in confusion and dirt — only Touhey's room free from workmen. I am hoping that, by the end of the week, I shall be comfortably located in my own room with heat and gas.

In the afternoon mailed Christmas cards; wrote to Coxe, and afterwards, with my secretary, was driven to Fagalla, where I left cards on Boutros Pasha for myself, and on



General Sir Francis Grenfell
Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, 1885-92



his wife, for Louise; also, in the same district, on two other Turks, and my secretary left his card on Prince Fuad.

In the evening Louise and I went to dine with Mr. Money, Chief of the Department of the Public Debt, a very distinguished-looking old gentleman of about seventy, with a long white beard. His apartment is near Shepherd's and one drives in a garden or large court. The entrance is quite imposing and the marble stairway that leads to the suite is wide and easy to ascend. One is much impressed on alighting from one's brougham by the usual brave appearance made at the doorway by the servants. Cawasses and boabs, and both richly or picturesquely attired, stand "at attention," or move forward to assist, and lend an air of Oriental exaggeration which may produce a feeling within you of your own importance for the time being.

The ladies on entering were shown to a room on the right and there removed their wraps. The men gave their coats and hats either to their own servants, as I did mine to the janissary, or to the house attendants. On the first-floor landing, our host, Mr. Money (curious coincidence that this name should belong to the man so highly connected with the finances of the country), met us and ushered us into the drawing-room, where we found most of the guests already assembled. There were Lord and Lady Cromer, General Sir Francis and Lady Grenfell,¹ General Money (of the Scotch Highlanders), and his wife,

¹ Sir Francis Grenfell, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army (1885), was a splendid officer who commanded the frontier field forces composed of British and native Egyptians. No one ever thought of interfering with Sir Francis Grenfell. No one ever interfered with Lord Kitchener, his successor. The Egyptian Army was one of the most conspicuous successes of English control in Egypt. The native troops are excellent when led by British officers. (EDITOR.)

Countess Landberg and her diamonds, Maskins (Belgian Minister) and his wife and daughter, Miss Baring, Mustapha Pasha Fehmy¹ (the Prime Minister), Count Metternich (the German Minister), and ourselves. The drawing-room was a spacious apartment, with very high ceiling, lighted incandescently and sumptuously and tastefully decorated and furnished, with quantities of *objets d'art* and fairly good pictures. The chairs were all comfortable; no small, straight-back, hard-seated furniture was to be seen.

We soon entered the dining-room, and Louise, taken in by Lord Cromer, sat on his right, in the middle of one of the sides. Lady Cromer, escorted by Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, sat immediately opposite. I took in Mrs. Money and was placed at one end; Mr. Money, the host, at the other. On my left I had Miss Maskins, a very sweet and quite attractive-looking young girl of about twenty.

The dinner was excellent, both in selection and cooking. The soup was especially good, then followed a *vol au vent* of *écrevisse*; then a very small *filet*, about as big as a dollar; chicken au Gothard, a delicious dish of chicken cut in small pieces, in a form of pastry, with a sauce of truffles and mushrooms — something like the dish that Martin Cowdry makes, only he uses chicken livers instead of the meat; then Brussels sprouts; then roast quail on toast, with a mixed or *macédoine* salad; cheese straws and mustard being handed at the same time; then ice cream in pyramidal forms, with crisp almond cakes about the base; then bonbons, marrons glacés, fruits, etc. Sherry and hock together were first served, you being asked which you preferred. Then champagne throughout, until the quail, when Bur-

¹ Mustapha Pasha Fehmy was an elderly man, who was succeeded in 1907 by Boutros Pasha Ghali (see above, p. 23). (EDITOR.)



Mustapha Fehmy Pasha



gundy was served. With the ices and sweets, your choice of port or claret, and finally a liqueur, or cognac, with the *café turc*, while, with the coffee, cigarettes and cigars were offered, some of the ladies smoking the former.

In about five minutes the host rose, took Lady Cromer and moved towards the door. This was a sign for us all and we all left the table for the drawing-room, where we men saw our ladies comfortably seated and then returned to the dining-room to smoke. Lord Cromer placed himself alongside of me and chatted, alluding finally and quite seriously to his regret that the decision of the Finance Department was against Colonel Long. At about ten o'clock guests began to arrive, and soon we, who had been smoking, returned to the drawing-room, which we found filled with guests, the majority newly arrived and only invited for the evening. The scene was most attractive. We had some vocal music by two of the ladies, each in her turn, and about eleven Louise and I, the first to depart, took our leave.

Thursday—December 9. Early at the Agency. Workmen still in the room I am to occupy, obliging me and Mr. Watts to continue together in one apartment. I am promised mine and the steam heat by Monday next, at the latest. Brindisi mail in to-day brought me a letter from H. B. and Company, but nothing from Lemon and Company. Sent them again a telegram, also one to Haskard, the bankers, requesting them to see Lemon and learn why they did not reply to my message. Neither is there any advice from Paris about the wall-paper. Was any one ever so tried? We have about determined to wait no longer for goods from Europe, but to tint the walls and buy what

things we need here—poor though they be. What troubles us most is that all the cooking-utensils that we bought in Florence, a full battery, have not yet arrived. Our chef will be at the house by Monday next and not a tool with which he can work. On my return to Shepherd's found Louise on the Terrace with some ladies. She presented me to a Mrs. Franklin, from Lancaster, a sister-in-law of my friend, George Franklin. Returned to the Agency in the afternoon, wrote to George Eyre, of Lemon and Company, demanding an explanation. In the evening went to the opera to see and hear "Rigoletto." The third act was fairly well done, but the first and second were poorly rendered. Rigoletto was not good throughout, that is, the artist that sung the part. General and Mrs. Muir were invited and shared our loge. They are a dear couple. M. Turnure came in and remained during an *entre'acte*. Home about 11.40.

Friday—December 10. Early to Agency. Still compelled to use Watts's room, but the workmen have finished the walls of the two adjoining rooms and the ceiling of the vestibule, and, I am glad to say, fire was put under the boiler of the steam heater. Maroni called and I made an arrangement to inspect some American machinery with him that had been sold as new, but was claimed to be second-hand by the buyers here. Watts received a cablegram from Mrs. Gregg, the mother of his wife, announcing the death of Mr. Gregg. Although he had no great affection for him, it agitated him on his wife's account, and he did not hesitate to show and express uneasiness as to how she would receive the intelligence.

The agent selected by the Exploration Society (Dr.

Pepper and Mrs. Stevenson) came in bringing with him a young English lord, whose name I have forgotten. They remained about a half an hour. I also had a visit from a Mr. Lewis, who is from Harrisburg and now a teacher in the American College at Beirût, Syria.

In the evening I went to dinner with Louise at Sir Elwin and Lady Palmer's at eight o'clock. Besides the host and hostess, there were Lord and Lady Cromer, Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener (a superb-looking, soldierly man, at least six feet tall, and weighing at least one hundred and ninety pounds, and about forty-five years old; he took Louise in to dinner and sat on her right), Major and Mrs. Kennedy (the latter a Churchill, cousin of Lord Randolph and said to have an income of about £12,000; she was a very ladylike, rather pretty woman, frail-looking, and about thirty-five or so; I took her to the table); Colonel and Mrs. Gordon, a distinguished-looking couple. Mrs. Gordon is handsome and quite agreeable. I talked with her a half-hour after the dinner. I sat on Lady Palmer's left and was very agreeably placed between her and Mrs. Kennedy, who was more like an American than like an Englishwoman. The dinner was good, but not fine, and no effort at display was made. The servants consisted of two Arabs, with a European butler. The soup, clear and of good flavor; the fish, red mullet, dry and insipid, as usual; then the breasts of snipe, much browned and with a brown sauce; after which came filets mignons with vegetables, followed by pâtés of crushed chicken livers; then English pheasant, served with the feathered head, wings, and long tail, with a salad; small pieces of toast, about an inch square covered with anchovy paste were handed

around — no, before the anchovy, ice cream was served. Port and madeira were passed with the ice cream. The wines served before this were sherry and champagne.

Coffee was served before the ladies left. The men, English fashion, were not required to escort them to the drawing-room, but stayed in the dining-room and smoked, remaining at least a half an hour, which is longer than the usual rule. I am told that the English custom is to permit the ladies to retire to the drawing-room alone, while that of the Continental Europeans is for the men to escort them and then return to smoke. This method is observed here with the English, all except at Lord Cromer's. Louise and I left at 10.30.

Saturday—December 11. Early at the Agency. Finished the preparation of the letter to the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, respecting a market for Egypt for many and sundry American manufactures. This I will mail to-morrow, or may wait until the next regular mail day, sending it to Philadelphia through the Department at Washington, which may think it well to take parts of it for a consular report. Fire was made under the new heater boiler to-day, and the pipes and radiators of the system were tested and found satisfactory.

Again at the Agency in the afternoon until 4.20, then Louise called for me and we visited Dr. Butcher and wife at the Church House. We found there a number of people, Saturday afternoon being their receiving day. Afterwards, having received an invitation from Mrs. Parry, the clever and "extensive" Welshwoman, who is unusually bright and weighs about three hundred pounds, we took tea with her in the hall at Shephard's, where



Sir Elwin Palmer

Financial Adviser of Egypt; later President of the National Bank

Died in 1906



she had a table, surrounded by about ten or twelve chairs and set with tea equipage, cake, and so forth. We met a granddaughter of Sir George Eliot, who was with us in 1890 at Hurlingham; a Mrs. "Somebody" Smith, who is archæologically inclined and talked temples, tombs, and hieroglyphics; a Mr. Barbour Lathrop, of California, who brought a letter of introduction to me from Secretary Sherman, and a number of others.

In the evening we went to dinner at Mr. Dawkins's, who holds a most important position in the Finance Department of the Egyptian Government, only second to Sir Elwin Palmer. His home is on the Kasr-el-Nil Street, and is imposing from without and spacious and well furnished within. A dozen sat down, but with the exception of a Mrs. Blair, a very pretty young woman who was making a visit to Cairo from Alexandria, I did not hear the names of any of the guests, and only knew Lady Garstin, besides the host and hostess. I did not know the name even of the woman who sat on my left and to whom I talked both at, and after, the dinner. Dawkins took in Louise, and I his wife. She was born in New Orleans, but has spent all her life abroad. She claims to be an American, and proudly, too. Her husband told me he "had had the honor to marry an American." I shall try to give the menu of this dinner, having burdened three pages previously with such detail, and it may interest me at some future time to recall it. The soup was a clear one, with whole *petits pois*, but, although of good flavor, was not strong enough and was only tepid. The fish course was served in small china pots which held a little more than a square inch of fish, the sauce of which was white, with *crévettes*; next came a sliced



filet; then cold bird with a *macédoine* jelly, served around it on the dish, also cold. After this came what looked like a small cutlet which I did not taste, but which Louise said was stuffed with something; and roast snipe with salad; next an ice was served, and a cake or crisp pastry with cheese in the center, an



oval form; then bonbons and coffee. Sherry was served with the soup, and champagne, happily dry, followed and continued throughout the meal. Before the ice and sweets were served, all of the wine-glasses were removed, except those for port and a liqueur or cognac, which were afterwards offered. We left at about 10.15, and thought the dinner, on the whole, excellent and the company very agreeable.



Sunday—December 12. It had been our intention to drive to the Pyramids to-day and take luncheon at the Mena House; but the wind was so high and the clouds of dust so disagreeable that we concluded to defer the trip. I went to the stable early to countermand the order for the surrey; and while there met Moroni, the Italian engineer, who took me to his room and electrical works a few doors away. After looking about his place he accompanied me to the Agency, where we inspected the hot-water heater that he had installed. The Western mail arrived and I found, with my *exequatur*, a letter from Baker, giving me an account of my horse sale, as well as several other letters of interest. We received an invitation to a tea in the Shepherd's Hotel Gardens, from Djafer Fakhri, a son of one of the Ministers, Fakhri Pasha. During the day we talked over the need of giving a dinner to the Diplo-

matic Corps and their wives, and concluded it should be given before we left Shepheard's. Have fixed the day as the 21st or 22d of this month. In the evening remained in our rooms reading the "New York (Paris) Herald" and "New York Tribune." To bed by eleven. Louise has been very well all the past week.

December 13 — Monday. Early at the Agency. Workmen making good progress, with fine prospects that everything will be finished by the early part of next week. Mr. Lathrop and Mr. Bird called. Prepared a paper for Mr. West, of the American College at Beirût, for endorsement on the diplomas of that institution. At Agency again in the afternoon and until nearly five o'clock, kept by a Mr. Hayes, who talked most interestingly for about two hours. He used to be a school teacher, originally from Connecticut, last from New York, now traveling around the world.

In the evening to the opera "Pagliacci." Home by 11.15. Dance at the hotel, not a success. We did not go into the ballroom, having already had enough of dancing by the ballet girls at the opera house!

December 14 — Tuesday. Early at the Agency, — this seems to become a stereotype phrase now, — reaching it before Watts or my secretary. Workmen making good progress, though the dirt and dust and hammering are most annoying. I left early in the day to hunt up the painter, who, for some reason, has withdrawn his men; and to find a tin-kitchen and clock movement for roasting fowls. Found what the chef has asked for; the same thing I have at home — which I never could get a cook to use

— and have had to pay twelve dollars for it! Back to the Agency in the afternoon — remained until 4 P.M., when I left to go with Louise to the Countess Montjoie, who wrote requesting me to call in a matter of great importance to herself and husband.

We found her laboring under great excitement. It appears that some time ago she told Louise that the wife of Brewster Bey, the private secretary of the Khedive, had dined with Princess de Chimay — the Miss Ward, a notorious American woman who had left her husband, Prince de Chimay, and her two children, to become the mistress of Rigo, the Hungarian violinist, and who had one of Shepheard's apartments opposite the hotel. The dinner was said to have been taken in the grill room of the hotel, a most public place, and that, in addition to the Princess and Mrs. Brewster, Prince Ibrahim, Brewster Bey, and Rigo were present. Louise declared she did not believe the story; but the Countess insisted that it was true; her informant — who afterwards turned out to be one of the servants, who doubtless told the Count, the latter being connected with the detective force of the police and claimed by Brewster Bey to be "a spy of Lord Cromer" — she said was most reliable and there could be no doubt of it. Unfortunately, Louise mentioned what had been said to her to my secretary, who verified it sufficiently — in his own opinion — to say that it was so before Louise and the Countess, although afterwards, in talking to me on the subject, when I had said that I did not believe it, he admitted that, although he had looked into the room, he was unable to see Mrs. Brewster, and that, at ten o'clock, the party, without Mrs. Brewster, came away.

Nevertheless, unable to restrain himself, Latin and gossip-like, he had to tell Brewster Bey what Countess de Montjoie had said. Of course, Brewster was furious. His inclination was to hold the husband responsible — by duel or what-not. But having consulted the Khedive, he called in a lawyer, who has requested Count Montjoie to write Brewster a letter (of which Brewster had first dictated the wording) apologizing for his wife. It was about writing this letter that the Countess wished to see me. It was gall and wormwood to her that her husband should do so; but the alternative — being sued for libel and taken into court — was worse. I advised her to admit her wrong — as Mrs. Brewster had not been at the dinner, nor had ever been out with the Princess, nor even had met her — and to beg her husband to give Brewster the satisfaction he demanded. When I left her, she, half crazy with mortification, agreed that it was best and said that her husband would send the letter.

Thus ended the unpleasant episode for the time; but whether that is the finality, *nous verrons*.

In the evening Mr. Lathrop, of California, sat with us, and afterwards with me until after eleven o'clock. I was sorry to have to tell him that the Sirdar, whom I saw in the morning on the subject, declined to permit him to accompany the forces to Berber. I had an interview first with Lord Cromer on the subject and he was willing, giving me a note to General Kitchener. I judge from what the Sirdar said, that he would be absent about three or four months; that the road would be open to Lathrop next year, or that I had his promise that Lathrop should go up next year; and from the fact that the veterinary who has been attending my mare told Jack that he would

be absent a few days to buy one thousand camels for the army, I opine that an advance is to be made on Khartum, and that the campaign is to be with the object of retaking that town and ending the power of the Califat in the Sudan.¹

December 15—Wednesday. Early at the Agency. About 10.15, having sent Andrass in advance to announce my coming, I drove, with Jack, the bicycle wagon and the Arabs, to visit Prince Mehemet Ali. The great gates of the garden court were thrown open and I drove to the palace *perron*, that led to a broad landing. The palace doors were open upon a noble hall from which the grand stairway circled with wide and easy treads. The outside steps, or *perron*, as well as the hall floor and stairway, were of white marble. Immediately to the left, as I could see through an open door, was the dining-room; just opposite, on the right-hand side, was a smoking-room; and back of that, the grand salon. Into this I was shown and there I waited for about fifteen minutes, when I rose and departed, leaving my card and expressing regret not to have seen the Prince.

It appears that he was not at home when Andrass came to announce my coming; but his major-domo reported that he had gone out and had said on going he would be absent only a short time; if any one came, to invite him to wait, so it was that I was admitted. As soon as I entered the palace, servants were dispatched in all directions to find the Prince and announce to him my presence; but up to the time I left, he had not been found.

I returned to the Agency, where I gathered together

¹ This eventually proved to be the fact. (EDITOR.)

the papers that had been sent to me from the Sublime Porte, through Mr. Angell, the United States Minister at Constantinople, the Sultan's Firman, the Berat, and my commission from the President. These, with Jack and the Arabs, Andrass going ahead to announce my coming, I took to the Minister of Foreign Affairs to learn what I was to do with them.

Boutros Pasha received me most cordially, a cup of coffee and the inevitable cigarette included in his greeting, and he told me to write him a letter enclosing the papers and asking when His Highness, the Khedive, would receive me to present them; also to enclose a copy of the remarks I proposed to make to him at the time! After my return to the Agency, I wrote the required letter and, of course, had my little speech printed off on the typewriter by Mr. Watts, enclosed them with the "papers," and dispatched them to Boutros. I received a communication from him enclosing one from the Minister of Justice, which gave official notice of Judge Batcheller's appointment and assignment to the Mixed Court at Cairo, as well as enclosing his commission from the Khedive, with a separate letter from the Minister telling him of his duties, the term and rate of pay, etc. These documents I sent to the Department of State at Washington.

I had a visit from Mr. Peck, of Chicago, evidently a man of good life. He is stopping at Shephard's with his wife. Taking it all and all, to-day has been a very busy and interesting one.

Louise drove out to see the Princess Fuad to thank her for the present of the diamond-set coffee-cups and holders that she had sent to her. Remained indoors all the evening.

December 16 — Thursday. I forgot to say that yesterday afternoon were held the races, and the fact that I did not go is a pretty good indication of how little now I think of horses or care for that kind of sport. I hear that "all the world and his wife" were there, especially the English. At the Agency this morning I finished my dispatch to Washington on the advancing of the Egyptian Army on Khartum and handed it to Mr. Watts to write out. Mr. Rosher, the agent of the American Exploration Society, called and took a good deal of my time. If he can't dig any faster than he can marshal his ideas to speak, he will not make notable progress.

In the afternoon at the Agency; afterwards took a four o'clock drive out with Louise towards the Pyramids. Dined at the hotel and after dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Oothout, of New York; Mr. Tooker, a widower, owner of a beautiful place in Newport which he has not used since the death of his wife, five years ago, a house in New York, and one in Paris, a quiet, pleasant gentleman; and Mr. Barbour Lathrop; we sat in our usual corner of the hall — I with my overcoat and hat, it was so cold and draughty — and passed a charming evening. Lathrop was especially entertaining, told good stories of Abraham Lincoln, notably one of the baptism of a German baby on the prairies: One wild night, when overtaken by a storm, while traveling "on circuit," Mr. Lincoln took shelter in a cabin in which lived only a German, his wife, and a five-weeks-old baby, who was sick and whom the mother wished baptized. The father baptized it in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Devil!!

Another story he told was of T. P. O'Connor and the phonograph. He spoke into it what he was proud to feel

was pure Anglo-Saxon without any brogue and it replied as if the voice came from Galway!! Mr. and Mrs. Oothout, too, are very, very bright. Altogether we had a very pleasant evening.

December 17 — Friday. Early at the Agency, where I finished my dispatches to Washington and gave some time to carpenters, painters, and upholsterers. Lunched with Mr. Lathrop in the grill room. We all liked the change, especially Louise, from table d'hôte, to a plain *filet*, with baked potatoes and grilled tomatoes, followed by broiled spring chicken, as good as any one could get at home. Louise and I drank claret and soda water; while Lathrop took Bass's ale. Lathrop was very entertaining; full of anecdotes and accounts of his travels during the past thirty years.

In the afternoon again at the Agency until four o'clock; nothing especial to note. In the evening Louise and I went to the dinner given by Boutros Pasha Ghali, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Count Metternich, the night before his departure for Germany. The palace is not so rich nor so large as one might have expected from the position held by the Pasha, but still is very notable for its size and decorations. We took our wraps off in the hall — both ladies and gentlemen — and were met there by the host; afterwards shown by him into the drawing-room, a handsomely furnished apartment, large and with all the appearances of one of our own salons.

We found all of the guests assembled, among them Lord and Lady Cromer; Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, the Prime Minister; the Persian Minister; Sir Elwin and Lady Palmer; Sir William and Lady Garstin; Countess de Land-

berg; Fakhri Pasha and another member of the Khedive's Council; Count Salis, of the English Agency, Count, or Baron, Oppenheim, and the guest of honor, Count Metternich, both of the German Legation.

Louise was taken in by Lord Cromer, and sat on the left of Metternich; on his right, de Landberg, on my left sat Count Salis. The dinner was in the best European style; but I did not find any of the wines fine, excepting the sherry, which was very delicate. The champagne was flat.

"On voit le défaut du voisin,
Mais on n'aperçoit pas le sien."

The above "secret paper" was drawn from a pulling bonbon by Louise and Lord Cromer. He was gallant enough, referring to her, to say that he did not agree with the first line!

The dinner broke up early; at least, the guests after dinner did not remain long in the drawing-room, almost all of them having an engagement at the Fernandinos' evening musicale. Louise and I, not knowing them, were glad to get back to Shepheard's and to have at least a part of the evening to ourselves.

December 18 — Saturday. First to look for sofas and chairs of comfortable character for the house and then to the Agency, where I remained until 12.30. Louise called for me about four o'clock when we drove about Ghezireh, and afterwards made a very pleasant visit to Baroness Malortie, and I to the Baron.¹ The latter was with

¹ Baron Malortie was in Mexico in the Austrian Legion. He was regarded there, by society and by the French, as a suspicious person in the employment of Prince Bismarck. This was in 1866, before his marriage. He was very tall, very blond, and rather slender. He was brought to call on prominent people

Boutros Pasha Ghali



Maximilian in Mexico and it is curious that there are two others here who were also with that Prince Adventurer, namely, Count della Sala ¹ and Thurneyssen Bey. The Malorties' house is large and exquisitely furnished, with perfect taste, and is abundantly filled with objects of art of all sorts. The Baroness, who was just getting

by Count Herberstein, a splendid soldier, who also was in the Austrian Legion, and had made himself popular. The latter was killed in Mexico under tragic circumstances. (EDITOR.)

¹ In his youth, Count della Sala with his brother enlisted in the Austrian Legion recruited for Maximilian for service in Mexico. It so happened that he was the hero of an incident which came near to creating a serious break between the Franco-Austrian allies, who were none too friendly at the time. One must remember that this was in 1865, when the war between France and Austria had only been over some five years.

As told by Count della Sala himself, in 1898, when in Cairo, the affair happened as follows: One morning a party of Austrians, he among the number, entered the Hotel de las Diligencias in Puebla. Some Frenchmen were present. One of these a sergeant, taking umbrage at the Count's manner, which probably was somewhat arrogant, became surly, and in the course of some unpleasant remarks called him "animal." Whereupon the young Austrian slapped him in the face. Others interfered, and the Frenchman left the room. The Count thought the trouble was over. But presently the Frenchman returned, holding in his hand a revolver. He walked up threateningly toward the Count, who, anticipating the attack, sprang upon him and, holding his arm, made the weapon useless. The sergeant, bent upon avenging the affront he had received, struck at the Count with his free hand. Whether he wore brass knuckles, as the Count believed, — but which are not a common mode of defense among the French, — or whether he wore a heavy ring, the result of the blow was an ugly gash over the eye. Meantime the Count's companions kept watch at the door to prevent interference from the outside and to see fair play. The bystanders had fled. Blood was streaming down the Count's face, almost blinding him. The sergeant struck at him again, when the Count drew his sword and ran him through the body. After this there was no suppressing the affair, which caused a profound sensation in Mexico, and did much to increase the animosity already existing between the French and the Austrian forces.

The first reports which reached the capital greatly magnified the incident, and it was spoken of as a riot. On both sides the real bitterness of the feeling, so long suppressed, blazed forth for a time undisguised. Indeed, it was only in 1898, having met Count della Sala in Cairo, where he had entered the service of the Khedive, when he narrated his version of the affair, that I understood its true proportions. He still bore the scar of the Frenchman's blow on his forehead. Since we both were in Mexico, Count della Sala had married the Russian Princess Gagarine. She was a power in Cairo, and it was said that she occupied a privileged and quite confidential place in the Khedivial family. (EDITOR.)

over a ten days' illness from a cold, received us in a pretty morning room, the coloring of the hangings and upholstery of which was sky-blue. The furniture was enameled white, and the forms pure Louis XV style. The walls of the room were a creamy tone with a suspicion of blue pattern throughout. The floor was covered with a solid, rather dark blue filling carpet, and the whole apartment was made homelike by the quantities of bric-à-brac, and useful things as well, that were on all sides.

The Baron was in another part of the house — in his library; and as we entered, was reading a magazine by the light of what seemed to be a student's lamp. Brewster Bey, who was with the Baroness when we entered, showed me the way to the Baron, and outstayed me with him.

After dinner Mr. and Mrs. Oothout, Mr. Lathrop and Mr. Tooker, with Louise and me, sat in our corner in the hall, where we passed a delightful evening. I was induced to repeat some of my old stories, notably "The Howling Wilderness," "Damon and Pythias," and "Just as good on fish as on birds."

Lathrop told a capital story on Chauncey M. Depew and General Horace Porter. It appears that those two gentlemen, with another American of position, but whose name he had forgotten, were in London together, and were invited to some great dinner, during which, when the cigars had been brought, both Depew and Porter were called upon for speeches and both spoke well, eloquently, and were greatly applauded.

After they had spoken, to the surprise and horror of the other American, his name was mentioned in a very complimentary manner by the chairman, and he was

compelled to respond. He had made no preparation and, besides, even had he done so, to speak after two such renowned after-dinner orators as Depew and Porter would have been embarrassing to almost any one. But he rose to the occasion. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "I confess I am somewhat at a loss, after thanking you for the complimentary words with which you have associated my name and for the honor of addressing this body of distinguished gentlemen, how best to answer to the toast. Perhaps, however, frankness, after all, is what is due to you and most properly will explain any shortcoming on my part, which, of course, would be apparent to you. I had the pleasure and good fortune to cross the Atlantic with General Porter and Mr. Depew, and having known them for years, we were much together and increased our intimacy, to my very great satisfaction. One day, referring to this dinner, to which we had been courteously invited before we left New York, we talked of the remarks that we might be called upon to make to-night, when it was agreed that we should each write out what he proposed to say and submit the paper to his companions, in order that neither might speak on the same subject. This I did, in good faith. Imagine my astonishment, when Mr. Depew arose and spoke, to hear him repeat *my* speech; and when General Porter followed, to listen to the remarks that Mr. Depew had written out. Nothing has been left to me, for I will not inflict upon you what General Porter truly thought not good enough to use of his own preparation and which is all that has been left to me to say."

Lathrop said that, at first, as the gentleman sat down, there were murmurs of disapproval, the company largely

believing that Depew and Porter had done just as was reported; but in a few moments the truth dawned upon them that the witty and clever American had invented the story to excuse his own shortcoming; and then the roars of laughter, already started by Depew and Porter, echoed throughout the hall.

Lathrop told another good story, of a sick horse; the calling in of a veterinary; of his advice that a powder should be given the next morning, and of the directions that were given to the colored coachman by the "vet" and "Massa Frank" to administer it through a hose-pipe, first unscrewed from the hose, in which a powder was to be put; a twitch on the horse's nose; the pipe inserted well into the mouth, and then a strong blow into the pipe by the darkey, so that the powder would be well blown down into the throat of the horse. The next morning, the master, "Massa Frank," went down to the stable and found Pompey looking rather glum; asking the reason, he was told, after a long rigmarole of darkey talk, that Sambo put the powder in the pipe, twitched the horse's nose, and inserted the pipe well into the horse's mouth — but that the horse "blowed fust," with very unpleasant results to Pompey's mouth, nose and eyes! We did not separate until nearly 11.30. Louise, with pardonable consideration, thought that my old threadbare stories had been furbished and brushed up and *almost* appeared like new!! Anyhow, they were so to the listeners, a new audience, who appreciatively laughed and laughed.

To-day came from the Minister of Foreign Affairs the official notification of my reception by the Khedive in "solemn audience" on Thursday, 23d inst., at 10 A.M. I really wish the ceremonies were over. I have heard a

good deal of what takes place at the time, from the hour the gala or state carriage calls for one to his return to the Legation; but, as I shall record my own experiences after the day, I will not anticipate in any respect.

December 19—Sunday. Went to All Saints' Church this morning with Louise. The reading from the desk was monotonous and affected. The singing simple, neither good nor bad, and the sermon — full of advice well to follow — was made up of a good deal of twaddle. In the afternoon we expected to drive and had Fero at the hotel, but it began to rain just as we were about to start and we feared to risk it, though but little rain fell and we might just as well have gone. Dined at the hotel, and in the evening sat in our corner with the same party as last night excepting that Mr. Tooker was replaced by the First Secretary of the German Legation, who talked with Louise.

December 20—Monday. First to Cook's to see what arrangement could be made by which Watts, to whom I have given permission to take the trip to Assouan, could cut down the number of days. I found that, by leaving Cairo by rail, after the boat had gone, he might join it at Assiût, and in that way, be absent from the office only fourteen days instead of twenty. He will go up on the 4th of January, on which day and by the same boat W. W. Justice ¹ and his party and Mr. Bradlee and son also will go. This will add to the pleasure of all. I hope I shall not be pushed during Watts's absence.

At the Agency, I had several visitors, but mostly on

¹ The late William W. Justice, of Philadelphia. (ERROR.)

business for their passports, as to-morrow the steamer sails for Jaffa. Mr. Tooker made himself at home, much to my satisfaction, and the familiar face of "Clem" Bidle, from Philadelphia, took me back to old Centennial days. I sent Watts to see Hassan Assam, the Grand Master of Ceremonies, about the audience of Thursday, and, at his suggestion, wrote asking that the rule that required a presentation first be unobserved, so far as my secretary was concerned.

I made a short call upon Lord Cromer, as Dean, to get information respecting the precedence due to the several guests at my dinner on the 23d.

In the afternoon at the Agency until four o'clock, when I returned to Shepheard's to meet Louise and attend a "tea" there given by Djafer Fakhri, the son of Fakhri Pasha. It was to have been in the beautiful gardens of the hotel; but as bad luck would have it, one of the marvelously few days of rain had to be to-day, and, to the disappointment of every one, it became necessary to receive the company in the large room next the dining-room, which led out into the garden. There, however, rugs had been spread to cover the walks and every preparation was made to enjoy the open air, in case it should clear off. But it continued at intervals to drizzle, the sun making its appearance only long enough to be aggravatingly tantalizing. Djafer had only sent out about a hundred and fifty invitations, and, judging from the fullness of the room, there were present a generous majority of that number. Lord Cromer, Tugini, and I were, as far as I could see, the only Diplomatic Agents present. I talked with Lady Grenfell, Mme. Maskins, and Lady Palmer, the Countess Montjoie, and one or two others only.

Louise having an after engagement, we did not remain over a half-hour. A note was written by Louise, who always does the right thing socially, to Mrs. William Wallace, regretting that we should not be at her tea this afternoon on account of the weather. In the evening we went to the opera. It was "Tannhäuser," and we listened to its divine music with the greatest pleasure. "Will" Justice and his wife were our guests in our loge. Home by midnight.

December 21 — Tuesday. At the Agency early. Attended to hanging pictures and to getting a couple of rooms in order for the reception of the Grand Master of Ceremonies on Thursday morning. Moved into my room and had steam and hot-water heater started, which made the house very comfortable.

The following slip, cut from the "Egyptian Gazette," appeared to-day:

AGENCE DIPLOMATIQUE DES ÉTATS-UNIS

M. le Colonel Harrison, le nouvel agent diplomatique des États-Unis, présentera ses lettres de créance jeudi prochain à 10 heures et demie du matin.

Cette cérémonie aura lieu en grande pompe. Des voitures de la Cour iront prendre le nouvel agent diplomatique à sa résidence pour le transporter au palais d'Abdin. Pendant la réception, les salves réglementaires seront tirées.

With the audience in mind, I tried on my old naval uniform, buckled on my sword, and rehearsed my Thursday's play, much to the amusement of Louise. Back to the Agency in the afternoon, until about 4.30, when my secretary and I walked to the stove man to fight out a countermand of a ridiculous order given by the chef for a heating apparatus big enough for Shephard's Hotel,

and were only partly successful, having to take a part, but fortunately the least part.

In the evening Louise and I went to Sir Francis and Lady Grenfell's "at home," about 10.15, and had an exciting experience, the Arabs running away and only being checked after great difficulty by the combined efforts of Jack and Andrass. The little beggars have not had enough work continuously; they are better fed than they are used to being, and the night being a little cold, they were chilled and "felt good"! The bridles were without checks and the curb chains were not on the bits, so that when they put their heads down they were uncontrollable. They were stopped and we got out near the Hotel d'Angleterre and walked to Grenfell's, about two blocks. Louise behaved splendidly, but naturally was quite unstrung, and feels as if she never would drive with Jack again. We had a pleasant evening; the house is large, but badly cut up (there being no large room); it is, however, beautifully and interestingly furnished.

December 22 — Wednesday. Below is the notice from the "Egyptian Gazette" of to-morrow's presentation, or rather the notice of the dinner that I give to the Diplomatic Corps in the evening after the presentation:

AGENCE DIPLOMATIQUE DES ÉTATS-UNIS

Le Colonel et Madame T. S. Harrison donneront leur premier dîner jeudi prochain 23 courant aux agents diplomatiques et à quelques hauts fonctionnaires de l'État.

Le Colonel et Mme. T. S. Harrison n'étant pas encore installés, le dîner aura lieu dans des appartements réservés du Shepheard's Hôtel.

I wish both affairs were over. To the Agency early, and there had quite an unpleasant experience with Mr. Touhey, who had refused to accede to Mr. Watts's request to go into his room, where an American citizen, who had been assaulted by a Greek, was making complaint and was waiting to be identified by Touhey, who he claimed knew him. I think I made it plain to the consular clerk that it would be imprudent on his part to deny Mr. Watts again, giving him an official order to obey that gentleman as he would me. There has evidently been a feeling against Watts, on the part of Touhey, ever since his arrival. Watts said it originated from the papers of the office being in great disorder, he being unable to find anything, and asking Touhey about it, who could not answer. I think Watts told him it was his duty to know, and so forth. Since then Touhey has hardly recognized Watts. But Touhey says Watts has treated him as an inferior, as dirt under his feet. The fact is, Touhey is a little unbalanced and I wish the office were rid of him. At the Agency until four o'clock, when with my secretary I made calls, a number of cards having accumulated. This notice appeared in the evening paper of to-day:

Colonel Harrison, Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General for the United States of America, is to be received officially by His Highness the Khedive at Abdin Palace to-morrow morning. The date for the reception of Herr F. von Müller is, we learned, not yet fixed.

I hope the reception will go off all right. Spent the evening at the hotel.

December 23 — Thursday. A beautiful day, bright sun, and pure, fresh, invigorating air. I rose early, dressed in

my suit of naval uniform, with epaulets and sword, and was ready for Fero, who drove me to the Agency, whence the cortège was to start, at 9.15, my secretary accompanying me in the victoria.

We had furnished and carpeted, hung pictures and made handsomely homelike with books and photographs, a reception room on the ground floor and were in good form to receive the Khedive's Grand Master of Ceremonies, Hassan Assam Pasha, who arrived in the gorgeous state or gala coach at 9.50. We sat together in the reception room for about five minutes when we started for Abdin Palace.

The coach was an extraordinary affair, with gold galore on the outside, body and gear all being brightly gilded. The interior or trimmings within and without were of light blue satin. A coachman and groom sat on the box and two postilions stood behind. The coach was preceded and followed by cavalry—probably fifty or sixty horses as escort. Just ahead of the coach ran four *sices*, in their picturesque costumes, and on each side rode a cavalryman. The bugles sounded, and we started, *au pas*, for the palace, where we arrived in about fifteen minutes, going slowly all the way through the streets, which were lined on each side with spectators. Foot and mounted police guarded the whole route and kept the people back and the streets clear of vehicles.

As we drove into the great square upon which the Palace fronts, the band of an Egyptian regiment, which stood with "present arms" awaiting me, struck up "Hail, Columbia," and as I descended from the coach and entered the Palace, the guns from the citadel boomed loudly a "salvo" of twenty-one resounding guns upon the still,

dry air, which were echoed back again and again from the near-by Macadam Hills, on the slopes of which the great fortress and mosque to Mehemet Ali is a commanding picture from the town below. Within the great doors of the Palace, on each side of the hall leading to the grand stairway, stood uniformed and gold-laced officials of the Court, chamberlains and attachés, who saluted as I walked through and by them with Hassan Assam Pasha, the Grand Master of Ceremonies. We mounted the stairway to the floor above, — on all sides gold-laced officials, — turned to the left, and entered the spacious Khedivial reception-apartments.

Passing through one room, as we entered the second, I saw His Highness the Khedive, surrounded by his Ministers, beginning to approach the entrance. I continued to advance and met him about midway in the room, where he cordially grasped my hand and stood awaiting my address, which, according to instructions, is essential in the ceremony. I proceeded to read as follows:

Monseigneur:

The President has directed me to convey to you assurance of his sincere friendship and to express to you his wish that the cordial relations that have heretofore so happily existed between your Government and that of the United States may long continue. I take special pleasure in conveying these expressions of esteem, from the fact that he has selected one who has already been honored by your friendship, and who has twice before enjoyed the hospitality of your land. As I have said, I am no stranger here. Two winters passed in Egypt's unexampled climate, at an interval of several years, have given me an opportunity to study the condition of the country and its people, and to contrast the existing with the past, only to recognize the improvement on all sides, and to enable me to proclaim it in no uncertain manner.

The wise and beneficent rule of Your Highness, justly directed to increase the happiness and to add to the welfare of your subjects,

excites the attention and admiration of the civilized world. I sincerely pray that you may enjoy long life, with health and strength, that you may continue, as you are to-day, the beloved of a happy and contented people.

His Highness replied as follows:

Monsieur l'Agent, I am the more pleased to greet you to-day as Agent and Consul-General of the United States, as your person is already well known to me.

The kindly sentiments which you have just expressed to me on behalf of the President of the Republic and the choice he has made of you to represent him here, are to me a sure guarantee of the continuation of the sympathetic interest which your Government has always been pleased to show in Egypt. I thank you, Monsieur l'Agent, for the good wishes which you express for me and still more for your so flattering appreciations of all that regards my people, to the happiness of whom I shall consecrate more and more of my efforts.

You may count entirely, Monsieur l'Agent, upon my support and upon the coöperation of my Government in the attainment of the common aim, which is to bind faster the cordial relations so happily established between Egypt and the great American Nation.

The remarks made by me were listened to by the Khe-dive with marked attention and emphasized with a smile and inclination of the head as each point was slightly dwelt upon by me in the reading. When I had finished, His Highness unfolded his paper, on which was his reply, and proceeded to read in a clear, moderately loud tone, which could be heard throughout the room. Having finished, he turned with a smile to the throne chair, where he seated himself and pointed to a sofa on his right, which he requested me to occupy. While we talked, servants brought long-stemmed pipes, the bowls of which, filled and glowing, were placed about six feet distant on small silver plates upon the floor. The stems of the pipes were richly set, about the mouth of amber, with diamonds, some

at least a carat in size, and were made from the wood of the cherry, the bark being retained upon them. In a few minutes coffee was served in enameled and jeweled cups, similar to those given to Louise by the Princess Fuad, and all the time these things were going on, the Khedive and I kept up a most cordial and friendly talk. He told me of his experience with the garden seeds that I had sent him and was very interesting in his account of the experiments. Altogether the audience lasted about ten minutes.

At last His Highness rose, and this was a signal for all to do the same. I should have said that when we sat, Watts, my secretary, and the Ministers and other officials, — about fifteen or twenty in number, — sat too, and to them, as well, were handed pipes and coffee. The Khedive walked with me to the door, shook hands with me and the secretaries, — represented by Watts and my secretary, as First and Second, — and bowed us out, as we backed from his presence, not turning our backs until we were well under the portal.

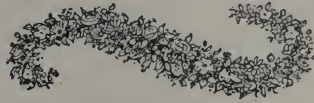
The same chamberlains and attendants were in waiting as we returned to the entrance hall, where a number were presented to me, with whom I and "suite" shook hands. As I mounted by the let-down steps of the state carriage to be taken back to the Agency, the regimental band again struck up the inspiring strains of "Hail, Columbia." Off we started at a trot, the squadron of cavalry preceding and following and the *sices* running ahead at full speed and crying, quite unnecessarily, to clear the way, already free by reason of the horsemen in front. The Grand Master of Ceremonies again accompanied me, but after entering the house, he turned and took his leave.

A few minutes afterwards Boutros Pasha Ghali, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, still in his gold-laced coat, across which the broad green ribbon of the Grand Commander of the Imperial Order of the Medjidieh, called upon me. Cigarettes and coffee were served, and after about a five minutes' stay, he left for the Department office. Giving him only time to get there, I, with Watts, returned the visit, taking coffee (much better than I gave him, by the by!), and again smoking a cigarette. This visit was of about the same duration, and was made, not in the gala coach, but in my own victoria. Throughout I wore my dress naval uniform and went through the streets without an overcoat.

After all these ceremonies were over, I returned to Shephard's, changed my clothes, and went out with Louise Christmas shopping. In the afternoon to the Agency and in the evening our dinner to the Diplomatic Corps, a partial description of which I will now attempt.

It was served in the reserved apartments of the hotel — a suite of four rooms, a reception-room, a drawing-room, a music room (which I turned into a smoking-room), and a dining-room. The salon and dining-room are fully fifty feet long and proportionately wide. The former is furnished richly enough, but with a mixture of Egyptian and European furniture of no period. The dining-room is furnished in the Venetian-Italian style — heavy and elaborately carved pieces; in both the salon and dining-room were living plants, but special effort was exerted to decorate the dining-room both with living plants and cut flowers. The table was beautifully and most tastefully laid for twenty-four covers. Garlands of roses, with their stems and leaves, in the form of a con-

tinuous letter "S," only sideways, ran from one end of the table to the other. At each plate for the ladies was a bouquet of three or four exquisite long-stemmed roses; and each man had a tasteful *boutonnière*.



A better dinner I never ate. All the dishes that should have been hot, were so. The turbot was an especial feature; it is said that such a fish had only once before been served in Cairo. The lobster was an extraordinary production of the culinary art, representing a huge fellow drawing a chariot. The whole affair, lobster and chariot, must have been more than three feet long. Another notable decorative dish was the *fruits glacés en serre*, representing a little hothouse, the glass of which was ice, and in the interior were many fruits of ice cream, really a gem. The wines were superb, especially the Mouton Rothschild, Clos de Vougeot, and the champagne. The table throughout was most animated — quite gay at times, which is by no means a usual thing at semi-official dinners.

December 24—Friday. At the Agency early in the morning and remained there until eleven o'clock, when I left to go shopping with Louise. Bought some few things, among them a pretty hat for each of the Brewster Bey little girls.

Back again to the Agency in the afternoon, where I was detained until six o'clock, it being mail day and a good deal of matter having had to be prepared for the Department.

Dined at the hotel, but in the evening went with Louise to the Countess of Landberg, who had a Christmas tree

gathering. There had been one at Shepheard's in the afternoon which attracted a thousand or more people — many of whom were given cards with numbers on them that entitled them to draw one of the objects that hung on the tree.

The tree of the Countess de Landberg was entirely different from any I have ever seen. It was a fir, with wide-spreading branches and not of dense foliage. It had the appearance of such a tree after a snowstorm and a thaw. On each branch — which stretched out horizontally — was a covering of snow on the upper side, and at intervals upon each hung an icicle of twisted and pointed glass, a perfect imitation of the original. The snow was imitated by cotton on which had been sprinkled specks of shining mica; and on the branches, here and there, whose lights were diamond-like upon the crystal icicles and sparkling mica, were lighted candles. Really, the tree was beautifully dressed and its simple garb of pure white, nothing but what I have tried to describe — no glass and colored balls, no jim-cracks of any kind.

We found quite a company assembled, among them M. and Mme. de Willebois and their two daughters; Mrs. Dennison, and Miss Franklin, of the United States, and other ladies; Mr. Manskopf, of Frankfort, Germany, whom Louise and I met in 1890 at Hamburg; de Rojas, the Spanish agent, and von Müller, the German Minister, and some other men who knew me, but whom I did not recognize. We remained until after eleven; light refreshments of Swedish punch, lemonade, sweetmeats, sandwiches, being continuously passed by the servants.

December 25 — Saturday and Christmas. A sorry Christ-

mas so far from home; but we tried to make the most of it, exchanging gifts and greetings. We received two cablegrams from Philadelphia, one from John and his family; one signed Harrison-Barnes,¹ wishing us "A Merry Christmas." Louise had a profusion of flowers sent to her, the most notable baskets and bouquets being from the Agency's first dragoman, an eminent young Arab lawyer, named Zaki Khalil, who accompanied his flowers with a pyramid of bonbons; an immense basket of roses from Brewster Bey and wife, and a surpassingly beautiful bouquet from Mehemet Ali, from Watts, and others.

About eleven o'clock we went to the Agency, and there met the carpet merchant with rugs from the bazaar which we had selected from his great assortment. Of these we picked out six large ones, ranging in size from 16 x 14 to 12 x 10, paying for them ninety-seven pounds, or say, an average of about eighty dollars each.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop lunched with us at Shepheard's, and we are to lunch with him in the grill room on Monday. In the evening we dined with Mme. Mason Bey, the other guests being Count and Countess della Sala. Miss Lewis, with my secretary, ourselves, and the hostess making up the table. The dinner over, we chatted in Mme. Mason's apartment until time to go to the ball at Shepheard's, to which we were obliged to go because Louise had invited Faradjalla Khan, as she afterwards said, in a moment quite unguarded, to join her there. He, however, was not well and with such good excuse did not put in an appearance. We, therefore, left the ball-

¹ Colonel Harrison's niece, Emily Harrison, had married Mr. John Hampton Barnes, of Philadelphia. She died soon after this, leaving three daughters, the Misses Dorothy, Sylvia, and Cicely Barnes. (EDITOR.)

room at about 11.30 for our own more comfortable quarters.

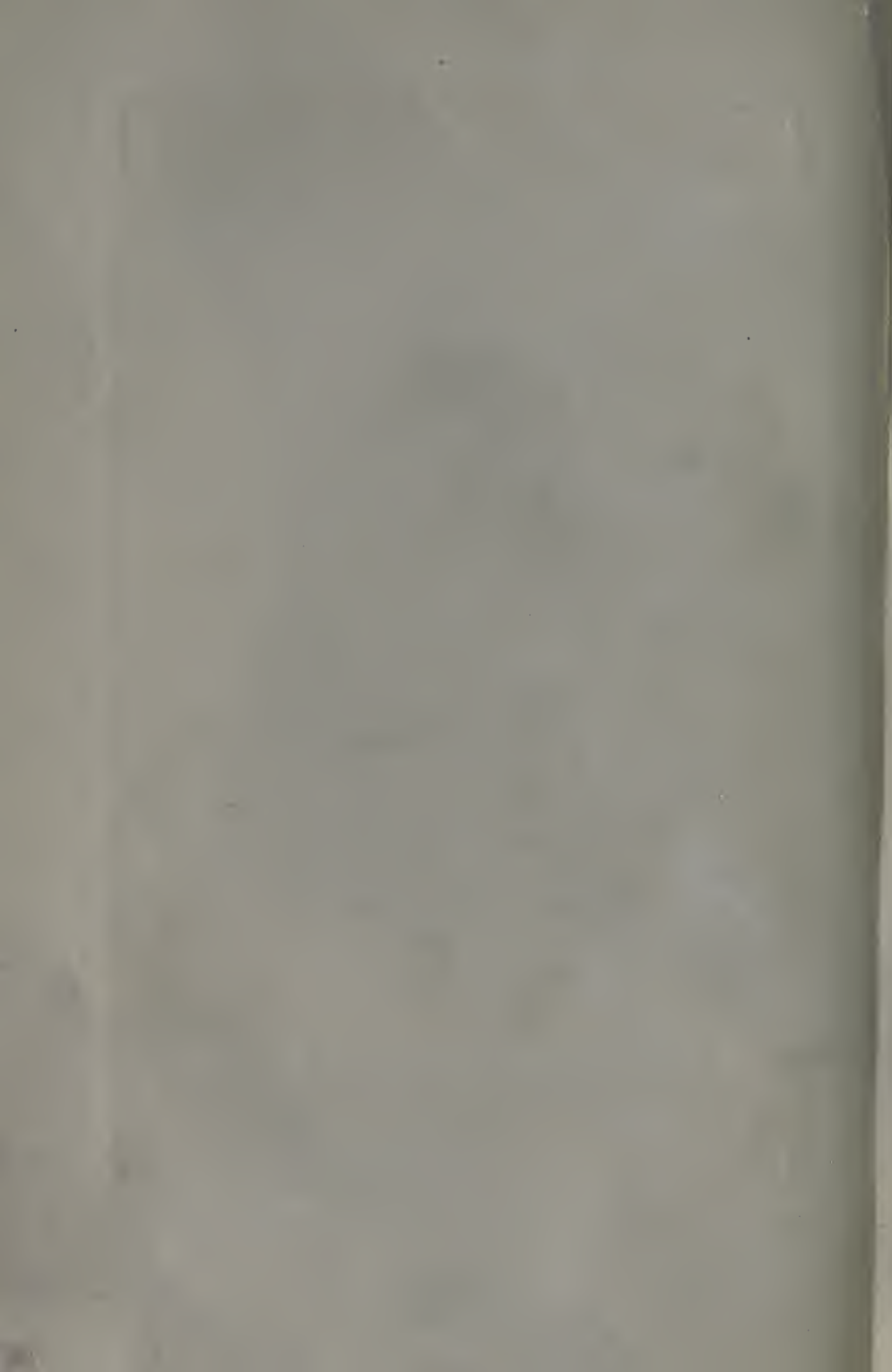
I forgot to note that on Christmas Day it is the custom here for the foreigners to call upon the English, not to leave a card, but to go in and be received. It was considered so obligatory that poor Louise was forced by me to drive behind the Arabs the first time since their runaway — with almost a nervous chill. It was really pitiable and I hated to insist; but knowing that the little fellows were perfectly safe — well, as safe as the best of stallions ever are, and much more so than anything we might hire — that and it was necessary for her to “break the ice,” I would not let her off. We called on Lady Cromer, Lady Garstin,¹ Lady Palmer, Lady Grenfell, and Mrs. Dawkins. There were many others on whom we might have called, but when we were through with the above five, we concluded the others could, or would have to, get along without us.

December 26 — Sunday. Went to the Agency with my secretary about 10.30 and there met the carpenter and upholsterer, by chance. Was glad to see them; to give the former, anyhow, some last orders. We hope to go into our house this week, and the finishing touches are always behindhand, neglected or forgotten.

¹ Sir William Garstin, of whom Lady Garstin was the wife, was the Under-Secretary of State for Public Works. At this time his was one of the most important offices in the Government, as he had just perfected the contracts for the Great Barrage of the Nile at Assouan. Mr. Harrison and I were in his office on the day when he finally signed the contracts. He told us of the fact. He was a man of simple ways. He moved around Cairo on his bicycle, and lived in comparatively little state. He was a worker. Lady Garstin subsequently left him and her little girls. He behaved in a most generous manner to the mother of his children, and in time received her in the home she had forsaken. But she again left him. At present his splendid administrative qualities have been placed by him at his country's service, as President of the British Red Cross. (EDITOR.)

Baron Oppenheim
Counsellor of the German Legation





Lunched at Mrs. Gordon's. The Colonel, her husband, who has been of the Army of Occupation for fourteen years, is quite a young-looking man, I should say of thirty-five, but must be forty-five at least. He is a cousin of General Gordon, who was killed at Khartum: a fine, bright, soldierly man who impressed me very favorably. I have met his wife several times and have always liked her. There were at the luncheon Tigrane Pasha, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs and for a short time Prime Minister or President of the Council, whom the Khedive tried to force and hold in that position against the will of Lord Cromer, but who in the end had to take a "back seat"; Mr. and Miss Rees, and Mr. and Mrs. Bird. I sat between the latter and Mrs. Gordon, and was well placed. Mrs. Bird, a young woman of about thirty, is, Louise tells me, an American from Boston, I think. She knew a number of people we knew, although *I* did n't find this out while with her, thinking her an Englishwoman.

In the afternoon Louise had invited some people to come to our sitting-room for tea. There were but a few asked: Mrs. Bird and two daughters from New York; Miss Lewis, a charming girl who is this winter here with Mme. Mason Bey; Baron Oppenheim; Mr. Heidler, of the Austrian Legation; and a M. Prévost, of the French Agency, together with Louise, my secretary, and myself, making up the party, and quite a pleasant afternoon we had of it.

We dined at the hotel. Afterward we chatted over in our corner, Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead joining us. To bed early, about ten.

"The Sphinx" was shown me this morning containing a flowery description of the ceremonies on the 23d.

December 27 — Monday. To the Agency very early — on my way stopping at Collicott's for the lost frock coat, which finally turned up there; and at Hamilton's about the heater. Working hard to push workmen from the house that we may move in this week.

In the evening Louise and I went to the Maskins' dinner (Belgian Minister). It was served in their beautiful house, which had been built by a Frenchman in Oriental style, with much modern thought and work. The dinner was more than excellent, and no wonder, for after the Countess della Sala, Maskins is said to have the best cook in Cairo. I am beginning to wonder how our chef will rank. Certainly if he cooks all things as well as he made the cakes for Christmas, we will have no cause to complain. I do not know that I can recall the menu: potage royale — sole à la Dieppe; côte de bœuf garnished with stuffed fonds d'artichauts; cut-up chicken with a sauce like a fricassee, pyramided upon a mousse composed of grated chicken — an exquisite dish. Then, asparagus, with white sauce; salad, with celery cut up in it, and quail roasted on toast; an ice cream of some sort, with small, oval-shaped pastry; small cheese cakes about as big as a dollar, apparently all cheese like a Welsh rarebit, yet brown and crisp, the best I ever ate of this course; the coffee afterwards, served in the smoking-room; cigars good.

At the dinner were the Ministers and their wives, de Willebois and Koyander; Von Müller and Faradjalla Khan, the German and Persian Ministers; the two Misses de Willebois, charming girls, and an Englishman high up in the world, whose name, for the life of me, I cannot at this moment recall. These, with Miss Maskins (her

mother being unfortunately sick), with Louise, Maskins, and myself, made up the dinner. It was very gay and certainly one of the most charming yet attended by us. I sat next to Mme. Koyander. In the center of the table was a high lamp with capacious shade. Candelabra of five candles at each end.

December 28 — Tuesday. At the Agency early. Called on Boutros Pasha, with Mr. Watts, concerning the grant to the American Exploration Society, taking with me a copy of a private letter to Watts from Dr. Pepper on the subject, large extracts only being copied, and a statement of the Society's case and needs, very well put, by Mr. Rosher, the agent for the Society. I had a very pleasant interview and was promised that a consultation with the Minister of Public Works would be had to-day by Boutros and a reply sent to me before the close of the week.

The Society, which has a grant to dig at Tanis, had only a right for one half the objects found, not royal, and as most of the remains at Tanis are designated as royal, the Society would have all the expense and none of the results. The object of my visit was to induce the Egyptian Government to divide with the Society equally, royal or otherwise.

A gentleman from Reading, Pennsylvania, called,—Mr. Farquhar. Having determined to move into our quarters Saturday next, I am pushing the workmen more even than usual, and it looks now as if we might sleep in our own beds Saturday night. In the evening we went to an entertainment of Dr. Lyon, the prestidigitateur, in the salon of the hotel. Judge Tuck and his wife sat with us, before and after the play of cards and tricks.

December 29 — Wednesday. Early to the Agency, stopping on the way at Maroni's about the stove for Louise's morning-room, and to look at some needed furniture. Things are progressing, but I see no chance of being comfortable in the house before next week.

Judge Tuck came in and remained about two hours. We went over the Chaillé-Long case, and although he does not believe Long has any chance of success in prosecuting his claim for a pension, he advises me to consult with a lawyer, whose name he will give me, something like Carton de Wyart, and see if he thinks enough of it to take it on a contingent. I so wrote Long.

In the afternoon at the Agency. I wrote letters to Mr. Frazier, Mr. Dawson, of London, Chipley, John, and George, which occupied me until nearly five o'clock. In the evening we sat in our corner with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Justice, Mr. Hartshorne (Vice-president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad), Miss Dreer, and Mr. Tooker, of New York.

December 30 — Thursday. At the Agency early. About 10.30 Prince Mehemet Ali and one of his equerries called. Fortunately, the *fumoir* was in a beautiful condition. I saw his look of surprise as he entered. After taking his seat, and "passing the time of day," he said, "Did you bring all these pretty things from home?"

The room is papered with a deep solid red; the ceiling, with a little border around the sides, is colored a yellow cream. On the walls hang gilt framed pictures — some oils, some prints. A table, covered with a flowered golden yellow cloth, holds a richly decorated student's lamp, an inkstand, in the form of a dragon, in whose head is



Smoking-Room



the ink and whose body is made from the curled horn of a monstrous "Billy Goat" — a very handsome piece; knick-knacks, with books and scattered photographs, complete the furniture. Scarcely two chairs are upholstered alike; all are covered with one or the other of the rich silks bought in Florence, and all harmonize one with the other. If there be a fault in the room and its decorations, it is to be found in the excess of different hues. The floor is covered with a rug, whose center is a solid, very dark, blue, and its wide border the color of the walls. I fear a good critic will, without doubt, say too much and many colors. Anyhow, my visitor sat about a half-hour, and it ended by a request from the Prince that I allow Fero to take "Bay Harrison" for two or three weeks to train him, to which I assented.

After he had gone Mrs. Nottingham Taylor and daughter came to sign some papers, and they remained a half-hour. In the afternoon I had a pleasant visit from Mr. Strang, of the American Mission at Magaga, a very intelligent, though I thought narrow, man.

I have moved a great deal of the furniture downstairs, and have hung pictures and mirrors. The house begins to "shape up."

In the evening sat in our corner in the hotel with the Justices, Mrs. Mason, Mr. Lathrop, etc.

December 31 — Friday. First to the stable to see "Bay Harrison," who had been turned over to Fero by Prince Mehemet Ali. Jack had just driven him and reported favorably upon him. He will jog him for a couple of weeks to a cart and then cut him loose.

Received letters from home and wrote replies, which,

with superintending the hanging of mirrors and pictures and placing of furniture, occupied my time both morning and afternoon. In the evening sat in our corner listening to the playing upon the zither, and before going to bed went over de Willebois's long list, with my secretary, for to-morrow's visits.

January 1, 1898 — Saturday. To-day has been a busy one. First at the Agency about 9.30, to "put the house in order" for the reception of callers; and then, starting at 10.30, with my secretary and a long list of distinguished people to be visited. Fero drove us on our rounds. These visits, with few exceptions, were only made to unmarried men, or to those whose wives were not in Egypt, and they occupied the morning until after midday. We took an early luncheon and returned to the Legation by two o'clock, only to start out again at 3.30, this time my secretary and I calling upon the wives of the Diplomatic Agents, Consuls-General, and Consuls, all of whom held receptions.

Louise, on her part, did the same at the Agency, two rooms of which had been hastily, though beautifully and richly, made ready. The house is quite a show. Outside the door and by his guardsman's box stood the boab, or guard, to-day for the first time, dressed in the richly embroidered purple cloth suit presented to me by the Khe-dive. He admitted the visitors. Just within, stood Ali, one of the janissaries, a tall, soldierly looking fellow, black as a coal, sword within its silver scabbard, plainly in view. He showed the visitors up the stairway by a wave of his hand. On the first landing and without the door that opened into the vestibule or hall, which we have made



"Bay Harrison" and Jack Fero

Photograph taken at Pomfret before they went to Egypt



into an ante-salon, stood Garras, a messenger of the Legation and he also dressed, as the boab, in the Khedivial embroidered purple cloth suit. He opened the door of the ante-salon, where within stood Giuseppe, the *maître d'hôtel*, to lead the visitors to Louise in the library, *fumoir*, or what is to be my "den." This room is at the end of the ante-salon, its door opening upon that apartment on its right. Immediately opposite that doorway is the door of the dining-room, and at the end of the ante-salon is the wide double doorway that opens into the drawing-room.

The ante-salon, hall, or vestibule is really a twenty-two-foot wide hall, which we have made into a room. The walls have been painted a yellowish straw color, with figures of *fleur-de-lis*, in rather large pattern. The large windows looking out into the court are round at the top, as are also the doorways leading into the room. There are six openings, and all these are hung, including *portières*, with green silk, lined with a light rose color. The double doorway — in fact all the openings, except the windows, have double doors — leading to the drawing-room is hung with a heavy cloth of gold, the stuff a shade of green to match the other hangings. It is a rich and voluminous old Italian piece that we found in Florence, really surpassingly effective and beautiful, especially at night with a bright artificial light upon it. The floor is covered, from wall to wall, with a crimson plush carpet; on the right is the exquisite gilt console table, which we bought in Florence. Over it now is a large mirror, but eventually the frame of Louise's full-length portrait will rest upon it. Opposite, and under a high and wide window that almost reaches to the floor, is placed a gilt *jardinière* about six feet long, in which living plants, mostly palms, have been

planted. Mahogany Empire chairs, with gilt decorations on the backs, and with gilded claw-feet, were conventionally placed in the vacant spaces against the walls; while a *chaise longue*, set crosswise, at one end, and a gilt lectern of elaborate pattern, balanced it at the other side of the apartment. The two high and elegantly carved and colored Italian columns which I bought in Florence were placed on either side of the doorway leading into the drawing-room, and held silver vases containing a profusion of cut flowers. Altogether I thought the two rooms we had to offer made a brave show.

During the afternoon tea, cake, wine, etc., were offered to each caller. These were very numerous, including all the Diplomatic Corps and many of the princes of the blood, pashas, beys, and others; and it was after six o'clock before the last guest departed. I hurried back to Shephard's to dress for the dinner to which I had been invited by the Officers' Mess of the Twenty-first Lancers, at Abbassieh. I wore all my "war paint," including my neck ribbon with Loyal Legion insignium and the decoration of the Grand Army.

About thirty or thirty-five men sat down. The dinner, wines, and music, by the regimental band, were above the average in excellence, but I found the proceedings stupid as compared with what I had expected to find. It was just a dinner such as one might have at any gentleman's table, where low conversation between you and your companions, on one side or the other immediately next to you, was the rule. There were no after-dinner proceedings at all. When the coffee had been served and cigarettes and cigars had been handed, we all adjourned to the large Mess Room where a glowing fire in the grate and comfort-



Ante-Salon



able armchairs awaited us. Here we smoked and individually chatted until nearly eleven o'clock, when, the first of the guests to rise, I took my leave. Of course I was the principal personage at the feast, there being no other Minister or Consul-General present. All the officers were presented to me, but, excepting Colonel Martin, for the life of me I cannot remember the name of even one other officer that belongs to the regiment.

When I returned to Shepheard's I found Louise and my secretary awaiting me, with an account of an evening passed to their discontent, owing to insistence on the part of one of the American tourists — a lady — to join their party in the corner usually occupied by us in our evening "at home," and forcing out, as it were, the two pretty Misses Bend, whom my secretary has so much admired. They probably gave up their seats to admit the "tourist," near to Louise, and having given them up, retired to their own salon.

January 2 — Sunday. Remained indoors until about 11.30, when Louise and I went to the Legation to meet Mr. Saki, the dragoman of the Agency, who had an appointment to visit us. He brought with him some beautiful ostrich feathers, an offering to Louise from his father. He remained quite a while, discussing most interestingly the conditions of the country under English protection, the Copts and Mussulmans, and their relation one to the other; the treatment of the women and their gradual emancipation. I received a goodly mail from the United States, especially letters from Pomfret, John W. Frazier, and Joe McCammon, and I stayed indoors all the afternoon, with newspapers and mail, until about 6.30, when

Louise and I went over to Pohoomul's to see about her jeweled eyeglass case.¹

January 3 — Monday. We moved into our house today, and, although by no means in good order, right glad we were to be once more installed under our own roof. While Louise went to musical teas and made lots of visits during the afternoon with my secretary, I worked at the house having my clothes put away — those which I had all the morning watched being packed at Shepheard's. This work might have been left altogether to the valet, it is true, but I have generally found old Benjamin Franklin was right when he said, "If you want a thing done, do it yourself; if you don't want it done, employ some one else to do it." Anyhow, I am well satisfied now. I know where my traps are and know what I have.

Our first meal in this house was dinner. The dining-room is but partly furnished and the stained and paper-torn walls make the room anything but good to look upon; yet the sideboard from Philadelphia, a piece of exquisite inlaid work; the service table with high glass, from Florence, black with inlaid ivory in Renaissance designs after the best style of the sort in that city which is celebrated for this kind of work; the grand old table that used to decorate the hall at the "Meadows," with some sparkling glass and bright, well-cleaned silver, did give the room an appearance that went far to reconcile one to the "outs" that could not be hidden. Giuseppe as *maitre d'hôtel* and Garras as footman served an excellent meal: soup (a little thin and too salt), fish, roast beef

¹ This jeweled, gold eyeglass case is now in the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, as a bequest and gift of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Skelton Harrison. (EDITOR.)

The United States Agency and Consulate-General



with a garnish of three or four vegetables, artichokes, quail, and salad, and an *entremet* of *beignets*, with some preserve within; fruit and coffee.

In the evening we went to the opera and listened to a well-sung performance of the "Barber of Seville." House very cold, so much so Louise wore her cloak and I my overcoat throughout the whole performance. To bed by midnight.

A partir du même jour, Mme. Thomas Skelton Harrison recevra chaque mardi à l'agence des États-Unis où elle s'installe aujourd'hui.

On parle d'un bal que le colonel Th. Skelton Harrison donnerait probablement le mercredi 26 janvier, soit au Shepheard, soit au Casino de Ghezireh. ("Egyptian Gazette," January 3, 1897.)

This appeared in this afternoon's "Gazette," and as I shall make it a point to paste herein all the notices that may be made that come to my attention, just for the fun of the thing, and to see what exaggerations, or worse, may be printed, this insignificant one is given.

Having moved into my new quarters, and having had a circular sent to me from the Department requiring a description of them, a report was prepared and sent under cover to one of the Assistant Secretaries of State, with the request that it be filed if he saw no objection to the humorous vein in which it was written.

AGENCY AND CONSULATE-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES —
CAIRO, EGYPT

Description of Offices, etc., to accompany Dispatches, as directed in Department's Official Circular Instructions of October 12th, 1898.

THE PLACE

An anomaly, tempered by Lord Cromer, is the designation that might not inaptly be applied to the Egyptian Government, in much



employ the current euphemism, is in a state of expansion that is as constant as it is indefinite. Then the judicial capacity in which he acts involves the Agent and Consul-General in personal disputes of every conceivable kind. The routine duties, on the other hand, are almost nominal. Thus, in 1898, invoices were certified to; no American vessels came to Cairo — no seamen were shipped, and no health bills were issued.

OFFICE

When you enter the substantial, mansion-like edifice in which the Agency and Consulate-General is housed, you ascend three or four stone steps, and turn either to your right or to your left. If you turn to your left, you are in a fairly large room, bare-looking and cheerless. Two large maps, two small photographs, and the "Tariff of United States Consular Fees," adorn the dirty yellow walls. On either side of the one large window looking into the Sharia-el-Maghrabby is a desk, and against the wall is another desk, making three in all. There may be documents, but as opening the drawers would involve the destruction of these desks, the point is in doubt. There is also a bookcase, stocked with an array of archives. These archives date from 1865, — a truly astonishing fact in view of their appearance and the appearance of the bookcase. The uninformed spectator would credit them with a far more remote antiquity. However, they harmonize with the carpet, which harmonizes with the chairs, which harmonize with the venerable character of the land of the Pyramids. The only modern features of the office are those of William Dulany Hunter, Deputy Consul-General and Consular Clerk, and Alexander Harvey — Clerk.

If, however, the visitor has turned to the right, he will be in the office occupied by the Vice and Deputy Consul-General. Here the bookcases, two in number, are in fairly good condition. The desk is new and the rugs and curtains are in fairly presentable condition. A door leads into the office of the Agent and Consul-General, and this office has also its bookcase, glass-doored and modern. The desk answers its purpose, the rugs and hangings are passable and the pictures are worth looking at. But the contents of this room are for the most part the private property of the Agent and Consul-General. The door leading back from it ushers one into the private reception-room of the Agency, where those calling on especial and private business, or making a purely social call, are

received. It is tastefully and perhaps it may be called richly furnished, with hangings, sofas, chairs, rugs, pictures, etc., etc., all the property of the United States Agent.

The rest of the house — excepting the basement, where is to be found the sleeping-apartment of the boab, or doorkeeper, who rests uneasily, due to the ringing of a cracked bell that summons him day and night, and a barred window room that serves as a place of not unpleasant detention on account of its view of a well-kept garden and the temporary storage of household provisions — is occupied by the Consul-General as his official residence. It being a custom of the country that a landlord shall do no more for his tenant than receipt for the rent, Mr. Harrison was compelled to equip the house, at his own expense, with gas fixtures, heating apparatus, and plumbing, painting, papering, and so forth. Therefore, speaking generally, the official representative of the United States is adequately housed, from the Egyptian point of view. The amount charged for rent in 1898 was \$1500, and the amount charged the United States was \$1000.

January 4 — Tuesday. Mrs. Watts, baby, and maid went up the river to-day on the Rameses III, the same boat of Cook's that took Louise and me up in 1895. My secretary and I were driven down by Fero to see them off and to meet Watts himself there. Quite a party of those we knew were going up. The Bradlees, the Pecks of Chicago, the Justices, and others. I was glad to greet a half-dozen or so of the old steamer servants. They knew me at once, especially the black that waited on us at the table. None were satisfied until they had seized my hand and kissed it, a mode of salutation that used to shock me, but now seems just the right thing to expect from these poor people. Louise and I went shopping afterwards, and bought a lot of little, but necessary, things for the house.

Lunched at home, and a good luncheon it was; eggs with a white sauce, and more especially to be named a brown stew, or something, of the knee joint of beef —

glutinous and really delicious as cooked, a something we should have thrown away at home, and probably a part that had first been used for stock.

In the afternoon, with my secretary and Brewster Bey, made a visit to the father of Zulsifer Ibrahim Bey, the old Pasha, who was a distinguished general under Mehemet Ali, now about eighty-seven years old. We were driven down opposite the island of Rhoda, on which the old Pasha lives, and were ferried over in his richly and beautifully decorated barge, the velvet cushions and silk hangings of which were in keeping with the dress of the oarsmen. We were met on the Cairo side by Ibrahim himself, and he accompanied us.

On reaching the Rhoda landing we were met by a troupe of servants who led us to the haremlik, where we were soon joined by the old general. He had visibly aged in the three years that had passed since I last saw him. We remained about fifteen minutes, during which time cigarettes and coffee were served. The old Pasha remembered me very well; talked about the United States and seemed to have a very fair idea of the relations of the States to the General Government, admitting it was the most progressive and most prosperous of all the nations. He accompanied us, when we left, to the head of the broad stairway leading to the landing, and remained until we were seated in the barge.

After our visit to the father, we went to see, on the opposite side of the river, the new house that Prince Ibrahim is building. He is one of about fifty children (the old Pasha having had one born to him when he was eighty-four, about four years ago), but is the only son from the wife who had not been a slave, and is consequently held in

higher esteem than any of his brothers. His name is Zulsifer Ibrahim. We knew him very well when here in 1895. Remained home in the evening and enjoyed the tranquillity of our own house.

January 5—Wednesday. Hard at work all the morning arranging about the house and receiving visitors. Among them was Mr. James Stokes, brother of Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, who has been traveling about the world on philanthropic errands.

During the afternoon I was busy with Watts with the quarterly accounts. In the evening we went to the dinner of the French Minister, M. Cogordan, at which thirteen men and seven women sat down to a most acceptable meal. The palace of this gentleman was built by a Frenchman in the time of Ismail Pasha, Khedive, and for its size is the most artistically and expensively constructed in all Egypt, thoroughly Oriental in its discomfort in cold weather, and in many respects resembling the Alhambra — beautiful tiling, exquisite and delicate carvings and tracings, high and richly decorated ceilings, *patios*, and open spaces with plants and flowers. I can only say that as Cogordan is allowed about twenty thousand dollars a year by the French Government (the same as Lord Cromer by the British) for entertainment, and has his chef from Paris, it was more than excellent.

The dining-room was the only *salle* that was not Oriental; it was thoroughly French, with its tapestried walls, frescoed ceilings, and gilded carved woodwork. The table was laid with a large center *plateau*, with silver border, and in its center a *corbeille*, I think it is called, of silver, at least eighteen inches long and twelve inches wide, basket

Prince Osman



in form, filled with flowers. Water and wine bottles of cut glass — sixteen in number — were along the table on both sides, eight on either, and six candelabra, with six candles each, gave light, in addition to a central “lustre” that hung from the ceiling with incandescent electric burners. The glassware was exquisitely delicate in form and lightness, very thin, and beautifully engraved. I took in the Countess Landberg, and sat next but one (the Countess) on the left of the host. Louise sat next to him on his right. She was taken in by Chalif Pasha, the son-in-law of Muhktar Pasha, the Turkish High Commissioner, whom I have already mentioned. His son — who has won a lawsuit involving the *dot* of £250,000 of his wife, whom he married by contract, but whom he never saw — sat opposite to me, and next but one to one of the Khedive’s uncles, the Prince Osman, an old, jolly, gray-bearded Pasha. After the dinner I went to the Austro-Hungarian Ball at the Continental, Louise returning home.

January 6 — Thursday. On rising this morning I found it had been raining hard almost all night, and was still raining — a steady downpour of little tiny drops, a little more than a very heavy drizzle — and the streets were, in some places, overflowed with water, or else a couple of inches deep in mud. No provision is here made for drainage; there are no sewers, nor is there such inclination of the streets or paving as to carry off any surplus water. It has now rained four times since my arrival the latter part of October, but last night’s and to-day’s rain have been the only important and continuous downpours.

Mr. Stokes called again, and having been invited, stayed to luncheon. Barbour Lathrop happened in and he too

remained. Louise, poor dear, caught cold last night, either going or coming from the Cogordans or in their unheated rooms, and remained either in bed or in her own room, wrapped in eiderdown comfortables, all day. My secretary lunched with his friend, Prince Ibrahim, brother of Prince Fuad. Poor Prince Said Tussun!! — the one with whom I had the unpleasant incident respecting the return of Louise's card, which, ignorant of Western customs, he thought had been left on him — died early this morning, and at noon was carried to the railroad station. My secretary, representing our Agency, walked in the funeral procession, Prince Mehemet Ali and Prince Ibrahim on either side of him.

I have kept a copy of the letters received and written respecting the card incident. The Prince had married an Irishwoman who was said still to be married. The marriage might be legal with the Turks, but the "Princess" was not recognized by the Cromers and other leading English families, although she was accepted by most of the Continental element. The Prince accordingly was super-sensitive about her and accepted no attention to himself unless also offered to his wife. We were advised to leave our cards, two of mine and one of Louise's — of course the latter for the Princess. After a few days I received an envelope containing Louise's card and a card of the Prince, on which he had written, "Prince Said Tussun does not accept any visit to himself unless one is also made at the same time to his Princess," or words to that effect. I returned my card and on it wrote that I begged him to believe that my wife was not unacquainted with the conventionalities of social life, and that it was not the custom of American ladies either to visit or to leave their

cards upon gentlemen; that the card was left for the Princess.

My secretary met him that night at a dinner and listened to him tell of his mortification. He said that he had been at the races in the afternoon; but left them early, fearing that I might come and see him — that he was too much ashamed of himself to meet me, and so forth.

He got out of the matter, after some days' reflection, by stating in a very polite and apologetic note to me that my janissary had told his boab that the card was for him and not for the Princess. Of course this did not excuse him, for he should have known the custom that prevails when a man and wife visit another man and wife, as to the cards that are left; and second, it was inexcusable in him, to me (not personally, but as representative of the United States, officially outranking even the princes of the blood), to address me so disrespectfully as upon a visiting card. However, the poor fellow, said to be the best of all the younger generation, grandsons of Ismail Pasha, is gone to his last home, and I hope, from the kind reply I made to his apology, was no further distressed by the incident.

January 7 — Friday. As soon as I was ready to sit down comfortably in my office, American tourists and visitors began to ask for me; and as some of them — Mr. Oothout, Mr. Laland, Mr. Henszey, partner of Converse, Philadelphia, and others — were men of either former acquaintance or position, I was obliged to see them all, and they kept me employed, the dozen or more, until 12.20 P.M. In fact, I did not leave the house all day or evening.

Louise went to a tea, a musical one, — musical without

referring to the ladies' voices or to the bedlam of afternoon talk, — at Colonel and Mrs. Cooper's; and my secretary left cards for us on the twenty or more that needed a return. We are more and more pleased with our chef. Some of the dishes both at luncheon and dinner were very fine and the preparation or decoration of his *macédoine* of salad and ice, Mont Blanc, were equal to the best. To bed early.

Saturday — January 8. Anniversary of the battle of New Orleans with us in the United States, but here of the sixth of the ascent to the throne of His Highness the Khedive. The ceremonies began at an early hour, about 7.30, I think, and lasted well into the afternoon. I — rigged out in all my war paint, Loyal Legion decoration about my neck and Grand Army Insignium on my left breast; in imminent danger of tripping over my sword, an instrument of warfare more dangerous to me than to any enemy; with shoulders broadened out of all proportions by the golden tasseled epaulets that stopped my passage through ordinary doorways, unless, crablike, I sideways went — was ready on time to take my naval chapeau, laced and golden-knotted at the ends, in



hand for the brougham that carried me and the Second Secretary of the Legation to the Palace, Watts having left Cairo for upper Egypt last night at nine o'clock by the train to join his family at Assiût, on Cook's steamer, Rameses III. The Sharia Abdin, leading to the grand square on which the Palace faces three sides, was lined with a motley crowd, mostly tarbouched, watching the notables, gold-laced and some with plumed hats, drive by. A

regiment of infantry was stationed and presented arms, and a band struck up a national hymn as each Minister appeared. The crowd was kept back by mounted police and was quiet and orderly, far beyond any I have ever seen in Europe or America.

On arriving at the Palace I met a number of the Diplomatic Corps, and with them, through a double file of gold-laced officials who stood on each side of the hall that led to the grand stairway, passed upwards and turned to the left into the noble reception-room. After all of the Corps, the foreign Consuls and the Secretaries, had assembled, led by Lord Cromer, we were shown into the Presence, and each in turn shook hands with His Highness. He seemed to smile a full recognition to me and Von Müller only.

After this ceremony the Khedive turned and took his seat on the throne chair, and we ranged ourselves on either side. First, however, Lord Cromer, for the Diplomatic Corps, spoke as follows:

Le corps diplomatique, ici réuni, me charge de vous témoigner ses meilleures félicitations de l'heureux anniversaire de votre avènement au trône;

to which His Highness responded:

Veillez remercier tout le corps diplomatique pour les aimables souhaits qu'il lui plaît de me faire par votre entremise.

Then we all took our places, as I have said, ranged on either side of him, about forty in number, and were served with cigarettes and coffee. The latter was in jeweled cups that one would like to take away, — as a memento, if you will, but pocket, anyhow, — and alongside, at one's feet, was placed a small gilded plate on which the cigarette, half

smoked, was thrown when the Khedive arose, giving the signal that the reception was over. As we passed out, he shook hands again, and on doing so I, American-like, said that I hoped he was very well; at which he seemed especially pleased, giving my hand a notable pressure in response. After the audience we all entered the reception-room on the ground floor and there inscribed our names in a book that is left for that purpose. My next call was on Prince Mehemet Ali, but as he was not receiving, my card was left. Then I was driven out to Ghezireh, where I left cards upon the Princess Said Tussun, the widow, including Louise's. That done, I returned to the Agency, resumed my ordinary and more comfortable day clothes, and remained indoors until I went to bed.

Sunday — January 9. Rose at the usual hour, Sunday to the contrary notwithstanding, and as soon as I had breakfasted, my secretary and I, forgetful of the day, hastened to put the house in order. The upholsterers were at work, and pictures were to be hung, silver unpacked, and a hundred other things to be done, and these took my time until about eleven o'clock, when Louise and I started out to take a walk. We met Dr. Sandwith and Barbour Lathrop, Mr. Tooker and Mr. and Mrs. Mason, and had chats with them all. Mr. Tooker, who has an exquisite villa, it is said, at Newport, a house in New York, and a *hôtel* in Paris, who is alone, having lately lost his wife, has not been well. He cannot eat the hotel food any longer, so starts for Paris to-morrow where he hopes for home comforts. In the afternoon Louise and I were driven to the Zoölogical Gardens; there we met Miss Lewis, with some friends; Colonel and Mrs. Dickinson; and with

the last two we sauntered about the Gardens, visiting the monkey-house, the gazelles, deer, etc.

In the evening we sat down to a superb dinner at Tigrane Pasha's, whose house is truly a palace, built and furnished in European, not Oriental, style. There were at the dinner M. and Mme. Koyander, M. and Mme. de Mohl, M., Mme. and Mlle. de Hoelzske, the Russian Commissioner of the Caisse de la Dette; M. de Willebois; the Austrian Colonel Thurneyssen, who was with Maximilian in Mexico — a good fellow, speaks English perfectly, and says he loves Americans; and several others, whom I have met before, but whose names I do not remember to have heard. Louise and I made, with Tigrane himself, a party of sixteen.

After dinner the men, having taken the ladies to the salon, were conducted to the smoking-room and there had cigars, cigarettes, and coffee, with cognac and liqueurs in small glasses. Finishing these in twenty minutes, we rejoined the ladies, where tea was served, Mme. Koyander doing the honors. We remained until 10.40. The palace is especially arranged for giving large entertainments. The salon was bright with clusters of electric incandescent lamps on fixtures, on the sides of the walls Louis XV style generally, with the addition of a larger lamp of fifty candles, with a handsome paper shade. After ascending the entrance stairway, one found one's self on a broad, deep landing where was a divan facing him, on which to place his coat (the ladies as well). Three servants here waited to assist. A great mirror was on the wall at the head of the stairway, on each side of it low columns holding plants in vases, and between them and the door that opened into rooms on each side were smaller mirrors; then wide

doorways leading back into a vestibule on which opened three large rooms, the one at the end being the great drawing-room. At the sides a billiard-room, and opposite a library. The furniture and decorations were, as I have said, entirely European and in the best taste. A Frenchman, as *maître d'hôtel*, assisted by two Arab servants, waited on the table, the first serving the wine. First was given sherry, then one's choice of either claret or champagne. Nothing was served from bottles — all from glass highly engraved.

Monday — January 10. The press notice copied here tells of a most enjoyable day from eleven o'clock:

Aujourd'hui, partie de "coach" offerte par M. Barbour Lathrop, à Madame Thomas Skelton Harrison, femme du ministre des États-Unis. Parmi les invités de Mme. Harrison: Madame Somerville, Judge Tuck; Mesdemoiselles Bend, Lewis, trois jolies américaines fort remarquées; Madame Lawrence Turnure; MM. de Galanti, Bevilacqua, et Cortland Field Bishop.

Demain, diner à l'Agence de France.

Demain, aussi, bal à l'Hôtel Continental.

Mercredi, chez Lady Cromer, soirée dansante, suivie de cotillon.

Jeudi, diner à l'Agence d'Italie.

A great day for all, with an excellent champagne luncheon that Mr. Lathrop very generously provided for us at the hotel. We returned to the Agency about 5.30. In the evening Louise and I went to the opera to hear "Trovatore," but remained only two acts, the house being cold and the opera not very well rendered. Our own dinner to-day was especially good, equal in delicate cooking to any I have enjoyed elsewhere.

Tuesday — January 11. Too busy all the morning, receiving callers, to get out of the house. They began to



Tigrane Pasha

Former Minister of Foreign Affairs and for a time Prime Minister



arrive about ten o'clock, the first being a Mrs. Johnston and two daughters, with another young lady, all hailing from Kentucky. I found out, in conversation with them, that they were the Virginia Johnstons and carried the "winged spur" for crest. Of course we at once acknowledged relationships.

Tuesday being Louise's afternoon to be at home, effort was made to put the last touches to the downstairs rooms, arrange the furniture, finish hanging the pictures, and place handsome china in the glass closet of the dining-room, that the house might look its best. Indeed it was very attractive. On the gray stone stairway, from the front door to the second story landing, we had laid a crimson velvet carpet that warmed and enriched needfully the otherwise unfurnished and chill appearance of the deadly gray. On the first landing, which had been entirely covered with the crimson carpet, a rich rug was spread, and on either side of the wide doorway leading into the ante-salon, were placed two carpet-covered seats which furnished and greatly improved the otherwise bare, wide landing-place.

On a previous page I have already described the ante-salon, which remained as then, excepting on the Florentine and gilded columns there were placed the two golden idols, marvelously carved, which were a great improvement, even more than the silver vases that had theretofore held the blushing roses and other fresh cut flowers. The idols, with their stands, were at least thirty inches high. I cannot describe them — they must be seen to be appreciated. Again the "den" or *fumoir* was used as the principal reception-room; but the doors were open that led into the salon and dining-room.

The drawing-room was in readiness, except for the hangings of yellow silk that are to grace the four windows and the two doors. The walls are covered with a rather magenta-ish paper that had a gilt bronze small pattern throughout (I don't like it, but it was there from Penfield and thought good enough to remain, in the absence of our Paris wall-paper); on the floor a rug of mixed coloring, the magenta prevailing — my "Soap Bubble" picture from home and a half dozen more "oils," with two superbly carved, framed mirrors (Florentine, 1700), hung upon the walls. A large gilt center table and a console at the side supporting one of the glasses, with Louis XV richly upholstered chairs, in silk of broad-striped design; a sofa and some more chairs completely and satisfactorily furnished the room.

The dining-room, to me, was and is a joy. The ceiling I had frescoed, but it needs the artist's coloring and drawing to depict the long-tailed griffins and little cherubs, the latter ribbon in hand, as it were, and holding the hanging lamp, that gives light from above to the table below.

I also had the ceiling of the drawing-room painted. It represents the sky, with a silken covering, stretched and apparently hung from above, protecting the space below from the glare and sun — a very artistic piece of work. The walls of the dining-room are papered with a flowered dull muddy blue — the flowers all in dark colors. A beautiful paper in itself and selected by Louise rather to furnish the walls because she feared a lack of pictures might make them seem bare. Both she and I would have preferred the same a blue, or dark olive, as the color of our own dining-room at 1520 Locust Street, but we could not find either to our satisfaction. We managed to hold

back from the salon and den enough "oils" to fairly furnish. There are seven in all — the most notable of which is Sani's picture of the "Girl carrying the Chicken," life-size. The buffet is mahogany, as is also the dining-table, both richly inlaid. The service table has a high mirror upon it, and it and the "vitnines" (glass-doored closets holding the china and glass) are of ebony, elaborately inlaid with ivory, after the Florentine fashion. We had, too, many of our home plates, gilt-edged glassware, and much of our silver service, bright and brilliant, placed, as Oakes Ames said, "where it would do most good." The dining-table, without cloth, held bonbons and cakes of various kinds made by our chef, also the tea-service, with cups and saucers, plates of sandwiches, and other accessories.

Our first caller was Dean Butcher, the head of the English church here. He was soon followed by the Countess Montjoie and her daughter; and then followed the crowd which afterwards nearly filled the four rooms that were thrown open, not less than one hundred being constantly present, the visitors coming and going. The last of these made her departure at 6.40. The afternoon had been a great success; every one seemed surprised at the beauty of the interior of the house, and those who knew it in Penfield's time expressed unbounded astonishment at the metamorphosis.

We were too tired to go out in the evening, and knowing we were likely to be, had refused the great ball at the Continental. I took my comfortable chair in the den after dinner, smoked and read the last number of the Paris "Herald," and then finished by 9.30, dropped off into a nap. By 10.30 we were all ready for bed.

Wednesday — January 12. Received visitors and wrote letters all the morning. In the afternoon was driven to Abbassieh to make my dinner call on Colonel Martin and the Twenty-first Lancers. Called as well on Tigrane Pasha, the Gibsons, and Hillhouses, at Shepheard's. Had a capital dinner at home, eight sitting down; and in the evening, starting at 10.30, Louise and I went to the Cromer ball.

Although the house, or palace, is quite large, the rooms, excepting the ballroom, are comparatively small, the largest not being over 22 x 28 feet, and many of even less size. The *salle-de-danse*, or ballroom, is, I should say, about 30 x 50, handsome, well lighted from above, about the cornice, by incandescent lamps; walls white and a wainscot of the same, in enamel.

Lady Cromer received just at the entrance of this apartment, where one might either pass in or turn to the left and enter the music-room, which in reality is the living-room. Here a good fire was burning in an open fireplace and it was very acceptable, even though there were some five to six hundred people crowded into the house. Louise was soon taken up by a number of men — Prince Hussein, my friend the Austrian Colonel, but whose name I always forget, and the French Minister, being of those whom I recognized. I strolled off and met Mrs. Kennedy, sister of Lord Randolph Churchill, I think, who with her husband took the beautiful palace that we would have liked to secure. We afterwards found two vacant chairs and had a very comfortable looking-on-time together for a half-hour or so.

I talked with Lady Grenfell, Countess della Sala, Mrs. Bend, from New York, Miss de Willebois, Mrs. Gordon, wife of my friend the Major, and a lot of others. It was

unexciting enough with them all, except Mrs. Bend and Miss de Willebois, who both had original ideas and vivacity.

There was a buffet where one could get lemonade, champagne cup, — two parts of water and one of wine, — tea and coffee, up to about 11.30, when the same table, in shape of a square horseshoe, was spread with cold ham, cold tongue, and cold chicken. Sandwiches of salad, anchovy, caviar, etc., were also to be found. The only wine I saw given was tisane of champagne. The three Indian servants, most gorgeously attired in white and gold, with enormous turbans, assisted by a couple of Arabs, stood behind the tables and helped out the cold comforts!! What a comparison between this meager collation and a generous Philadelphia or American hot supper with terrapin, and all the rest!

Then, too, the veranda had been enclosed only with hanging canvas and was made to serve as the supper-room, enough to put the women, heated from the dance, and *décolletées*, in their graves. I found it too cold, with the little inducement to remain, to rest longer than enough to taste the tisane, eat a slice of tongue, and look about me to see what was being served. Lord Cromer had to keep his room, a sore throat which had been troubling him for a week or more being the active cause. Happy Lord Cromer; welcome sore throat! He was freed from the boredom of the Vanity Fair below.

Thursday — January 13. My coachman called for me at 9.30 with "Bay Harrison," and gave me a spin around Ghezireh Island. For extreme speed the horse is ruined, but he can show a "forty" clip without any trouble, and

that is faster than any animal can trot in this country. The Prince has been speeding him, pulling a heavy cart and sometimes as many as six men; driving him fast with a loose rein and not controlling him when about to break — shoeing him like a cart horse. In fact, the whole treatment has been one of ignorance as to how the American trotter should be worked. Fero is to go to-morrow morning to drive the Prince and show him how to handle a trotter.

Received a charming mail from America. In the afternoon at five o'clock Louise and I started out to make calls. We got in at the Countess della Sala's, also at Mme. Cogordan's (wife of the French Minister). For the first time we had our two *sices* run ahead of our carriage. They made a brave show with their white shirts, red sleeves, and richly embroidered jackets in gold. Ahmet has a grand voice and his warning cry could have been heard two blocks away!

In the evening we went to Tugini's (the Italian Minister's) dinner, and it was one of the best to which we have sat down in all respects: dinner, beauty of the table decorations, and the manner of, or the appearance of, the dishes that were served, and their good flavor, as well as the excellence of the wines.

Coffee was served to the ladies in the salon and to the men in the *fumoir*. There were about twenty present. The dinner was evidently given to us, for Tugini took in Louise, and I Mme. Tugini. I noticed the Countess Montjoie and daughter, Baron (and Baroness) von Bülow, one of the Judges of the Mixed Tribunal; M. and Mme. de Mohl; the Persian Minister, Faradjalla Khan; Mrs. Wingate, wife of the Colonel, who is at the head of the

Information Department of the Egyptian Army and has Slatin Bey for his principal aide; Countess "Somebody," sister of Mme. Tugini. We found the house as cold as a cellar, Louise and other ladies being obliged, after return to the salon from dinner, to put on their cloaks and wraps. The house is a superb palace, but built only for the hot season, with the idea of keeping cool; on one floor, with ceilings forty feet high; no sleeping-rooms — they in a chalet alongside. All the palace is given up to entertainment apartments. Fero took us and brought us back behind "Lady Knox" and "Nellie Bly." Home by 10.40. Louise made a cup of tea and I went to bed!

Friday — January 14. In the office all the morning. Wrote half a dozen letters home, notably to Wilson Eyre, concerning an opening for a young doctor, whose coming here I advised against excepting under certain conditions, namely, ability to support himself for at least three years; and that he must learn to speak, besides English, French, Italian, and the Arab languages; to Gregerson, Billy Nichols, and a postscript to John, enclosing copy of my letter to Dr. Wilson, of the Philadelphia Commercial Museums.

At two o'clock I went with Louise to the Esbekieh Gardens, to meet the Diplomatic Corps and assist, with the Khedive and his Court, to open the Fourth Agricultural Exhibition. The ceremonies were very simple, at the same time imposing, and the exhibit of products quite remarkable, especially in sugar, cotton, the small grains, and garden produce. His Highness, as he approached the reception-tent, shook hands with the Corps and their ladies and invited guests, who were lined up on either

side of a carpet spread from the gateway. Lord Cromer was confined to his house with a sore throat. Lady Cromer, escorted by the Khedive, accompanied him throughout the tour.

In the evening we went to an entertainment at M. Cinadino's, the Egyptian representative of the Rothschilds — an entertainment of amateur theatricals and *tableaux vivants*. I append a programme:

PROGRAMME

Vendredi 14 Janvier 1898

Première Partie

APRÈS LE BAL

Comédie en un acte

Personnages

Caudebec. Mr. P. Dilberlogue
Henriette Dumonteil. Mme. E. Negreponce

Deuxième Partie

NOCES D'OR DE M. ET MME. DENIS

Scène comique en un acte

CHANTS — DANSES — TABLEAUX VIVANTS

TABLEAUX

Mesdames R. Cattai, Harrari Bey, Hunter, Ivanoff, Th. Ralli
et Mademoiselle Gorst

DANSES

Mesdames J. Cattai, Kinsbury, E. Negreponce, Rodd, et Mes-
demoiselles de Martino, Maskins, Mog, Thérèse, et Polly
Cinadino

CHANTS

Cavalleria Rusticana. Mr. Borgatti
Accompagnement de Harpe. Mme. Cimini
Pagliacci. Mr. Borgatti

COUPLETS

Messieurs Caprara, Nubar Innes

Without exception they were the best and most entertaining of any I had before seen. That, however, is not saying much or doing them justice. Great expense had been the result to the host. There was an orchestra of more than a dozen pieces; a stage with top and footlights had been made, and except trapdoors all was there that pertained to a theater. Besides the tableaux and acting, we had recitations and singing, dancing the Gavotte and other dances, including a Chinese *pas seull*! With the tableaux were two characters, who comically talked, sang, and danced. Altogether it was most entertaining and surprising. Everybody was there who made up the *crème de la crème* of Cairo high life, including the princes of the blood, the Diplomatic Corps, and the Ministers. With the ladies, *décolletées*, and in their best gowns, framed in the beautifully and tastefully decorated rooms, the scene was one long to be remembered. We left when supper was announced at midnight.

Saturday — January 15. To-day has been quite uneventful. Judge Tuck dropped in just before luncheon and remained with us to the worst meal ('t was ever thus) the chef has served. My note to Prince Mehemet Ali, who called to see me on Thursday afternoon, and whom I invited to breakfast on Sunday, 23d, has as yet had no response. I sent to him the list of those I proposed to invite to meet him, as he himself would suggest no one but the Grand Master of Ceremonies, and now that I do not hear, I am uncertain what to do. What I will do, should I not hear to-day, will be to invite my list, willy-nilly.

In the afternoon the German Minister called, but the

boab told him I was not at home, the stupid fool! I had an appointment with him between two and four o'clock, and he called at 3.45. I had gone to my room to change my coat, to go out afterwards, and because I was not in my office the boab took for granted, without inquiry, that I had left the house, although he had been constantly on guard at the door. Of course I had to send a note at once to the Legation, and with it I sent the photograph of the procession to the Palace for the "Solemn Audience," a copy of which appears in this book. Von Müller had just gone through this same ceremony and wanted to see how much of a circus he had made as well!

I went afterwards to find a glass chandelier for the salon, and to select a couple of carpets in place of the two that I have, but do not like, and was very successful. In the evening Louise and I had a night off, and I enjoyed it, looking over the files of the "Public Ledger" from the 25th to the 29th.

Sunday — January 16. Went to All Saints' Church in the morning and sat in the front pew, that which is reserved (?) for the American Diplomatic Agent. Service entirely choral and very long, not to say tedious. The assistant preached a rather Chadbandish sermon, which, thoughtfully and happily, was not of Presbyterian length. After church took a walk with Louise and after luncheon I called on the new Danish Minister at the Continental, and Lieutenant-General Grant and wife. The last two were at home, a charming old English couple. The Minister was out.

In the evening went to a deferred dinner of the Minister of Holland, M. de Willebois. His wife had invited us

"Solemn Audience" Procession



for the 8th but was obliged to defer the dinner until last night, as Madame was obliged to leave Cairo and go to Helouan for her health. She had not sufficiently recovered to preside. Her daughters very prettily and acceptably did the honors with their father. There were but eleven at the dinner, the wife of the French Minister, Mme. Cogordan, having been detained at home on account of her daughter's illness. Boutros Pasha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the French Minister, and First Secretary and wife, and so on. The dinner was extremely good, but not one of *finesse*. One dish I liked especially, ham and spinach! De Willebois receives a ham each week, by *colis postales*, from Austria! There was no fire made in either salon or dining-room, so the house was colder than a barn, and Louise and the other ladies had to wear their fur cloaks, too ridiculous to see! I gave Boutros one of my coal-oil stoves and am to send Fero with it to-morrow to his palace and show him how to work it.

Monday — January 17. The following clipping from the "Journal Egyptien" of to-day:

A l'excursion à Sakarah offerte par M. Turnure assistaient: Mme. et Mlles. Bend, le capitaine et Mlles. Stanley Bird, Mme. Brown, M. et Mlle. Gorst, M. et Mme. Thomas Skelton Harrison, Mme. Hunter, Mlle. Lewis, le baron Oppenheim, MM. Prévost, Cortland Bishop, David Wolfe Bishop.

Remained indoors all day, busy morning and afternoon. Judge Tuck, who lunched with us, discussed with me for over an hour the circular proposing alterations in proceedings before the Mixed Tribunals and the opinion of Judge Keeley anent, which I had the Judge's permission to show to Tuck.

Among a number of visitors who called during the afternoon were the new Danish Minister and Mr. Henszey, the latter a partner in the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Mme. Acton, wife of the Italian Vice-Consul-General, called and made Louise a long visit. By appointment, Mme. Koyander took tea at five o'clock yesterday afternoon with us, especially to see the house without a crowd.

In the evening we went to the opera, with Miss Lewis and Major Patterson in our loge, and heard "La Bohème" of Puccini (beautifully rendered, the orchestra being especially fine). We did not remain for the ballet, but were home by 11.30, leaving Miss Lewis, my secretary, and Major Patterson. During the day I received delightful letters from Emily Barnes, Baker, and Langmuir.

Tuesday — January 18. Again remained indoors all day, busy, I don't know with what, except with official business and superintending the unpacking and distribution, in their several closets, of the different qualities of wines that, until now, with the exception of a case or so, had remained unopened in the cellar. Being Tuesday, Louise's day, I made no arrangement to drive, and well I did not, for the house was again full of people, mostly Americans, from about 3 until 6.45. The house did really look rich and handsome. We received any amount of compliments. What struck the foreigners most was the temperature, for it was cold outdoors and about sixty-six degrees within, and they were enthusiastic over the hot-water heater, which truly has been and is a great comfort. Boutros Pasha Ghali, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Faradjalla Khan, the Persian Minister, were among the callers. We had a quiet evening at home, Louise de-

clining for us both all invitations for Tuesday night. For all such blessings make us truly thankful, say I!

Wednesday — January 19. Full of work and visitors until 11.30, when I took a stroll around to my stable to see “Lady Knox’s” leg (no improper allusion, I assure you) and found it filling up, but still with an angry and ugly look. The wound is in such a bad place, just forward on the inside of the hock joint, it will be months, if at all, before the place is covered over. Bought some books and photographs. We gave our first formal house dinner this evening and thought it wisest to try our cook and waiter upon our friends, the Americans, the only “outsiders” being Brewster Bey (Khedive’s secretary) and wife.

Our guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Hillhouse (she a cousin of J. Addison Porter, and brought letters of introduction), Brewster Bey and wife, Barbour Lathrop, Mr. and Mrs. Bacon (Emmy’s friend, sister of Mrs. Tunstal Smith). Louise, my secretary, and myself made the party to twelve. The table was simply but tastefully spread. The large (“A Lamm” one hundred years old) yellow fruit stand in the center — no “footy” little silver things with nuts, etc., only two gilt dishes with marrons and preserved and candied fruits, besides the candlesticks, of which there were four, two with three branches and two single. A wreath of small crimson roses, with sufficient green of stems and leaves, encircled the table. The pink Tuileries plates, with the Beauties of the Empire, were used as service plates. The soup was excellent; the bouchées, ditto; the fish was too “hotel-y” —



and the sauce poor; saddle of mutton could not have been better; chaud-froid — a beautiful dish, but I do not like cold things; punch — good; bécassines, good — hot, but served in a very curious way, with the wings standing up, with all the feathers, though they were really detached from the birds; salad, poor; asperges and sauce, good; ice cream, for a wonder, poor. The wines were McCrackin's exquisite sherry; sauterne from Mortimer and Company, Perrier, Jouet et Cie, champagne, 1889; mouton Rothschild served with the snipe, from a tray in small glasses; port with the ice cream. Afterwards, in the salon for the ladies, coffee with green mint was served; and the same for the men, with "fine champagne" and cigars added, in the smoking-room. They remained until 11.25, too long by an hour, but due mostly to the long stay of the men with their smoke.

Thursday — January 20. Early at work, say eight o'clock, in my office, and before my "little breakfast," I had read the greater part of a very acceptable and heavy mail that arrived last late night. A part of this I acknowledged before going to Shepherd's to greet Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, who had arrived by the Normania, reaching Cairo at 9 P.M. I found her without much of a wait — for Shepherd's! She had had a very pleasant voyage over, having some Philadelphia friends, the Henry Biddles and a Miss Ware, on board; also Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish with a party. We at once entered upon the business that brought her over — the grant to the American Exploration Society to excavate at Tanis, and I engaged to drive her down to see M. Loret, at Ghizeh, to-morrow morning at 10.30.

Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson



In the afternoon at 4.30, by appointment (with permission to the Countess della Sala to take us), we visited the Princess Naseli, one of Ismail Pasha's daughters, and said to be the most enlightened of Turkish women. She has burst through the bounds of harem exclusiveness and openly receives the visits of such men as she may desire to see: a woman of about fifty years, perhaps more, with an intellectual countenance, her eyes especially fine, a large, rather Roman, nose, good mouth, and resolute chin.

While Louise talked and she replied, or while she herself provoked conversation, I noted especially her selection of words and the subjects of the talk, which more or less turned upon the relation of the sexes in Oriental countries as compared with those of the Europeans. She spoke English very well, and surprised me with evidence of her intellectual gifts and acquirements. She corrected Louise as to the marriage of Lady Jane Grey, and showed very plainly that historical literature had not been the least of her studies. We remained about a half-hour. She offered her hand for me to kiss on arriving and departing, and I gallantly availed myself of the privilege!!

While we sat, cigarettes and coffee were passed. She partook of both. The palace, or harem, is situated on a narrow street back of Abdin Palace. One enters first a rather small garden, and then a doorway leading into a reception hall. Passing through that into a large room and from that to a stairway, one mounts two flights of steps to the rooms above. The ceiling of the ground floor was at least twenty-five feet high, consequently it was quite a climb to the living-rooms. On reaching the landing we turned to the left and were shown into the salon, a room at least fifty feet square. It was fully but not

tastefully furnished — a mixture of Oriental with European forms and stuffs. I suppose it would be called richly furnished. There were many gilt chairs, etc., and brocade covers and hangings, but the colors were not well chosen. I noticed a grand piano, and, in the center of the room, one of those circular sofas, so common in the palaces in Europe. The carpet was an ugly English one, one of those large patterns which, when you see them in the shops, you wonder who on earth could have the bad taste to buy them! I well remember the patterns and colors, by taking my memory back to the window on Chestnut Street of the Dobson Carpet Store!

In the evening we went to the opera and heard Giordano's "Andrea Chenier" most acceptably given. It was beautifully mounted and very well sung. The orchestra was especially fine. Borgatti was in good voice and Mendioroz as Maddalena equaled her rendering of Elsa in "Lohengrin." Annie Frazier, and her niece, Miss Ogden, had been invited and were in our box. We left at 11.30, the end of the third act. They say the fourth and final act is the best, but it was a matter of a wait of twenty minutes, first for the *entr'acte*, and then the act itself — altogether an hour, and that for us was too long. On reaching home the butler had in a few minutes in the dining-room a pot of hot tea and some cold meat with bread and butter, so we did not really get to bed, after my cigar, until nearly one o'clock. But it would have been two had we remained until the opera had been finished and taken the bite afterwards.

Friday — January 21. After getting through my routine work I called, by appointment, on Mrs. Stevenson,

Princess Naseli



at Shephard's, to take her to the Museum to see M. Loret. The day was fine, but the wind high and from the north, and cold. Loret had gone up the river, and if Brugsch Bey is to be believed, his journey there is more in the nature of a junketing trip with his family, on the Government dahabeah, than for any useful result. We were disappointed, of course, at not seeing Loret, but we spent a half-hour, not without value, I hope, with Brugsch Bey, who advised us of the situation as he saw it; and counseled us to interview Sir William Garstin at once, as he was really the head and front of the whole question, and what he said would "go."

The nominal head of the Board of Public Works — which includes railways, irrigation, drainage, in fact, with other things, all matters appertaining to land — is Fakhri Pasha (Hussein Fakhri), one of the Khedive's Council; but the real head is Sir William E. Garstin, K.C.M.G., an Englishman, of course, and called the Under-Secretary. All of the departments are so provided; that is, there is a Turk, or, if you will, an Egyptian (though sometimes, as in the case of Boutros Pasha Ghali, a Copt), a figurehead, who is the nominal chief and one of His Highness's Ministers; but the real power is with the Under-Secretary, who in his turn represents the English power. He has been nominated for the post by Lord Cromer, the real power behind the throne. He pulls such strings as he at times may think proper, and all dance as he wills. To his credit be it said, his "pulling" is for the greater part, if not in all (and I am not prepared to deny even that), in the interest of Egypt and good government, with, of course, always in view the supremacy of Great Britain.

After taking Mrs. Stevenson back to Shepheard's, I wrote a note to Sir William, asking him to name a day and hour to receive us, and now await his reply. The afternoon was taken up receiving callers, among whom was a very delightful fellow, a Mr. George Baldwin Newell, of Madison, New Jersey, formerly of New York, and a lawyer there, although he told me he had given up practice on marrying. He brought letters of introduction from J. Bonsall Taylor and W. C. Strawbridge. A handsome, stylish man, but unfortunately a little deaf, which made it somewhat difficult to enjoy his company. About four o'clock came a communication from the Grand Master of Ceremonies saying that Their Highnesses the Khediveh *mère* and the Khediveh would receive Louise and such American ladies as had been named by her, through me, to be presented. They were about a dozen in number, and such a scurrying as was done to get word to them. Then at the last moment the names of the ladies were sent to Louise; another note had to be written to Hassan Assam and more correspondence with the expectant dames!

Louise and I went to the Countess Montjoie's to dinner, to meet the Princess Naseli, upon whom we called yesterday. At the table were the French Minister and Mme. Cogordan, the German Minister, two young gentlemen whom I did not know, the daughter of the Countess, who is a very pretty and bright young woman of, say, about twenty, M. and Mme. de Mohl, besides the Princess, the Countess, Louise, and myself. I took the Countess to the table; she sat on one side and the Princess immediately opposite (where the husband would ordinarily sit, the seat of honor), I on the right of the Coun-



Hussein Fakhri Pasha



tess, and Louise on the left with M. de Mohl between. I am thus particular to note these apparent trifles as a guide in placing at my own table.

We were invited to private theatricals by Mrs. Rennell Rodd (the programme follows), but it was so late when we rose from the dinner that we gave up the thought of going. The play was at the charming little restaurant and house in the Esbekieh Gardens and promised to be very good.

PROGRAMME

“BREAKING THE ICE”

Miss Marton.	Miss Baring
Captain Selby.	Mr. R. Rodd

“A SCHOOL FOR COQUETTES”

Lady Glenmorris.	Mrs. R. Rodd
Lady Amaranthe Alwill.	Miss Needham
Perkup.	Miss Fane
Sir Aubrey Glenmorris.	Mr. R. Rodd
Colonel Lord Arthur Bramble.	Lord Granville
Sir Basil Bodkin.	Captain Peel
Miss Baring, Hon. W. Baring, etc.	

I had quite a long talk with the Princess and wish I could, like a good interviewer, remember what was said. She was very interesting in her views expressed on the difference of the treatment of women; the rights of the men in Oriental countries; marriage, divorce, and thoroughly democratic government by an autocrat — a contradiction so absolute as only to be compared with the absolutism of a Sultan! What she meant was that there were no titles of nobility in Mohammedan countries, and that the poorest of them, if capable, might be Grand Vizier, as had frequently been the case. She thought

the lowly and poor were better off to be left ignorant; that they were happier not to know of the things beyond their reach. The old story of a little knowledge, a dangerous thing, brought forward in order to excuse the better off from giving a helping hand to the poor and ignorant. She talked well, supporting her argument with examples, and was well satisfied with her own conclusions!

Saturday — January 22. Louise had had a headache from early morning, and about eight o'clock it culminated, and with sick stomach resisted all efforts. It reminded one of her worst attacks in past years. Aside from the pain and sickness, it was a very serious matter. A special audience had been arranged and was to be given by the Khediveh *mère* and the Khediveh to Louise, who was to present a dozen or more American ladies, among whom were Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Bend and two daughters, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, a Mrs. Barton, a Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. Hillhouse, and one or two others. As the morning advanced and Louise got no better, my anxiety increased and it became a serious question what to do. At last I determined to send my secretary to Mme. Koyander to ask her advice, as she was nearest by, and to learn whether or not she could properly, and would, go to the Palace and present the Americans. My secretary could not find Mme. Koyander, although he followed her from her house to the de Willebois's and elsewhere, where it was said she had gone. At last, at eleven o'clock, with Louise no better, I sent him to Lady Cromer. She, unfortunately, had an engagement to open some Charity Exhibition, and said that

it would be informal for any one but herself or Louise to present.

There was nothing left to be done. Poor Louise, at 1.30, was almost lifted out of bed, and with eyes blood-shot with pain and head hanging down in very agony, was dressed by Irene, her Italian maid, and at 2.20 started with me in the victoria, for Koobeh, which we reached at 2.35, finding all the ladies waiting, except Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Hillhouse, who, it afterwards turned out, had lost their way, through the ignorance and stupidity of their coachman from Ghezireh Palace. I think the air driving out helped and refreshed Louise; at any rate, she made the presentations, remained in the Palace about twenty minutes, and was home at the Agency by four o'clock, when she went to bed, still suffering nausea and headache. I dined alone and retired at 9.30.

Sunday — January 23. Having an engagement with Mrs. Stevenson to take her to see Sir William Garstin, who named an hour for to-day, I reported at Shephard's at ten o'clock, and after waiting a few minutes we started for the office of the Public Works Ministry. There we found Sir William awaiting us and ready to hear our plea. An interview of about an hour followed, during which we received assurances of his sympathy and support, with advice to obtain a letter from the French Minister, M. Cogordan, to M. Loret, the Director-General of the Service des Antiquités, now at Abydos, to which point Mrs. Stevenson wished to go.

The American Exploration Society, of which Mrs. Stevenson is secretary, has a grant to excavate at Tanis, but no rights to take away any monuments already exca-

vated. What is wanted is to remove some of them and divide what is removed between the Ghizeh Museum and the Society, the latter agreeing to transport those intended for the Museum to Ghizeh. Sir William enlarged upon the difficulty of transportation and the great expense, and advised, before the Society engaged to do the work, that M. Rosher, the engineer representing the Society, and who will superintend the work, should go to Tanis and remain there until he had made a careful estimate of all the work and cost, and said that this work would take at least two months. He added that neither he nor Loret could give permission; that a committee of the Council must sit and examine, and upon its report the council of Ministers would decide. But first Loret should be gained and the letter to him from the French Minister was the first step.

I left Mrs. Stevenson at my door, and my victoria took her to Shepherd's. I was anxious to get back to the house for the reason that our breakfast to Prince Mehemet Ali was to be given at 12.30, and with our comparatively inexperienced servants, it was necessary for me to see about the wines and the time to serve them. I found the table beautifully laid for ten. They were to be the Prince, Louise, Mr. Oothout, Jr., Mr. Gibson, Cortlandt and David Bishop, Sabit Bey (an intimate of the Prince who married a Baltimore Jewess), and one of the Masters of Ceremonies at the Palace, my secretary, and myself. All of the company arrived before the Prince, who was about five minutes late.

All seemed to enjoy the meal. The Prince, who is an unusually handsome and affable man, and, for his age, well informed, talked generally, but mostly across the



Prince Mehemet Ali
Brother of Abbas Hilmi, the Khedive



Gibson	My Secretary	D. Bishop	Master of Ceremonies
The Prince			Louise
T. S. H.	C. Bishop	Sabit Bey	Oothout

table to Louise, or to Gibson, who sat on his left, or to me, on his right. Everything was first served to him; but he invariably refused, and waited for Louise first to be helped and then he assented. He drank only Johannis water, but he ate a hearty breakfast, although to-day is the first day of the great Mohammedan Fast, the Ramadan. He remained until 2.30. The above diagram shows how we were placed. In the afternoon Louise and I took a drive as far as the Zoölogical Gardens. We dined alone with my secretary.

Monday — January 24. A very busy day with visitors, among whom were Mr. Hamilton Fish, son of him who was Secretary of State during Grant's Administration. Mr. Fish is a handsome man of imposing presence; wore a full beard and mustache, and had, of course, the bearing and manners of an American of the best class. He had been Speaker of the Assembly of the State of New York.

A Mr. Edward E. Ayre, from Chicago, a very wealthy and distinguished-in-art-and-letters man, who is now for the fourth time in Egypt buying objects for the Chicago Egyptian collection in the Field Museum, also called. Mr. Ayre spoke of the importance of the collection in

the great museum as the best and most comprehensive in the United States. He also told of its wealth in old Italian and Greek bronzes and said, to study them, there were but two museums in the world where they could be seen in entirety, namely, at Naples and at Chicago. I could fill the balance of this book with the information that he was pleased and free to communicate.

There were also a number of ladies: three from Philadelphia, cousins of Lindley Smith, and with them I was kept solidly until 12.30. In the afternoon Louise and I took the victoria to pay dinner calls. I afterwards drove around Ghezireh. In the evening went to the opera and heard "Nanon," and were greatly pleased. Louise invited Mrs. Stevenson and Miss Christine Biddle to share our box. The latter, with her mother and cousin, Miss Lydia Baird, go up the Nile to-morrow.

Home at 11.45. Bought the £250 and £60 silk rugs. They are Persian and truly museum pieces. I saw one at the bazaars that I thought no better, and not so large, as the £250 one, for which the Jew asked £2500. I think that I have a bargain. It took me more than a month to complete the purchase.

Louise's portrait came to-day and was unpacked. A frame has to be made for it. We will hang it in the ante-salon, opposite the large mirror that opens on the court: not a very good light, but it is the best place for it.

The weather to-day and yesterday has been real Cairo weather — a little chilly, sixty degrees in the morning and at night, but delightfully temperate after ten o'clock until five. At the opera the house was still cold, and many ladies wore high-neck dresses, but I look forward now to an end of the unprecedented cold weather and

for a continuous enjoyment of May days this and next month. We sent out invitations this morning for a dinner on Wednesday, February 2, to meet Mr. Angell, our Minister at Constantinople, who is due to arrive in Cairo the 29th of this month.

Tuesday — January 25. Judge Tuck came in early to-day and talked over his report to the Department, and a Mr. Donahue made me a long visit. They, with a half-dozen other Americans, took up all my time until 12.30, when I went in to a good luncheon. In the afternoon I wrote dispatches and examined some accounts with Watts until about 3.30, when I went to my room to dress for Louise's day "at home." The people began to come about 4 P.M., and kept up a steady stream until 6.30. There must have been not less than a hundred and fifty callers. At times all the rooms downstairs, especially the dining-room, where tea, chocolate, wine, cakes, and bonbons were served, were quite full. Among the callers were Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Mrs. Cary, the Oothouts, Bishops, Rogers Pasha and Mrs. Rogers, the wife of Sabit Bey, son of Boutros Pasha, and so on.

Louise and I dined at home alone, my secretary being invited to dinner by Mrs. Fish. Read "Literary Digest" until 10.30 and then, pretty well tired out and hoarse, went to bed.

Wednesday — January 26. Received word this morning from the Grand Master of Ceremonies that His Highness the Khedive would receive in special audience Judge Tuck and Judge Batcheller at 3.15 to-morrow afternoon.

I was in my office by eight o'clock and immediately wrote letters to the judges, telling them to be at the Agency at or before 3 P.M. I told Batcheller that I would take him in my carriage. I then had breakfast, and at 9.15 started out with my secretary to test the chef, whose honesty I had been doubting. And it was well we did; it was none too soon — in fact, I blame myself for the loose way I have permitted the whole matter to begin and go on for three weeks. My secretary, however, said it was the custom in Italy to allow the chef a certain amount *per diem* for keeping the table — the check on him only your satisfaction with what he gave you. Well, it was the custom, but a bad one with a new man and without any supervision. We found that, although he had received the money at the end of each week, he had paid no one and that he was holding, and claimed it to be due him for expenditures, about thirty-five pounds!

Of course the inclination was first to see that he paid all back debts, and after he had done that to discharge him; but then came the other side — what could I do without a first-class chef, giving breakfasts and dinners and obliged more and more to give them? So we concluded that as he was young, had been well frightened, and had tried to excuse himself by saying he was waiting until the end of the month to pay (and there might have been some truth in this), we would give him another chance. Accordingly, he remains, but we have selected certain tradespeople with whom alone he must deal for meat, vegetables, groceries, etc., and they are to send in their bills weekly to my secretary and he will pay them with check. Of course the chef will get his commission, but to that I do not object, and so the butcher was told.

I had quite a number of visitors during the day, the most notable of whom was Mr. A. Van Bergen, of Paris (who brought a letter of introduction from General Porter), an old gentleman, say seventy-five, who had lived in Paris since 1850, and from the way he talked of certain investments in America (not boastfully in any sense), I judge that he is a very wealthy man. He had lost his wife only about six weeks ago and was with his daughter trying to cheer her by a sight of the strange scenes of the East.

Louise and I, having declined Mrs. Dennison's dinner, enjoyed a home meal again to-day. In the evening I made out a long list of names of men who desired to be presented to the Khedive and gave it to Watts, with instructions to write the formal letter to the Grand Master of Ceremonies. Louise gave the use of our loge at the opera for to-morrow night to Mrs. Watts, thereby gaining another restful night at home.

We received an invitation from Neghi Boutros Ghali, son of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to go on his steam yacht with a party, mostly Americans, to Sakkara, Friday next, and to eat an Arab breakfast on board. I will go, but Louise is afraid of the fatigue of a whole day's excursion, twelve miles of which will be on donkey, the day before her breakfast to Mrs. Stevenson.

January 27 — Thursday. This morning, having an engagement with Mr. Hamilton Fish to take him to call upon the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Boutros Pasha Ghali, I picked him up at Shepherd's and together we went to the Bureau. The Pasha received us most cordially — offered cigarettes and coffee, according to the custom, and detained us nearly a half-hour. After our

visit to him, we visited Chereef Pasha, the Under-Secretary, and had a very pleasant quarter of an hour.

At three o'clock, with Judge Batcheller beside me in the victoria, and headed by the two *sices*, Judge Tuck following in another carriage, I started for Abdin Palace to be received by the Khedive and to present to him the two judges. The same ceremonies as on previous occasions were observed. The officials and chamberlains in the hall below; the Grand Master of Ceremonies meeting us as we reached the first floor, with his aides, and conducting us first to the reception-room on the left, and then, when His Highness gave the signal, taking us to his presence.

His Highness met us near the entrance; shook hands, and then waited for me to introduce the gentlemen. That over, he turned and led the way to the other end of the room, where he sat and motioned each of us to chairs, placing me on his right. He asked a number of questions of both Tuck and Batcheller and talked generally of Egypt and America, their crops, what each country bought of the other and of the people of both lands. Altogether the audience lasted over fifteen minutes, when His Highness rose and that was the signal to depart.

After the audience Louise and I went to the French Legation to attend a fair, where I got rid of about ten pounds, and brought away, as is usual at fairs, nothing; but had a good deal of amusement at the successful attempts at robbing for a charitable object. We refused the ball at Ghezireh Palace for to-night and had the satisfaction again of a quiet evening at home. During the day I had the flag flying and left all cards at the German Legation.

Friday — January 28. All day to-day has been given to an excursion to Sakkara, on invitation of Neghi Ghali Bey, son of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, a pleasant and cultivated young fellow of about twenty-six. We had a steam dahabeah, and went on board at the landing-stage below the bridge at 9.30 A.M. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish; Miss McLean; Mr. and Mrs. Dana Gibson; Mrs. Mason Bey; Miss Lewis; Miss Cliff-Smith; Neghi, and myself. The day was cold and windy and I was very uncomfortable on my way down the first hour; after the sun had climbed sufficiently high to shed some of his direct rays upon us, it became more comfortable. At half-past twelve our host gave us what he had called, in his invitation, "*un déjeuner arab,*" which turned out to be an excellent repast. He had brought with him his father's chef, and as there were first-class cooking appliances on board, no difficulty was found in providing the meal.

On reaching the landing, we took donkeys and rode the six miles, going only down to the Tombs of the Sacred Bulls, or Serapeum. The tomb of Ti and another should have had our attention, but we had no time for them, getting back, as it was, to Cairo only by 7.30 P.M. I reached the Agency about ten minutes before eight, about as tired out as one could be. Sat down to dinner at once without change of clothes, and Louise, not caring to go to Baron Meyer "Something's" ball, we both went early to bed, leaving my secretary to make our excuses.

Saturday — January 29. Down at the office at 7.50, and, with the interval of my "little breakfast," was busy until noon with one thing or another — visitors, talk

with Watts, with dragomans who were there about taking parties up the Nile, and doing a variety of things towards the preparations for the breakfast to Mrs. Stevenson, which we had at 12.30, or at least called for that hour. Colonel Gordon was about a half-hour late, and unavoidably so, his wife, anticipating it, so said, and begged us to go to the table. At the breakfast were Mrs. Stevenson; Count and Countess della Sala; Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish; Colonel and Mrs. Gordon; Louise, my secretary, and myself.

I sat at one end of the table and Louise at the other. On her right she had Mr. Fish, and on her left, Colonel Gordon. On my right was Mrs. Stevenson, and Countess della Sala on my left. There was a good deal of animation, especially at my end, the two women, Mrs. Stevenson and Countess della Sala, being great conversationalists. The breakfast was good, especially the consommé, médaillons d'agneau, the aspic, and the ice cream, with the chocolate sauce. A *salade russe* was a work of art!! The guests left at 2.30. Afterwards Louise took a drive; went to a concert at Lady Cromer's, and took tea there, introducing Mrs. Fish. Mrs. Stevenson did not care to go, Lady Cromer not yet having returned her call made only the day before. She took a drive with Bert Watts instead and I remained indoors, writing letters and reading up the "Philadelphia Ledger." Louise and I had the pleasure again of dining at home.

Sunday — *January 30*. I received word early this morning that His Highness would receive me on Friday next at 3.30 P.M., to present about fifteen Americans. I did not go to church, but wrote letters and potted

about my office until it was time to go to the train, Louise and I having been invited to lunch at the Tucks', at Zeitoun. Minister Angell and Mrs. Angell were expected at 12.30 from Constantinople, via Alexandria. I, of course, wished to meet them at the station, but, unfortunately, our station was some little distance and our train left at 12.45. As it was, I sent Watts with my victoria and Andrass and had the satisfaction of seeing the party pass by on its way to Shepheard's while I stood on the platform, which commanded a view of the open place across which the road led to their hotel.

We had a ride of about a half-hour to Zeitoun, where Judge Tuck met us and walked with us about what would be four squares in Philadelphia, to his house. The path was across what had been the desert, and it was as soft as our Jersey sands. There were quite a number of houses — villas — about, and these were mostly white, as if lime-washed, surrounded by stone walls which enclosed the houses within gardens. But mostly the gardens were still heaps of sand, without any signs of vegetation. Tuck's was an exception, though it showed only a little border of grass about the beds and walks and a few stunted and sickly looking plants struggling for life. In time, however, this suburb will be very attractive. The villas are all good-looking, and the location, on an elevation gradual from Cairo, insures pure air and freedom from the objections of the crowded city.

The luncheon I found excellent. We began with a broiled fish, bar, I think; then a compote of pigeon; then roast turkey and genuine cranberry sauce; salad, cheese, and ice cream, all generally good. The sweet welcome and cordial greetings — the hospitable intent — would

have made up for any shortcomings, had there been any. I sat next to Mrs. Tuck. There were, besides ourselves, Mr. and Mrs. Newell, charming people. The interior of the house was quite comfortable, commodious, and well furnished, Tuck and his wife (who was Emily Marshall, of Baltimore) having brought their furniture from the States.

We took train for Cairo at 3.45 and called on Mr. and Mrs. Angell as we were about to pass Shepheard's. They were at home, so we waited and saw them. Mr. Angell is a man close upon seventy, with a smooth, round face, very like that of Horace Greeley, benevolence being the marked expression. We were charmed with them both. Mrs. Angell had been to Pomfret and is a friend of Eleanor Vinton. She had taken a dinner there at the Cooking Club, and remembered Marion, but had not met Louise, although she had seen her and recollected her perfectly.

Monday — January 31. In my office at 7.50 A.M., and I went to work at once on my correspondence, with the intent to reduce the number of unanswered letters. At nine o'clock my secretary started out to select a *fruitier* and vegetable man from whom our chef must buy. I afterwards called upon Mrs. Stevenson at Shepheard's. She was out. Then with Louise I took the carriage and did some shopping. Fero dropped us at "Maison française"; near-by we met Miss Cliff-Smith, and with her hurried to Shepheard's to escape a shower that had already commenced — the seventh rain since December 1st!

At the hotel I found Mrs. Stevenson, who had returned, and engaged to drive her to the boat that she will take

to go up the Nile on Wednesday (day after to-morrow) at 9 A.M. She was hard at work with Rosher, in one of Shepheard's reserved rooms, examining "scarabs" and other ancient objects.

Busy all the afternoon; among the visitors were Minister Angell from Constantinople, Hamilton Fish, Mr. Newell, a Mr. Case and wife from Iowa, and a Mr. Donahue. Just as Mr. Angell entered the door (he was allowed to enter unannounced), I was about to give Newell a taste of that "old rye" that John had sent me — the first time the bottle had been shown in the private office. All the "implements of war" were present — ice, water, glasses, and whiskey — so there was no denying the matter even if it had been worth while. Mr. Angell was jokingly invited to say "How," but smilingly declined, thoroughly appreciating the situation.

In the evening we went to the opera house, where we saw "Madame Sans-Gêne" played by an excellent troupe. The opera is now over and only plays will, for the balance of the season, be given. Mr. Wendell, of Boston, came into our loge and afterwards brought in a Mr. Bird, and when he came I afterwards went over to his loge and was presented by Mr. Wendell, who accompanied me, to Mrs. Bird and three ladies. Home by 11.30.

Tuesday — February 1. Up early and at my desk at 7.45. Learning of the arrival of Mr. Hay, United States Ambassador to London, I called upon him and Mrs. Hay at Shepheard's. They were out, so I left an invitation to dine with us to-morrow night. Wrote a number of letters home. To-day being Louise's for her afternoon "at home" we were again favored (?) with a crowd of

visitors, though not in such great number as on the two preceding days. The last to come was the sister of the Danish Minister, and she remained until quite seven o'clock. Louise and I dined alone, my secretary having been invited to Lady Grenfell's to a dance in the evening. Louise's large portrait was hung in the ante-salon. While not a perfect, it is now a good, likeness, and, taking it all in all, I am quite pleased and satisfied with it.

Wednesday—February 2. In the office before eight o'clock, and at 8.40 quitted it for Shepheard's to pick up Mrs. Stevenson and drive her to the steamer that she was to take for her Nile trip. Left her at 9.30, and then, with my secretary, went shopping for a number of needed articles, which took my time until 11.30. Received two or three visitors, but missed, while out, Mr. and Mrs. John Hay. They started on their Nile trip at 4 P.M. today.

In the afternoon Louise went to an afternoon concert tea at Colonel and Mrs. Treffry's, while I started out to search the town for a lamp to reflect the light on Louise's full-length portrait in the ante-salon. I was quite unsuccessful.

About seven o'clock Baron Egeregg, the Austrian Minister, called. I was obliged to excuse myself to him and give him *congé*, having but little time to dress for a dinner that we were about to give to Mr. and Mrs. Angell. He only left me about quarter of an hour, and it was as much as I could do to be down in time. At 7.15 a note came from Lady Cromer stating that she had been abed and sick all day, had had a chill, and that she was forbidden to rise, expressing regret. The Angells' coachman

lost his way and drove them all over town, finally putting them down at 8.15.

Our guests were Mr. and Mrs. Angell; Lord Cromer; Sir Elwin and Lady Palmer; Sir William and Lady Garstin; Count Zogheb (Danish Minister) and sister. Mr. Watts and Louise and I making up the twelve.

Thursday—February 3. Had a wretched night, although tired when I went to bed. In the office at 7.25, and official matters took up my time, with some few visitors, among whom was Hon. S. S. Farwell, of Ohio; Colonel Benzoni; Countess Schlutterbach, and Mr. Bradlee. I managed to get out of my office at 5.30 and had a walk as far as Shepheard's or just beyond. Dined again alone with Louise. The steam had been allowed to go down, and the house becoming chilly, and besides being tired from not having slept over two hours the night before, I went to bed about 9.30.

Friday—February 4. This has been a field day. In my office at about eight o'clock, and after my "little breakfast" I wrote about an hour in this journal; that finished, I prepared a dispatch for Watts to copy, concerning Touhey and the need for a consular clerk at this office.

I received a photograph of His Highness and the following note from Brewster Bey, his private secretary:

Dear Colonel Harrison:

His Highness sends you herewith a photograph of himself, with autograph, as a mark of his personal esteem.

The photograph is a bust, and about one quarter life-size.

At 2.30 P.M., upon an invitation of the German Minister, I attended a reception at the German Legation, to

meet, as the invitation said: "Son altesse royale, le duc régnant de Saxe-Coburg-Gotha et son fils, altesse royale, le Prince héritier." Only the Diplomatic Agents, with their secretaries, were invited.

The Duke is a jolly-looking man of about fifty to fifty-five, with the appearance of having enjoyed the good things of the table. I should say he was about five feet nine inches, and looked to weigh close to two hundred pounds. The son, a youngster of about twenty-five, resembles the daughters of the Prince of Wales very much. I met the Duke at Rio de Janeiro in 1860, when he was midshipman on one of the British ships. He made a visit, with a number of his companions, to Tejuca, where I was stopping at Bennett's, and when I recalled the matter to his attention, he remembered the day perfectly. He took me over to his son, and we all had a good laugh over the pranks which he and the others had played, which we both recollected and spoke about. Having met him, it made me, as it were, an old acquaintance. The Duke kept me by his side and talked, much to the surprise, perhaps, of the other Ministers, who only had a formal handshake and a word of two.

After the reception I returned to the Agency, where the following gentlemen were assembled, preparatory to being presented to the Khedive at 3.30: Messrs. David W. Bishop, and two sons; George Bend; George Newell; William Oothout, father and son; Dana Gibson; Hillhouse; Bacon; Hamilton Fish; and perhaps two or three more, as there were fifteen to be presented. We drove, one carriage after the other, seven in all, to the Palace, like a funeral procession returning from the cemetery — at a trot!

The usual forms were observed. The Grand Master of

Abbas Hilmi
Khedive of Egypt until 1914



Ceremonies met us in the grand hall, conducted us to the room above, on the left, and when His Highness was ready to receive us, led us across into the audience chamber, where the Khedive met us near the door. There I presented my little "army," and afterwards, following His Highness across the room, we were all motioned to seats. We sat about ten minutes, the conversation being almost entirely between the Khedive and myself, with an occasional word put in by Mr. Bishop, Sr. On going out, the Khedive stopped me and warmly thanked me for some information I had been able to impart respecting the cultivation of a number of garden vegetables.

Immediately afterwards I drove to the Khedivial Sporting Club grounds to attend the Horse Show and remained there about an hour and a half. I met Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and family, Mrs. John Drexel and many others. In the evening, Louise, my secretary, and I dined at the Count della Sala's and ate one of the best dinners we have had offered to us, since our arrival in Egypt. The following people were there: Count and Countess della Sala; Louise; the Swedish Minister; Mrs. Dennison; Miss Lewis; Thurneyssen Bey; son of Fakrhi Pasha; my secretary; myself; and another whose name I don't recall — eleven in all. The table was almost round and beautifully decorated with purple flowers, Bougainvillea — which grows so luxuriantly on the vine on the Count's palace front; these, interspersed with white japonicas, with the green leaves, wound wreath-like about the table. In addition there were three low vases on stands, which were filled with the same purple flowers with their leaves. The glass and china were exquisite — the glass fluted and melon-shaped, the china white and gold. All of the

food was delicious, as well as the wines, which were sherry, sauterne (rather sweet), bordeaux (extra good), champagne (medium dry), a liqueur, called a Spanish wine, which tasted like cherry bounce and which was served in small Dutch liqueur glasses.

After the dinner we went to the Grand Opera House to attend the masked and fancy ball given by the French Charitable Society. We had secured a loge, Baignoire No. 3, and quite close to what had been the stage. All of the parquet had been covered over so that the stage and floor of the parquet were now quite level. The house was beautifully decorated with flags and banners, the tricolor, of course, predominating. On the front of each box were two beautiful bouquets. We had with us Miss Lewis, Miss Bronson, Mr. George Bend and his two daughters, Count Oppenheim, Mr. Turnure, and my secretary. A supper had been carried from the Agency, but we all had eaten so generously of dinner that it was returned untouched. Louise and I left the house at 12.10 with Miss Lewis and Mr. Turnure. The others remained, I do not know how long. Altogether the 4th of February was "a" day!

February 5 — Saturday. At my desk before eight o'clock. The day breaks much warmer, and from the temperature of the past two days I am hopeful that the abnormal cold has gone to stay. Visitors began early to-day, among them a Señor Alvarez "don Quixote" (or something Spanish), who was from Mexico. He brought a letter of introduction from General Draper and his son. Although for all the world resembling Cervantes's hero, he was a most courteous gentleman.

Cornelius Vanderbilt called, and Mr. Fearing. Judge Tuck took luncheon with us and remained until after two o'clock. In the afternoon I started out with Louise, and with her visited the American Mission in the interest of Mrs. Galloway, the poor widow who wishes to return to America. After that I took tea with Mrs. Mason Bey and there met Mrs. Vanderbilt, Miss Townsend, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Fish, and a dozen or more ladies and men.

Sunday — February 6. Count della Sala came in about nine o'clock to talk over the acquisition of the Prince Ismail property on the Nile, just beyond Kasr-el-Barr, that he thinks can be bought for about £50,000, although it is worth at least £100,000. He wants me to join a "group" with him, Suarez, and de la Mar, a rich American, whom we are to see to-morrow, and take a hand, if I am able. The neighborhood is of the best in Cairo and is sure to be, in time, and not far off, the best part of the town.

After della Sala had gone I started for Shepheard's to see Mr. Hilliard, the artist, and to view his work. I bought a landscape, an exquisite thing, very much in the style of Corot, whose intimate friend Hilliard is, or was. He then came with me to the Agency to see Sani's full-length portrait of Louise and admired it extremely, as it now deserves.

Louise and I called on Judge Batcheller and family, who receive on Sunday afternoons, and afterwards drove. Spent the evening at home.

Monday — February 7. At my desk before eight; and before ten I had caught up with the accumulated letters.

Prince Mehemet Ali dropped in and brought with him a Mr. Sharp, or Smart, who is quite an intimate of the Khedive — if any one can be intimate with him — and the Prince. He buys horses for him, and used to do the same for the father — a very distinguished-looking and handsome man, and the best dressed that I have seen since leaving America. They made me a long visit. I think the Prince likes to come. He is very sociably inclined towards those he knows well. We had quite a number of visitors and applications for passports and teskaras (the visé of the Turkish official in Cairo permitting travel in Turkey and dependencies).

In the afternoon Louise and I made visits and got in at Countess Landberg's and at de Willebois's.

In the evening, after our dinner of eight covers, we went to see "Denise." Mr. Newell and a Frenchman, some secretary, came into our box and I paid a visit to Mrs. Mason Bey and Miss Lewis in their loge, which had been loaned to them by Countess della Sala. Sent out invitations to a dinner on Monday, February 14th. Home and in bed by twelve o'clock.

Tuesday — February 8. To-day was a most disagreeable and unusual one for this time of the year. A March day with *khamseen* wind, a yellow dust that found its way everywhere. I did not leave the house all day, but Louise went out, did a few errands, and soon returned. In the morning I had a very interesting interview with a Mr. Van Milligan. The afternoon was Louise's reception, and although there were a great many — that is, forty or fifty people — to call, the day was too unpleasant for a rush and crush such as has prevailed on former Tues-

days. We gave the visitors chocolate, tea, and champagne cup, with small *pâtisseries*, cakes and straws, bonbons, etc. The champagne cup went begging. The last visitors, Baron Oppenheim, Count Zogheb, and his sister, only left the house at seven o'clock. Louise's portrait was much admired. We dined at home, six covers.

Wednesday — February 9. One of the most quiet mornings since taking charge of the office; with the exception of Mr. Large, from Mauch Chunk; the poor widow, Mrs. Galloway, who came in response to Louise's letter to get the money we had raised for her, and to tell me she had secured a position as nurse and would start tomorrow from Alexandria for New York with her patient; and a half-dozen or more Americans to have their passports viséd and teskaras got from the Turkish official, in order that they may travel in the dependencies of the Sublime Porte, no one came. In the afternoon I visited the shop of Van Milligan, who sells only goods of American make, and was greatly interested in the good work which he is doing. He handles bicycles, American tools, stoves, ink and pastes, furniture (of the poorest kind), dishes, lanterns, notions of many sorts, printing-presses, electrical supplies in small quantity, and a lot of other things.

In the evening Louise and I went to the concert given by Mme. Koyander, wife of the Russian Minister. It was a very select affair — by invitation (for which you indirectly paid more than if by regular ticket), and the audience was composed of the usual *décolletées* women and bespangled men, who talked rather than listened. In this case they showed their good taste, for the singing

of Mme. Marcelle — in whose interest the concert was given — was the worst I have had inflicted upon my ears for a long while. The piano and violoncello numbers were fairly good; but the selection of the music was not one to which I was accustomed. Naturally, therefore, the music being unfamiliar, it was the less enjoyed.

Thursday — February 10. This has been a most interesting day, though I do not expect to do more than jot down sufficient to remind me of what passed. Quite early I was visited by a Mr. A. M. Kemeid, formerly of Beirût, but now in business in Cairo, and he brought three Moors, all of whom now live in this city, though they were formerly from Fez. The father of one and brother of another, E. Haji Abdelwahed-el-Tazzi, had died in Fez, and by will had left his heirs, among other monies, about \$12,000 (\$12,034.93), the result of a claim on a firm in New York, acknowledgedly collected by Fettretch, Silkman and Seybel, lawyers, Times Building, New York. These lawyers had refused to pay over the money for certain valid reasons, and the Moors had obtained evidence as to their rights and were brought to me to aid them to obtain their due. It was finally arranged that the claim be put in my hands for collection.

The interview, in which all the circumstances of how the claim arose, etc., were detailed, the appearance of the men, and their dramatic way of speaking, with its Oriental profusion of gesture and word, were very entertaining.

In the afternoon, by appointment, I was waited upon by the Countess Marinka de Moro Potter, from Ramleh, near Alexandria. I was much surprised to recog-

nize one of Moro Phillips's daughters, who had married a Dr. Potter, of Germantown. She assumes her name and title from the fact that old Moro Phillips, the Polish potter, and afterwards sulphuric-acid-maker, was a Polish prince and a refugee, Prince and Duke de Moro. She says one of her brothers, in Europe, has assumed the title.

Louise and I went to the Khedivial Sporting Club to witness the military games and were much amused. All the world was there and made the scene very attractive. The women had a field day for their spring frocks and bonnets. We dined at home, with my secretary and three others invited by us.

Friday—February 11. I received an important paper from the Minister of Foreign Affairs on the changes proposed by the Egyptian Government in the powers of the Mixed Courts, and appointing me one of a *Commission adjoint*, if approved of at Washington.

I wrote my dispatch to the Secretary of State sending copy and translation of the letter. Telegraphed for Judge Tuck to come to the Agency, and on seeing him, reported the matter and told him I proposed his name to Mr. Day as my alternate. He was much gratified and grateful — saying that it would give him *éclat* that would greatly serve to advance him should there be a vacancy in the Court of Appeals, to which he aspires.

After he had gone, Mr. Grubb, of Wilmington, Delaware, brought a letter of introduction from Mr. Shippen. He is a member of the Supreme Court of Delaware and I found him a charming man. He remained over an hour. I presented him to Louise. After luncheon Mr.

John W. Harper brought a letter of introduction from Penfield. He had crossed over with Betty and Becky.

He made quite a visit and would have remained longer but I was obliged to excuse myself to go to the funeral of Prince Osman, uncle of the Khedive, who had died at ten o'clock, and who was, according to custom here, to be buried at four. I had been notified by one of the palace chamberlains, which I thought equivalent to an expectation that the United States should be represented at the funeral. I went with my secretary.

The palace where he had lived was down near the Helouan Station and was a shabby affair without and within. We passed through a front garden and up a wide and high *perron* and through a reception-hall and room, turning to the left into what had evidently been his living-room where he had received his male friends. The walls were hung with guns and tackle, trophies of the chase, etc., but the room was very ugly in its hangings and furniture. I found myself seated next to a Prince, his brother, and in the room were all the notables, including Mehemet Ali, Mukhtar Pasha (the Sultan's Commissioner), three or four high priests of the Mussulman sect, Maskins, de Willebois, Tugini, de Rojas, and von Müller. I reached the house at 3.50 and the cortège did not start until 4.45.

Without order we all, as it were, tumbled over each other, and, preceding the body, walked about a mile through the streets towards the tomb, which was in the neighborhood of the citadel, where the royal family are laid to rest. Ahead of us were first a guard of soldiers, with arms reversed; they were followed by a crowd of men and boys — without order — who sang, groaned

and chanted; then we came, Europeans, a dozen or more, and notable personages, Turks and Arabs intermingled; and then followed again a crowd of men and boys; and on each side of the street servants carrying plates and embroidered cushions, in number about fifty, walked in an orderly way. These, with the crowd of singing and howling men and boys, were followed by about thirty carriages, containing the princesses and royal ladies. Von Müller, Tugini, and I stopped and stood on the sidewalk after we had gone about a mile, and there waited until the cortège had passed.

My carriage coming along shortly afterwards, I was driven home, where I picked up Louise and took her to Baron Oppenheim's tea. There we met the best world of Cairo's life.

An amusing incident, to me, at least, occurred when we were about to leave. In the entrance hall, which was cut off from the exit door by a large screen, giving to the hall the appearance of a room, we met Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell and Lady Grenfell, with aides, just coming in, and they were preceded a couple of paces by a large, handsome, florid-faced gentleman, whom it seemed to me I had met somewhere in town, but whom I could not place — not an uncommon failing of mine. He had a pleasant expression, not exactly of recognition (I now realize), but enough to have me mistake for that what was intended for a "look pleasant." As we reached one another I felt sure he was some one that I had met, — doubly sure, — so I extended my hand, which he took, and I exclaimed in the heartiest manner possible, giving him a friendly shake — "How are you today, I hope you are very well!" He smiled a reply,

but I thought, as he said, "Very well," that he had not quite come up to the warmth of my greeting. He did not stop to talk, but passed straight on, and then, seeing General Grenfell and wife following immediately afterwards, I realized — it came to me all at once — that I had just jammed the knuckles of His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha!! He afterwards asked to have Louise presented to him, when he spoke of pretty Mrs. Dulles, whom he had met at Kissingen, and of Harry, my nephew, with whom he had played tennis.

In the evening Louise and I went to the "Diplomatic Dinner," as she called it, given by Countess Landberg, in the reserved apartments, at Shepheard's. All the foreign Ministers were present, with their wives (those who had them), except Osborg, the Swede (this was noticeable, as Landberg is Swedish), who a few years back was the Minister from Stockholm to Cairo. Something evidently has happened. Thirty sat down, among the guests the son and heir of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. He sat on the right of Countess Landberg; the Count sat opposite. I was placed between Baron Heidler and Sir Elwin Palmer.

I did not think the Countess Landberg's dinner equaled that which I gave at Shepheard's. The menu was not so well chosen nor were the wines so good. After the dinner there was a dance, to which she had invited about one hundred people. Both the restaurant and table d'hôte room were given up. It was a great success, especially the cotillion that followed. Louise and I did not wait, but took our leave at 11.15.

Saturday — February 12. A busy morning, with the

Moors, their interpreter, and the Agency's dragoman, who is a lawyer, and who, with his uncle, came to assist in the interview and make all clear to the Moors what they were doing and what obligations I assumed in the collection of their \$12,000. After they had gone, Mr. Peck came in, and he was followed by Judge Tuck, who remained to luncheon. While they were here one of the Khedive's chamberlains called, to tell me that His Highness would give me an audience to present Mr. Vanderbilt, on Thursday next, at 3 P.M.

At 2.45 Louise and I went to the *Vernissage*, or opening of the Cairo Salon exhibition of paintings, and there we remained until after four o'clock, meeting everybody who was anybody, including Prince Mehemet Ali. We then paid visits, leaving cards on Mr. and Mrs. Peck, at the Hôtel d'Angleterre; on Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Chief of the Railways, at the Continental, and on Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox at their own house. We met General and Mrs. Muir and had a chat with them. We drove, after our visits, around Ghezireh Island. The wind was too high for a pleasant turn.

Sunday — February 13. Indoors all the morning, mostly helping Fero put together the new Cutler desk which had lately arrived from Philadelphia, for my office. It proved a puzzle, in some parts too much for us; but we succeeded sufficiently for all practical purposes. I then went to my room to dress for the breakfast to which we had invited a half-dozen people, Mrs. Mason Bey, Mr. and Mrs. Newell, Mr. Manskopf, of Frankfort, Germany, and Miss Lewis. We had a delicious breakfast and quite a good time, all present being con-

genial. Mr. Manskopf was especially entertaining, and Newell told two amusing stories — chanting one in imitation of the choir-master, who intoned, “Who is that pretty girl coming up the aisle?” and was answered, “You have not the right to ask — it is the daughter of the Bishop,” in the same Church intoned service voice. Then the other: “The clerk giving notice in broad English — ‘Morning service will be held to-morrow at eight o’clock at the North End; and evening service at four o’clock the next day at the South End; and infants on Wednesday at ten o’clock in the morning will be baptized at both ends!’”

In the afternoon Louise went to Mme. de Willebois to attend a meeting of ladies of the Diplomatic Corps, on some charity fête to be given in the Esbekieh Gardens. I drove out with my secretary searching for rooms for, and at the request of, my friend Mr. Guilford Smith, and afterwards to Ghezireh Palace and back. Ate dinner at home and in the evening read my United States mail, just in. To bed at eleven o’clock.

Monday — February 14. In my office before eight o’clock, and busy letter-writing. The Moors came in about ten, and with Watts worked over their matter until twelve, and after two until four, finally getting all of the papers in what I hope will prove good shape.

Mr. Henszey dropped in, among others, and told me of having received an order from the Railway Department for fifteen American design locomotives — that the prices were less than the Belgian or English, and that officials here were “kicking themselves” because they had not waited, before sending an order to Belgium for forty, to

know the figure at which the American could have been sold. Forty is really all that the Government needs; but as the Belgians will take so long to supply, even a part, the fifteen are ordered from the United States because they can be delivered quickly!! Mr. Henszey offered the whole forty in four months, while the Belgium people will require eighteen!! To-day was our dinner to Tigrane Pasha, to which we invited, according to the following sketch of the table:

Mahmud Bey	Countess della Sala	T. S. H.	Mrs. Watts
			Mr. Morley
Count della Sala			Mr. Watts
Mr. Rodd	Louise	Tigrane Pasha	Mrs. Rodd

Mahmud Bey — the son of Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, the Turkish Commissioner, and a colonel in the Turkish Army, who married a sister of Princess Fuad, who never lived with her, but who lately gained a lawsuit in the division of her parents' estate of £250,000 — is a handsome and very well-educated and accomplished man of about thirty years. He spoke French beautifully. Louise was very much pleased with him. The dinner was very fair.

The rooms were really beautiful and I was very proud of our display, dinner-table and all. Louise wore her rose-colored Paquin dress — and looked lovely. Poor dear, she has had a "head" all day and at 6.30 thought she would be obliged to go to bed; but she struggled through

and dressed, making her appearance downstairs before eight. Before the dinner was a quarter through, she was perfectly well — the food, some wine, and the excitement were the doctor that cured!

Tuesday — February 15. This morning I was waited upon early by a Mr. Onativia, of New York, who was in Cairo with a Mrs. Jerome and wished me to marry them! They had both been divorced from their respective partners, and had been traveling together with a cousin of Mrs. Jerome's, a Miss Zane. Mrs. Jerome was a Miss Hastings, a daughter of Supreme Court Judge Hastings, a "forty-niner" of California. I told him I would perform the ceremony to-morrow morning at 9.30 if I legally might.

During the day, looking over the Consular Instructions from the Department of State, I found that I was forbidden, so sent word to Mr. Onativia. He called upon me afterwards and showed me the decrees of divorce — one from Montana and one from California. I advised him to see Mr. Harvey, the Presbyterian minister, chief of the American Missions, and if he would consent to unite the couple, to be here to-morrow morning at 9.30.

Mr. Bradlee and Roger and Mr. Bishop called, and in the afternoon Louise had her weekly reception, at which seventy or eighty people crowded the rooms. Mrs. Biddle and Miss Christine, with Miss Lydia Baird, a cousin; Lady Palmer; the Countess della Sala; Mrs. Kimball; Mr. and Mrs. John Harper, of New York; and Mrs. Peck were among the callers. The last to go left the house about seven o'clock, so we had our usual three hours of hard work; and though gratified at what seemed to be the

popularity of the house, we were glad that a week must intervene before a repetition of such expression.

Wednesday — February 16. This has been a very interesting day — the day of the marriage of Mr. Onativia and Mrs. Jerome; of Judge Tuck lunching with us — pot-luck; and of the Military Torchlight Tattoo. About 9.15, Mr. Onativia made his appearance dressed for a morning wedding, and was followed shortly afterwards by Dr. Harvey, of the American Missions, and Judge Tuck, whom I had invited to pass upon the legality of the divorce certificates. About ten o'clock Mrs. Jerome came, accompanied by Miss Zane, who seemed about twenty-six or twenty-eight. Mrs. Jerome acknowledged her age as thirty-three on the certificate I was called upon to give. It took Mr. Watts some time to prepare the papers, and meanwhile I joined Onativia and the ladies in my private office, where the ceremony was to be performed. Mrs. Jerome is a very pretty likeness of Mrs. "Willie" Curtin, and with much of the same vivacity. She made herself at home very quickly, and did not hesitate to talk of her divorced husband, and why she, after fourteen years of married life, had felt compelled to separate from him. She told me she had a sister who was divorced two years ago, at fifty-four years of age, a grandmother, and had since married a man of sixty! — so it runs in the family.

The marriage service was read very impressively by Dr. Harvey, and after he had gone, the couple, being pressed by us all to remain, not to hurry off, we sat down and had a very jolly time telling stories, the first of which was by Mr. Onativia, in illustration of a toast at a wed-

ding breakfast: "We came into this world naked and bare — where we shall go, let it give us no care; if we've been a thoroughbred here, we'll be a thoroughbred there!"

Then Mrs. Onativia told a story on the Presbyterian Church, reminded by having been married by Dr. Harvey, of the Presbyterian Board of Missions: "A gentleman had called on a celebrated dentist to make a set of teeth for him; he was plastered and measured, and two weeks afterwards, by appointment, called again to get the finished set. It was ready for him and was put into his mouth before leaving the dentist's chair. He put his jaws together, went through the motion of mastication, and was, apparently, well pleased. He then got up and went to a mirror, hanging against the wall, as if to look at himself to see if his appearance was satisfactory. He smiled, showing the teeth, and then suddenly and forcibly ejaculated, "Jesus Christ!!" The dentist was astounded and could hardly believe his ears, and before he was over his astonishment, the man again said, "Jesus Christ!!" in a voice more audible, if possible. By this time the dentist, feeling outraged, stepped forward and was about to protest, but before he could utter a word, the man again called out, "Jesus Christ!!" and then the dentist, by this time at his side, took him by the shoulders and said, "Sir, I am surprised at you — you, apparently a gentleman. I permit no such blasphemous language here and will have no repetition of it." "Blasphemous language? I am a Presbyterian clergyman. Heretofore, before being so perfectly and comfortably fitted with the teeth you have just made for me and which I am now enjoying, I have been unable to utter the name of our

Blessed Saviour without whistling, and I was only trying the happy effect of the new set ! !”

This led to a story of a Catholic priest who was celebrating in his country church some religious fête that had crowded the edifice. Anticipating a large number of his flock to be present, and wishing especially to impress upon them the solemnity of his words when he asked a blessing upon them and the charitable work upon which they were about to engage, he made an arrangement with “Pat,” the sexton, to get a dove, to take it to the loft of the church, and when he, the priest, said, “And the Holy Ghost descended from above and blessed all the people,” Pat was to drop the dove through the ceiling ventilator. The time came. The priest in a deep, solemn voice said, “And the Holy Ghost descended from above and blessed all the people”; then paused for the dove, but nothing appearing, in a louder tone he repeated — “And the Holy Ghost descended from above and blessed all the people”; still no sign from Pat. Calling out then in a still louder voice, the priest almost angrily hollowed, “And the Holy Ghost descended from above and the blessing of God fell upon his people,” when Pat, putting his head through the opening, called out, “The kitty has aten the Holy Ghost; shall I send him down in kitty?”

Tuck told a couple of stories and I added some of mine — fresh fruit to my new audience. After remaining over a half-hour, with our wishes for a happy life, the couple and Miss Zane withdrew.

In the afternoon Louise and I paid visits, going out to Ghezireh Palace, and in the evening, Tuck calling for me at nine o'clock, I went with him to the Military Tattoo, a beautiful and interesting exhibition at the barracks

at Kasr-el-Nil, an immense pile of buildings in which, it is said, ten thousand men can be housed.

The tattoo took place in one of the inner courts or squares. This was a space of about four acres, surrounded on three sides with the barracks building three stories high. There are three such squares. The one in which we were was the center one, and was well protected against the wind. The façade of the immense pile — the three sides — were illumined with thousands of red and white lights in straight and oval lines, following the construction of the openings or windows. In the center of the square was a clump of acacia trees, on the branches of which were hung lamps of various colors, and around them, at their base, were collected fifty or more torch-bearers with blazing fagots of fat pine, in iron baskets, at the top of the long torch poles. Stationed throughout the square, in positions to illumine the whole grounds, were groups of torch-bearers, whose ruddy torches made bright the men in their brilliant uniforms and all the surroundings. On entering the square through the wide gateway, I was met by an aide of Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell, who conducted Judge Tuck and me to the General's stand, at which he came forward, greeted us very cordially, and showed us to chairs. In front of our stand, — the Commander-in-Chief's, — of course, the principal show took place; but all of the bands, with torch-bearers, after passing in review in front of us, walked around the square and, finishing, assembled about the group of trees in the center. When the four bands had all passed by, one after the other, at intervals of a few minutes, first having been called by the buglers, — who on the opening of the show and at its close

played a fanfare, — they gathered, as I have said, under the trees, and one bandmaster after another conducted the whole four in the rendition of various selections. The entertainment lasted until 11.30. Tuck and I walked home.

February 17 — Thursday. A very busy day again. Besides a number of visitors, especially a Mr. Barge, who pestered me to present him and Mr. Churchill to the Khedive, I had my time fully taken up: first, reading my mail from the United States, which came in last night, but remained untouched until this morning, and after that, at ten o'clock, I paid a visit to His Highness Prince Mehemet Ali and to Mr. Smart, an Englishman who is stopping with him, both having called on me about a week ago.

I then drove to Shepheard's to see James Gordon Bennett about the catastrophe to the battleship Maine, which has been sunk in the harbor of Havana — an account of which had been given me by him through Mr. David Wolfe Bishop, the night before. Mr. Bennett had gone out, but he called on me during the afternoon and read to me the dispatches he had received up to that moment. We agreed that the situation was very grave.

Mr. Bennett consoled me by saying the United States was fully prepared for war with Spain; that he knew that all arrangements had been completed by the authorities at Washington to land 100,000 men in Cuba, via Tampa, within ten days of a declaration of war, and to send sufficient men of war to take Barcelona, Valencia, and Cadiz; that Spain was now like France before the war with Prussia — entirely unprepared — and that

the United States were as Germany, ready. He agreed with me that the injury to the ship was rather from the outside than within the vessel.

At one o'clock we had luncheon, or breakfast, and the following assisted: Miss Bronson, the two Misses Bend, Miss Nasmith, daughter of Countess Montjoie, Louise, as ladies, and M. Prévost, Secretary of the French Legation, Baron Neghi, Fakhri Bey, my secretary, and I, for men.

Besides Mr. Bennett, in the afternoon, Mr. Bradlee, of Boston, and Mr. Bishop called; after they had gone I received a telegram from His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, expressing his sincere sympathy for the loss of the *Maine* and the men who lost their lives. I promptly replied, thanking him in the name of the American people. Louise and I, who were engaged to go to the theater to see "*Les deux Gosses*," which had a run of four hundred nights in Paris, decided not to go and sat at home to enjoy "domestic bliss" and the latest newspapers from America. I forgot to mention that at 2.45 P.M. I called at Shepheard's for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, according to appointment, and took him, in my victoria, the *sices* running ahead, to Abdin Palace, to present him to the Khedive. Mr. Fearing, one of Mr. Vanderbilt's party, followed in another carriage. Poor Vanderbilt, though much better than when he arrived here about two months ago, is a wreck; his right arm, and side, too, I think, are completely paralyzed, the arm utterly useless. I assisted him into the carriage and from it; he leaned needfully upon me mounting and descending the stairway in the Palace. There were four flights to ascend, and by the time he reached the top he was pretty well exhausted.

His Highness did not detain us, as was usual, by having us first shown into the large reception-room on the left, but saw us immediately. Mr. Vanderbilt leaned upon my right arm, carrying in his left hand, which he had passed over my arm, his hat and cane; of course, with his right hand helpless, when it came to shake hands with the Khedive his only live hand and arm were filled, or locked with mine. For a moment there was some embarrassment, but I managed to get the hat and cane from him, and that permitted the two to "shake." His Highness as usual led the way to the extreme end of the room, and there patiently awaited Mr. Vanderbilt's coming — he had moved painfully and exhaustedly. The Khedive sat, and motioned us to seats.

It appears that in the fumbling with Vanderbilt's hat and cane I had had no chance to shake hands with His Highness at the first meeting, and he had remembered it and quite gayly reminded me. As was usual, the audience was of only five minutes' duration. It was stupid; for Mr. Vanderbilt did not speak except in monosyllables, even in reply to questions. The Khedive did not have much to say except about the weather and the storms on the Mediterranean, and I did n't like to pull my conversational oar too hard; so there were short intervals of silence during the meeting. At last His Highness rose, and after heartily shaking hands again, gave us our *congé*. I drove Mr. Vanderbilt back to Shepheard's.

Friday — February 18. My secretary and I started off early on errands, he going to the market. There he bought some fine turkeys and sweetbreads for to-morrow night's "Surprise Party." When I returned to the

Agency I found Mr. Sankey, of Moody and Sankey fame, with a clerical gentleman, awaiting me. Sankey had been up the river and had been singing at the different stations of the Presbyterian Board. As he was departing ex-Governor Flower, of New York, came in — a jolly old fellow, bulky and good-natured, not over-refined either in manner or appearance. The office was run down with applications for passports and visés.

In the afternoon, as soon as I could get free from visitors, I started out for the "Sphinx" office to give Louise's and Mrs. Drexel's contributions to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. House quite uncomfortable, due to the presence of workmen hammering and turning things upside down for the "Surprise Party." About dinner time I received an invitation from His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to lunch with him at the Khedivial Club on Monday next, which I promptly accepted.

We dined at home and in the evening, starting from the Legation at eleven o'clock, we were driven to Ghazireh Casino to attend a ball given by Lady Grenfell, at which the women were requested to come in dress as the styles of Louis XV and Louis XVI, and the men in Court dress. The women were all attired as requested, and a great many of the men; they, mingled with the red-coated soldiers and picturesquely kilted Highlanders, made a brave show. The Diplomatic Corps wore evening suits, wearing decorations, those that had any. I carried about my neck the ribbon and insignium of the Loyal Legion, and wore on my left breast the insignium of the Grand Army. I was requested to take the wife of Colonel Gordon in to supper. Louise was escorted by

one of the Ministers of the Khedive, Fakhri Pasha, head of the Department of Public Works. The supper, as is usual at large affairs provided by hotels, was sufficient in variety, but deficient in quality. We reached home at 1.45 A.M.

Saturday — February 19. In my work-room early, and before my "little breakfast" had written up the greater part of a page of this journal. Watts and I, in the morning, prepared papers for transmission to Langmuir, respecting the collection of the \$12,000 Moorish claim, and then Louise and I took a stroll of about an hour, returning to the house just in time for luncheon. Everything is being subordinated to the preparations for this evening's "Surprise Party," which originated last week after the breakfast that we gave to Miss Bronson and others — from a suggestion of Mr. Newell and Miss Lewis. Neither Louise nor I was to see the list of those invited; in fact, all Louise was to do was to receive those that came, and I to foot the bill incident to the entertainment!! The following is the form of invitations sent out; and the replies came to the sender whose card was tied to the invitation:

You are cordially invited to the "Surprise Party" given to Mrs. Thomas Skelton Harrison at the United States Agency on Saturday, February 19th, 9 o'clock until midnight.

" There were, I should think, not less than a hundred and twenty people in the house, and yet it did not seem overcrowded. Of course all of the Diplomatic Corps had been invited, but Lord Cromer, being "up the river," was not present; nor were von Müller or Baron Heidler.

The company was made up largely of American tourists but little known to us as well as a lot of foreigners that my secretary had chosen, I think, to pay off obligations that *he* owed, somewhat to my present dissatisfaction. Mr. Watts's room was made the apartment for the piano and orchestra of six pieces. The large double doors between his room and mine were unhung, and the musicians sat partly in the open doorway. My room adjoining had been cleared of all its furniture, and the floor covered with crash for the cotillion. The doors to the ante-salon and to the den, from my room, were also unhung and removed. Lighted, as were the ante-salon, the salon, the dining-room, which had been turned into a sitting-room, and den, with chandeliers holding thirty, twenty-eight, twenty-two, and twenty-four candles, the rooms were very brilliant and excited great comment and admiration. Prince Ibrahim, brother of the Princess Fuad, was among the guests.

The non-dancers went to supper about midnight. It was served on the second floor in the large morning-room and in the wide vestibule that led to it, from the north room and service stairway. Small tables were placed in the two rooms, with chairs about them, enough to seat ninety people at one time. Along one side of the vestibule was ranged a long table on which were the cold dishes, salads, etc. In the north room a stove for heating had been placed and served its purpose well.

Downstairs, the veranda, communicating with the salon and den, had been enclosed by a canvas-tent-appliqué-colored stuff and in it had been placed the dining-room table, extended its full length. On this was the buffet collation, consisting of sandwiches, cakes,

bonbons, Fish House punch, champagne cup, lemonade, Scotch whiskey-and-soda. A large tub upstairs had been filled with ice to cool the champagne! About a dozen or more waiters served the supper from table to table. The cotillion was said to have been the best, though small, that has been given this winter. It was led by M. Prévost, First Secretary of the French Legation, and my secretary. There were only about fifty-five couples, the room not being large enough for more. About twenty guests left before supper; and the last one to leave saw the clock in the den mark 3.05 A.M. Tired out, Louise and I rejoiced when it was all over.

Sunday — February 20. Rose at 8.45, not over-rested, and took my "little breakfast" at 9.30. House in the greatest confusion, due to work-people removing chairs, tables, etc., sweeping up last night's mess, and getting things in their customary places and order. Louise did not get up until eleven o'clock, not being well enough, when we both went out to get rid of the dirt and confusion, taking a street carriage and being driven around Ghezireh Island. It was a perfect Egyptian day, rather warm in the sun, with the air full of ozone, fresh and pure, especially after we had crossed the river.

We have sent out invitations for an informal breakfast for Thursday next, inviting Colonel Cooper and wife, Colonel Martin and Colonel Green and others. In the afternoon tried to sleep for an hour, but gave it up by 3.30 without having succeeded for a minute. At 4.30 Louise and I took our Sunday afternoon drive, as usual; only to-day we went on the Pyramid road, almost to the first village. There were countless carriages, bicycles

and equestrians, to say nothing of the donkeys and Arabs that helped to crowd the road. Dined at home and read mail and latest papers from home and Paris.

Monday — February 21. In the office, as usual, early, and attacked my accumulated correspondence. The office was more or less crowded all the morning, especially Mr. Watts's room, and among the callers were some very agreeable Americans from Kentucky. The bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Onativia, called. At one o'clock the breakfast given by His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was served at the Khedivial Club. All of the Diplomatic Corps, with Boutros Pasha Ghali, Mr. Rennell Rodd, First Secretary, to represent Lord Cromer, who was "up the river," and Mr. Bainbridge, equerry to His Royal Highness, were present. The breakfast was only so-so.

The Duke sat on one side of the table with von Müller, the German Minister, vis-à-vis. Next to His Royal Highness, on his right, was Boutros Pasha, and on his left, de Willebois, who, after Lord Cromer, is the "Doyen." After de Willebois came Tugini, then Heidler, then I, and next to me Cogordan, the French Minister, then de Rojas, Spanish, then von Müller, and so on — fifteen being the number at the table. After the breakfast we adjourned to the terrace, overlooking the garden in the rear of the club house, and there smoked. The Duke talked to the different members, and to me; asked about the disaster to the Maine and the de Lome letter. The conversation led me to tell the two stories that I have related herein, whereat he laughed heartily. Before telling them I asked von Müller how he would

take the telling of a story; von Müller responded most encouragingly and urged me to tell them.

On returning to the Agency I felt sleepy enough to take a good nap, in anticipation of a late night at the French Legation. We went to the Cogordan ball at eleven o'clock and remained until 12.45 — one of the most successful balls I have ever attended. In the first place, the palace is, though not so large as some, the most beautiful in all Cairo, especially its interior. It was built by a Frenchman in the time of Ismail, and they say many mosques were robbed of precious carvings, tiles, and marbles and alabaster to form part of the construction, decoration, and finish. The garden had been partly enclosed, after the Arab fashion, by canvas appliqué patterns, and wood-floored, the new planking covered with crash for dancing. The decorations and lights made the scene a fairy-land and such a setting for the beautifully dressed and pretty women, the many-colored uniforms of the men and the flashing diamonds on stars and ribbons, was fitting and admirable. All that the perfect taste of French art could do was done, and exclamations of delight were heard on all sides.

Louise danced in the *quadrille d'honneur* with Baron Heidler, and vis-à-vis to His Royal Highness, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and after the dance was over, she was joined by the Duke, and I think they must have talked together for more than fifteen minutes. I did not dance, but joined Louise on the dancing-floor, with the Baroness von Bülow, where we made a party of our own, including Countess della Sala, Countess Montjoie, Mlle. de Hoelzske, Count Zogheb, and others.

Back of the dancing-floor was a buffet with a variety of sandwiches, champagne cup, lemonade, Scotch whiskey-

and-soda, bonbons, etc., and I am told a beautiful if not excellent supper was provided about one o'clock, everything, however, cold.

Tuesday — February 22 — Washington's Birthday. I hoisted the flag not only in commemoration; but being Bairam, the first of the Mussulman festivals, the day that the Khedive and all the Princes receive, it was the proper and called-for thing to do. As usual, neither my secretary nor chief janissary thought of it, and had I not, it would not have "floated to the breeze." At ten o'clock with my deputy, in my victoria, led by the two *sices*, and followed by my secretary and Mr. Hewat, who had come up from Alexandria for the purpose of attending His Highness's Reception, we started for the Palace.

The streets were lined on either side with curious sight-seers, natives and foreigners, many of whom saluted as the principal personages drove by. On our arrival we mounted the grand stairway and joined the members of the Diplomatic Corps and Consulates, many of whom had preceded us. All were dressed in their gold-laced coats and wore their decorations. I wore my dress navy uniform, with the Loyal Legion ribbon about my neck and on my left breast the insignium of the Grand Army.

When we had all assembled, His Highness, I suppose, was notified and then the signal was given us to enter the Throne Room beyond. There, not far from the door, the Khedive stood, and as we advanced, he, to one after the other, extended his hand. To me he gave a cordial grasp and said, "I am glad to see you." After all had shaken hands, the party stood at ease, and de Willebois advanced in place of Lord Cromer, who was still "up the river,"



Mazloun Pasha



and addressed His Highness, wishing him and his people health and happiness and congratulating him on the satisfactory condition of the land. His Highness replied in a few words, thanking the Diplomatic Corps and Consular officers and then led the way, as usual, to the chairs ranged along the sides, where we were served with coffee in the be-diamonded *zarfs* (cups) and cigarettes.

After this ceremony was over we all proceeded to a room on the ground floor, where we wrote our names in the visitors' book. I was driven back at once to the Legation, changed my clothes, and with Watts started out to make the round of visits to the Ministers and Princes of Mussulman faith. They were:

Prince Mehemet Ali	Chafk Bey
Faradjalla Khan	Ahmed Khari Bey
Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha	Saba Bey
Shukry Pasha	Said Bey Zulsifer
Osman Bey	Hassan Pasha Assam
Tahib Bey	Princess Naseli
Prince Ibrahim	Riaz Pasha
Prince Djemil	Mohammed Riaz
Izzet Bey	Djafer Fakhri Bey
Mustapha Fehmy	Prince Ibrahim Fuad
Sidhy Pasha	Prince Said Halim
Fuad Pasha	Prince Gamal-el-Din
Mazloun Pasha	Maher Pasha
Chereef Pasha	Emin Fakhri Pasha
Choukry Pasha	

I affix the above list which was given me by Mlle. de Willebois, who acts as her father's secretary in such matters. We reached the Agency at 12.30, after having done about half the list. I forgot to say that, before going to the Palace in the early morning, "Charlie" Collis called. He had arrived only the night before.

Mr. Hewat and Watts took lunch with us to-day and at three o'clock Watts and I started out again, this time to complete the visits. We drove from palace to palace until after 5.30, in most places being obliged to enter, smoke cigarettes, drink coffee, and talk French. At one house, that of the Governor of Cairo, we were given cinnamon tea, very much sweetened!

Wednesday — February 23. To-day has been the busiest one that I have had so far as tourists are concerned. They began coming at 9.45, and kept it up, with only a short interval for luncheon, until nearly five o'clock. Watts had had his trap at the door at four, but was obliged to keep it waiting until five o'clock. Having received a note from Mrs. Stevenson the night before, I felt constrained to make an early call on her this morning. Although I reached Shepherd's before ten o'clock, she had already gone out.

On returning to the Legation, I found a number of gentlemen, with letters of introduction, awaiting me, among them a Mr. McNeely, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Bailey, and some other Philadelphians whom I have never met at home. They brought letters from John R. Reed Morgan, of Cooper, Smith and Company, and Harry Grant. During the day I think we must have issued fifteen or twenty passports, as many more viséed and prepared for the teskara, or Turkish authority, to travel in the Ottoman dominions.

I had invited General Collis to luncheon, but he had a chance to go to Sakkarah with a party, so we sat down alone. Collis is to join our breakfast party with Mrs. Stevenson to-morrow. The day was almost without inci-

dent — only the coming and departure of Americans. Some wanted invitations to Khedivial balls, others presentations, without delay, to the Khedive, and again others asked if I could arrange that they could see a Turkish wedding. I waited patiently for some of the men to ask if entrance to a harem could not be privately arranged!!

I had a very pleasant visit by Saba Pasha, Postmaster-General, located at Alexandria. He had been to the United States as Delegate from Egypt to the International Postal Convention, and it was largely through him that Judge Batcheller got his position here. He spoke English very well.

Thursday — February 24. To-day has been full of interest and a busy one for me; commenced before eight o'clock. The morning was largely taken up by callers who brought letters of introduction, among them Rev. Henry Baker, President McKinley's pastor; Mr. Samuel Walter Woodward, of Washington, D.C.; Mr. Dolbeer, of San Francisco; and a number of others whose names I do not recall. At 12.30 our party for *déjeuner* assembled, Mr. Bradlee, of Boston, coming about a quarter of an hour in advance of the others. The breakfast was one of the most agreeable we have given, the company being, apparently, most sympathetic. Colonel Cooper sat on Louise's right, and his wife on my left. I had on my right Colonel Martin, of the Twenty-first Lancers, who had invited me January 1st, past, to dine with his mess. The arrangement of the table is shown in the diagram on page 202.

We served sauterne, mouton Rothschild, chambertin,

Mrs. Cooper	Mr. Watts	Mrs. Stevenson	Mr. Bradlee
T.S.H.			Louise
Col. Martin	Gen'l. Gollis	Mrs. Watts	My Secretary
			Col. Cooper

and port. The men after the breakfast sat some time in my office smoking and telling stories. Colonel Martin invited me to dine with his mess at the Barracks on Saturday, March 5th. Received invitation to-day for Louise and self to dine with Riaz Pasha, one of the past great Premiers of Egypt, he and Nubar Pasha having been the important heads of the Government under Khedive Tewfik. I received an invitation as well from Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, the Turkish Commissioner, for Saturday, 12th of March. Riaz's dinner will be March 7th.

In the afternoon, after the guests had gone, I was driven out to the Khedivial Sporting Club where flat and hurdle racing was going on. There I met the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and had quite a talk with him. Had a letter of introduction presented to me by Mr. Paton, of New York, who married Miss Marion Rawle, of Philadelphia,¹ and was presented to her. Lots of people there that I knew.

Louise took a carriage with the Countess della Sala to visit the Princesses, who received during Bairam. Remained home during the evening and read the Paris "New York Herald" and the "Philadelphia Ledger."

¹ Mrs. Paton is now Mme. Bastianelli, having married, after Mr. Paton's death, the eminent Italian physician. (EDITOR.)

Friday—February 25. In the office at 7.45 and, with the interval of breakfast, worked hard writing letters until noon, first having had a talk with the Dolbeer letter man, which was satisfactory, though very disagreeable and saddening. The crowds keep up, mostly to-day for passports and visées. Among the visitors was Rev. Henry Baker, pastor of President McKinley's church in Washington. I was out of the office for the moment and Watts thought I was "not in," so I missed seeing him. Mr. Roswell P. Burchard, editor of "Forest and Stream," and wife came in the afternoon and made quite a visit. Also Mr. and Mrs. Angell, all of whom caught Louise at home and seemed glad of it. About 4.30 Louise and I made visits and drove. I went at 7.30 to the Palace to dine, on the following invitation:

Par ordre du Khédive,

Le Grand Maître des Cérémonies a l'honneur de prier Monsieur Thomas Skelton Harrison de vouloir bien venir dîner au Palais d'Abdine, le vendredi, 25, février, 1898, à sept heures et demie du soir, en frac et décorations.

About forty sat down — one long table — beautifully decorated with flowers and heavy solid silver — épergnes, urns, and other forms. The glass was handsome, thin but not costly. The porcelain, white and gold with the crown on it. The service, of course, was excellent, the waiters dressed in a dark rose-colored cloth with gold braid embroidery, very profusely laid on, of course, in Arab costume.

The soup, as is usual at large dinners, was cold, but of good flavor and well made. Otherwise the dinner was royal, and good. The celebrated Johannisberger hock was very liberally served; champagne very dry; sauterne

and sherry, nothing extra. In fact, the latter was below par, decidedly. I sat between de Rojas, the Spanish Minister, and Mahmud, Choukry Pasha, Chief of the Khedivial Turkish Cabinet. I was sixth on the left of Prince Mehemet Ali, who sat opposite the Khedive, on whose right sat the Duke, with Prince Alfred on his left. On the right of the Duke sat Lord Cromer, and on the left of the Prince, de Willebois. All were placed according to rank, the Diplomatic Agents according to their term of service in Egypt.

Before the dinner we all assembled—as was the case at the dinner given to the King of Siam—in the grand salon, and there awaited the arrival of the Duke and son. When I entered the room I found only His Highness and the Persian Minister, so had a chance for some conversation with the Khedive, who was very cordial and friendly. After the Duke arrived, he and his son walked around the circle of the diplomats, and shook hands with each of them, having first been presented by the Khedive to his Ministers, all of whom were present. When the dinner was over, we gathered together in the adjoining room and had coffee, cognac, and tobacco. Had a fairly good time, although obliged to talk French all the time. Brewster Bey was there. Was home by 9.30.

Saturday—February 26. In my office at 7.50. Wrote up this journal and did one thing or another of no especial importance until ten o'clock, when I took the victoria for Shephard's, to meet Mrs. Stevenson to go with her to Sir William Garstin, with whom we had an appointment. With him we passed a very interesting hour, and I think we gained all we could ask for,—all that it was possible

to have at this time, — which was an assurance from Sir William that the grant asked for would be given if his vote and those of Artin Pasha and Sir Elwin Palmer were sufficient. Seven are in the Council, and the fourth vote, he thought, can undoubtedly be had from Tigrane Pasha, even though the others, which is not probable, object. He told us a good deal of the conditions regulating the Museum Direction, and was especially frank and confidential. Mrs. Stevenson, as secretary of the Exploration Society, was to write out the formal demand, address it to the native Minister of Public Works, Fakhri Pasha, and in it state specifically what monuments at Tanis the Society desired and what it would transport here to the Museum as compensation. This demand will be considered by the Council and passed upon. I have the French Minister kindly disposed, as is evidenced by a note from him this evening in which he says he regrets not having seen Mrs. Stevenson before she left, that he wished to talk with her and of her projects, and to seek some way to aid her.¹ He added that he holds himself at my “disposition,” to arrive at the result she desires.

¹⁰⁸ The afternoon, until five o'clock, was spent in the office waiting for tourists to come for their passports that they need by to-morrow before starting for Jerusalem. Mrs. Stevenson left this afternoon, taking train at 4.45 and passing the night at Alexandria — sailing to-morrow by the Normania for Naples, where she will remain but two days before going directly home. I met her at the station and, with Artin Pasha² and Dr. Rosher, saw her off. She

¹ M. Cogordan, before Mrs. Stevenson left Cairo to go up the river in search of M. Loret, had promised her his coöperation. He and Mme. Cogordan called and invited her to one of their receptions and were most friendly. (EDITOR.)

² Yacub Artin Pasha, an Armenian and a most picturesque figure in Cairene

is a worker, has had a good time, and has accomplished all that could have been accomplished.

Sunday — February 27. I went with Louise this morning to the Museum and remained there until nearly noon. Met the German Minister, his mother and sister, who have lately arrived to pass the rest of the winter with him. The day has been heavenly — as beautiful as our best of June. We drove in the afternoon and met all the world on the road, four-in-hands and tandems abounding; in fact, the roads were not only encumbered by carriages, but camels and donkeys abounded as I have never seen them before. We let our servants — that is, the chef and *maitre d'hôtel* — got to the Italian *fiesta* at Helouan, as we intended taking dinner in the grill room of Shepheard's; there we found Mr. Oothout, and Mrs. Rumsey and two daughters from St. Louis. After dinner we met a number of friends in the hall of the hotel, but we did not linger long, anticipating the arrival of letters from home. I received, as usual, quite a mail. Louise received a letter from "The Débutante," asking for Cairo society news, of which, of course, she will take no notice.

Monday — February 28. The weather now is almost summer-like. With no fire in the furnace, the office was 64° this morning when I entered it at 7.45. Towards five o'clock it was not sultry because the air is so dry, but it

life. He was Under-Secretary of State for Public Instruction. He had made a fine collection of Arabic gold coins, second only to that under Mr. Reginald Stewart Poole's charge in the British Museum. Mrs. Stevenson secured an option on it then for Mr. Robert C. H. Brook, of Philadelphia, who eventually bought it and presented it to the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. (EDITOR.)

seemed heavily hot all the evening; the temperature did not fall below 67° at midnight.

I called on Colonel and Mrs. Hay at Shepheard's this morning about ten o'clock, to be sure to catch them at home, and, for Louise, invited them to breakfast on Wednesday morning, them and their eldest daughter. Mrs. Hay is a handsome woman of about fifty, large and matronly; has very pleasant, in fact, cordial manners that put one at one's ease at once. He, a man of fifty-five about, in appearance, with gray mustache and hair turning. A medium-sized man, he looks the gentleman and one's impressions immediately are favorable. He is alive to anything humorous and quick to appreciate and applaud. He told a story of a consul in Italy who had placed a notice on his door, "In 10 to 1." An American called and could not be admitted — he then wrote, "It's 10 to 1 you are out." His laugh is a very hearty one, and catching.

After my return to the Legation, Mr. Van Bergen came in and made quite a visit. He leaves to-morrow for Palestine. I received a very complimentary letter from General Draper, Ambassador at Rome, congratulating me on the manner in which I had been filling my place here, and "gathering golden opinions."

In the evening we went to Ghezireh Palace Casino — Ismail's Grand Salle-à-Manger, where he gave his dinners and where we were to dine on the invitation of S. E. Fakhri Pasha, the Minister of Public Works. The rooms, exquisitely and extravagantly decorated, *à la* Ismail, were brilliantly lighted and when we arrived were almost filled with the guests who were to sit down in the adjoining apartment. The women were beautifully garbed and the men wore the "spike tail" with their orders. Eighty had

been invited, though not so many sat down. Lord Cromer was there. All the members of the Diplomatic Corps except Cogordan were present. I saw Lady Walker and the Countess della Sala, Mrs. Perry and Baroness Malortie, oh! and many others whom I refrain from enumerating. Of course all the Ministers, colleagues of the host, were present.

Louise was taken in by de Willebois, who ranks next to the Dean of the Corps, and sat between him and Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, Maréchal and Imperial Turkish Commissioner, who, by the by, had made me a long visit in the afternoon. The dinner was more than good, excellent, and well served. The decorations on the table were garlands of flowers that extended from one end to the other, and smothered amid the leaves, every six or eight inches, were tiny electric lamps, of various colors, which gave a wonderfully beautiful effect. It certainly was a superb dinner, excelling the Khedive's in some respects, though not grand and royal as was his.

Tuesday — March 1. I have been run down with callers all the morning, among them Mrs. Pulitzer, of New York, a beautiful woman, in deep mourning, of about thirty-five to thirty-eight, who came with her son, bringing letters of introduction. Then, with letters, came Rev. Payton A. Hoge and Rev. John Livy and Robert E. Caldwell; then, with the two Caldwells, Edwin A. Alderman, President of the University of North Carolina: all of these from Wilmington. They sat a long while, accepting cigarettes and Turkish coffee. A Mr. Russell from Iowa, bringing letters from Senators Allison and Geer, made a long visit. He smoked, too.

The afternoon was Louise's reception and the usual crowd came: to-day, however, they began at 3.30 (Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Paton) and kept it up until quite seven o'clock, Mlle. Zogheb, sister of the Danish Minister, and the first Secretary of the Italian Legation, being the last to come and go. Colonel and Mrs. Hay were of the number. Of course, the Countess della Sala. In the evening we went to Mrs. Bird's — wife of Captain Bird — private theatricals. They live in the other side of the palace from Heidler, a superb apartment. The grand salon was used for the purpose, about a third of it cut off for the stage. The following was the programme:

PROGRAMME

March 1st, 1898

LE POST-SCRIPTUM

Emile Augier

M. de Lancy	Mr. McIlwraith
Madame de Verlière	Mrs. Rogers

IN HONOUR BOUND

Sydney Grundy

From Scribe's "Une Chaine"

Sir George Carlyon, Q.C.M.P.	Mr. Graham
Philip Graham.	Lord Granville
Lady Carlyon.	Mrs. Bird
Rose Dalrymple.	Miss Baring

Both pieces were well acted; but of course I enjoyed "In Honour Bound" by far the most. Miss Baring was especially natural and good; in fact, all did well. After the play was a supper — cold, of course, but of good things. The only drinkables were claret cup and whiskey (Scotch) and soda. All the best world of Cairo life was there. No Americans except Turnure, who, however, is considered

a permanent resident. We reached home about midnight. I sat with Louise and my secretary, smoking, about a half-hour before going to bed.

Wednesday — March 2. Spencer Biddle came in during the morning. He had only just arrived with his wife and is staying at Ghezireh. We had the usual number of visitors, mostly tourists, for visé of passports and teskara, to travel through the Turkish dominions. Quite a number brought letters of introduction — not personal — but from the Department of State — issued on request of a Senator or Member of Congress. When in times past I first got one, I thought I was highly favored, and was somewhat surprised when I presented it to the Secretary in Paris, and London, at the diplomatic offices there, to find it of so little moment, but I now comprehend why he made so little of it; they are to be had by any one who knows a Congressman and is by him known. Of course, this includes everybody. Judge Tuck brought in Mr. Keyser, of Baltimore, brother of Mrs. John W. Williams, and made quite a stay. At one o'clock we gave a breakfast to Colonel Hay, wife, and daughter, and a most successful one it was, in company and table. We sat as follows, twelve of us:

Mme. de Willebois	Mr. Oothout	Mr. Bishop	Mrs. Oothout	Mr. Hay
T.S.H.			Louise	
Mrs. Hay	Mr. Paton	Miss Hay	Mrs. Paton	M. de Willebois

Mrs. Hay is handsome and very entertaining. Lord and Lady Cromer were engaged, so we invited de Willebois and wife, the vice-doyen, to represent the Diplomatic Corps. In the afternoon, at 4.30, Louise and I were driven out the usual Ghezireh drive and across the English bridge to the prison, and back. Mail came in this evening, with late papers, which I enjoyed until 11 P.M.

Thursday — March 3. In the office at 7.50. The morning was taken up, as has been usual the past few weeks — one visitor after another. To-day ex-Senator Mitchell and Colonel Seltzer, of Pennsylvania, friends of Senator Boies Penrose, were of the number, and while with me, George Olcott, my old friend from New York (Dodge and Olcott), and a Mr. Stoddard joined the party. All smoked, and together we had a very jolly half-hour. Louise and I walked out about five o'clock. In the evening we went to the opera house and listened to "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," and I am glad to say I enjoyed the play very much.

Friday — March 4. To-day was celebrated by the Italians as the anniversary, thirtieth or something, of the Union of All Italy, and all the Agencies threw out their flags to the breeze. I was at my desk, as usual, early. The American mail had come in the night before, and I found a good budget in my office. Watts and I went to the station to see off Colonel Hay, wife, and daughters. Andrass preceded us with flowers for the three ladies. Mrs. Hay gave a very cordial invitation for Louise and me, should we visit London.

The Reverend Chauncey Murch came to talk about

the rumored removal of one of the "up-river" Consular Agents and to protest. He was very earnest, not to say positive, and rather inclined me to the thought that the evidence received at this office might be unfairly one-sided. While Mr. Murch was with me, in came another clergyman, a Mr. Strang, of the same mission, and he put in his oar — a good strong one at that — in favor of the present incumbent. It is an unpleasant situation. Should the man not be guilty of the offenses charged, which, it is true, have been withdrawn, and the interpreters have misinterpreted his words to Mr. Watts, an injustice is done in making the removal, and he should hold his Agency.

On the other hand, an official recommendation is made to Washington to abolish the Agency, which removes him and degrades him, and such recommendation is supposed to have been made seriously and with a full knowledge of the case. Now, to declare to the Department that this office acted hastily and without full consideration is not very creditable to my administration. At the same time, "Justice must be done though the heavens fall," and if later inquiries show the man innocent and that he is a proper person to represent the Government, I shall not hesitate to so report to Washington.

While these gentlemen were with me, Mr. Newell (George Baldwin) came in, and afterwards remained to luncheon. Noticing that I had missionaries with me when he came, he told a story on one of them, who in delivering a begging address said, among other things, as the plate was passed around for contributions: "Give, my brother, give generously, if you can; but give something. Think! — even a sixpence may be the means of saving some poor idolater who now, in ignorance, bows down to wood and

stone, in Darkest Africa." A sailor, who at that moment had the plate handed to him, put his hand in his trousers pocket and feeling deep and fumbling, at last pulled out a sixpence. This he regarded a moment, and then ejaculated: "A sixpence, and my last one. It will save a soul or buy me a drink; I think I'll vote for the drink and let the nigger go."

Newell remained until about three. In the evening Louise and I went to the Esbekieh Gardens Theater to attend the fête charity performance. Louise had three boxes and thirty tickets to sell. The boxes were a hundred francs each, and the tickets, twenty at twenty francs and ten at ten francs. Louise will turn in from sales and donations not less than eight hundred francs. The theater, which really is an old box without a lid, open to the sky, had been covered in with the colored patterned canvas so common, or distinctly Egyptian, and the tiers or boxes had been beautifully decorated with flowers and hangings, flags, etc., which made the interior most attractive. All the boxes were filled with well-dressed women and the parquet was equally so — men, of course, being mingled with them. We furnished the chocolate for the buffet and sent our chef and *maître d'hôtel* to serve it; over two hundred francs were received at the chocolate table. Louise was one of the lady managers or patronesses, and had part charge of the buffet; she was assisted by Mrs. Watts and others. The usual robbery that is a consequence at charitable functions, namely, the selling of programmes, worth two cents, for twenty-five cents; all drinks, twenty-five cents; cards for caring for your coat, twenty-five cents, etc.; and when you gave a sovereign or a dollar, no change returned, made

money for the beneficiary and often a good deal of laughter. The affair was a high society one, like our own fashionable affairs at home, and all the world, in and out of the *crème* were present. The tableaux were beautiful — much like those we saw at Cinadino's; and the monologue was really very fine, very funny, and much applauded. Louise turned in one hundred francs more than required, having sold her boxes and tickets and received a donation from Mrs. John Hay of one hundred francs.

Saturday — March 5. I received a cablegram this morning from Mr. Sherman, appointing me a member of the Commission to consider changes in the original Act of the Mixed Tribunals and naming Judge Keeley, of Alexandria, my alternate or assistant.

The morning was rather quiet, excepting Dr. Gillette, of New York, and Mr. McCurdy, who both called in the interest of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and a half-dozen others who came to have their passports viséed; it was without excitement!

I returned Gillette's and Wendig's call personally in the afternoon. They had the best suite of rooms at Shephard's. Met Louise and sat and took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Oothout. Of course, joined a lot of people, among them Mrs. Pulitzer, Miss Winnie Davis, Mrs. Mason Bey, Miss Lewis, and Mr. and Mrs. Newell. In the evening I went to the dinner of the Twenty-first Lancers at Abbassieh. Colonel St. George, son of the Duke of Cambridge, was invited; but at the last moment was prevented from going. They say he is a jolly dinner man, and I regret not meeting him again.

The regimental (string) band played during the meal

"choice selections," and it was not until the band had ceased to play that the fun began after the dinner had been eaten.

During the meal there was passed, as a loving-cup, a huge silver bowl, the trophy just won by the regiment in a rifle contest, finished yesterday. The bowl was nearly full of champagne, and was passed from hand to hand, along the length of both sides of the table, and each man drank deep. The last man had to finish the contents, and more than half a bottle was his share, the evidence of which was plainly visible as the evening advanced. He sang and danced and went through lots of "horse-play," which I must confess was very amusing.

I sat on the Colonel's right (Colonel Martin) with Crole Wyndham, the Major of the Regiment, who presided when I dined with the officers on January 1 last, on my right. There were no speeches, songs, or other proceedings at the table; but when the band had gone, we assembled about a piano which was in the room, and sang, — mostly every one on his own account, — "Way down upon the Suwanee River," "My Old Virginny Home," first, and then a lot of English hunting songs, none of which were good except the "Hunting Morning." That was sung by Mr. Farquhar, who was a guest, and who married an American girl, a Miss Churchill, a niece of George Heyl. I was induced to sing "Old Shady," and afterwards, just before quitting, to tell the Bank's story. The band, before it left, gave us "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle." To the latter all the officers sang and apparently knew a lot of words. Before leaving, which I did at midnight, we assembled in the Mess-Room and all hands having been provided with whiskey-and-soda, the Colonel

called for three cheers and a tiger, with my health. I gave, "The Officers and Men of the Gallant Twenty-first, every mother's son of 'em," which was received with cheers. Then some one gave, "The United States," and I returned, "Old England, that you love so well, and our mother country." So it kept up for about ten minutes, toasting and cheering until we were all hoarse. I was escorted to my carriage, much to Fero's and Andrass's amusement, by the whole dinner party, who had made horns of newspapers and who tooted through them some air of jolly farewell.

Altogether, the dinner was a great success and I was highly complimented by the hearty welcome that was given me. The Colonel, cheered by his officers, invited me to be the guest of the regiment in the Soudan on the advance to Khartum, promising to keep me in good quarters, with a chance to see as much of the fun as any of them. Even though I might wish to accept, I have a living Argument, at home, that would oppose any such adventure.

I was driven back behind the mares from the barracks to the Agency in eighteen minutes — the distance is over four miles. It was a great performance to a brougham with Jack and Andrass on the box and over two hundred pounds inside !!

Sunday — March 6. About 12.15 Louise and I, on leaving church, took a drive around Ghezireh Island, getting back in time for luncheon. In the afternoon we went to the Zoölogical Gardens and took tea on the little island near the bandstand. There we met Watts and wife, Ministers Zogheb and Maskins, with their wives, and Mme. Cogordan. The wind was very high driving back.

Dined alone and read United States mail and Paris "New York Herald" all the evening.

Monday — March 7. Some very pleasant visitors came during the morning, among whom were Thomas Paton and Mr. Bishop, who asked for news. A dispatch had been posted that Spain had demanded the recall of Consul-General Lee from Cuba, and that the United States had refused very properly to consider the demand. We all thought the situation critical and wished we were where we could get a fuller account. For myself, I would like to be at home. I am beginning to doubt, if war should break out, whether the Government would care to give me a long leave and also as to the propriety of asking for it.

Wrote a number of letters. In the afternoon nothing of any moment to note excepting that Mr. Cyrus I. Detre, of Philadelphia, brought a letter of introduction from Colonel John W. Frazier; and two ladies, a Mrs. Sanborn from Boston, and a Miss Conwell, daughter of the Reverend Mr. Conwell, called. They made a stay of almost an hour.

Louise went visiting at 4.45, and I started out for a long walk about 5.30. In the evening we went to the Riaz Pasha dinner. It would seem, almost, that each dinner we go to, on an invitation from one of the great Pashas, excels the preceding in some way. This was truly princely in every respect.

The waiters were all Arabs — two served the wines, one for one side of the table and one for the other. The soup was excellent, though not hot. I did not partake of many of the dishes, but those of which I did, I did not find to be any better, if so good, as the production of our

own chef. The pilaf was curious: rice, with some gravy or sauce mixed with it, and on a separate dish, sour and cold cream, that was a stiff paste, was served. The taste was good as something out of the common. Mme. Beyerle, whom I took in to dinner, is the wife of a very rich French banker, located in Cairo; a woman of about forty-five to fifty, very handsome. She spoke only French with me. On my left was the Countess de Landberg; and as she understood English, I gladly turned to her when I tired of the other language. Unfortunately for us both, my hearing not being very acute and Mme. Beyerle speaking in a very low tone, we talked of only commonplace subjects and even those not enough of interest to have made me long for a continuance of the dinner had I not had some relief on the other side.

The approach to the palace was by a drive through a garden and then into a large open space or court. Both, on which the palace faced, were brilliantly illuminated. Numbers of servants awaited the arrival of our carriage to show us into the dressing- and reception-rooms.

Riaz Pasha was on two occasions, I think, Prime Minister, and before that was one of the Ministers of Ismail, the extravagant and dethroned Khedive. A very interesting description of Riaz may be found in Lord Milner's "England in Egypt." He is, in his own house, a delightful man — dried-up, insignificant, physically, but a bright and undoubtedly able man, mentally.¹

¹ Riaz Pasha had been Minister of the Interior under Chereef, but had resigned because he was not allowed to hang Arabi. He hated the French. He was a Mohammedan, a rival of Nubar Pasha, who was a Christian Armenian. He was a "Turk of the Turks" by character, education, and sympathy — a pure Oriental — and accordingly a conservative. Indeed he was mediæval, but a master of detail if little troubled by any humanitarian sentiment. In two years he had quarreled with every one of eminence, including Sir Evelyn Baring — Lord Cromer. (EDITOR.)



Riaz Pasha

Former Prime Minister and at one time in the Cabinet



We mounted two flights of stairs and, after passing through several rooms, were shown into the grand salon, where Riaz and his eldest son welcomed us. We found most of the company assembled. Lord and Lady Cromer were not there, but, representing the English, Mr. and Mrs. Rennell Rodd. I think thirty-two or thirty-four were at the table, which was spread in a banqueting-room at least sixty feet long and thirty feet wide, and which itself was not less than forty feet long.

Down nearly its whole length was a garniture of silver with a mirror bottom, on which were the candelabra, with twelve or fifteen branches, also of solid silver. The garniture was not less than thirty-two to thirty-five feet long; its sides, as I have said, were of solid silver, beautifully worked, and representing Cupids and fauns in vineyards, with garlands and grapes, in the conventional style. These sides were about three inches high. Between the candelabra were large silver bowls, holding masses of flowers, and at the bases of these were garlands of roses and other flowers. The china was white and gold, and the glass English very small diamond-cut. The wines were good, especially the claret, which was Mouton Rothschild. Louise and I agreed that the dinner, although not as effective as that of Fakhri Pasha, was richer and much more elegant. Louise was taken in by the Persian Minister, Faradjalla Khan, and was on the right of a Pasha, the eldest son of Riaz, who sat opposite to his father.

Dinner over, the men smoked; and, after joining the ladies, lemonade and tea were passed. We left about 10.45. Louise wore her Paquin gown and looked lovely. It is very becoming to her.

Tom Paton told a good story to-day. A party of us were together in my office talking of Spain's demand on the United States, to recall Consul-General Lee, when Paton said:

"I guess McKinley has replied, 'I don't think it fittin' for to lower'; and that reminds me of a story of a Yankee whaler whose captain and crew had been out some time, without any luck, on the seas, for sperm whales, and were about setting sail for other parts, when the lookout called out, 'Whale, oh!'

"The first mate, who had the watch, cried, 'Where away?' 'Off the port bow,' was the answer.

"The mate went aft to the captain, who was leaning over the rail, and touching his hat reported: 'She's a blower, shall I lower?'

"Now, the captain was in a bad humor. His ship had been out from New Bedford for some months without a 'strike' and the expense had been going on all the time. For the past week or more he had been 'drowning his sorrows,' much to the discomfort of his digestion and general health. So, without looking up, he replied, 'I don't think it fittin' for to lower.'

"The mate left him and went forward. Again the lookout hailed, and again the mate, saluting, reported, 'She's a blower, shall I lower?'

"The captain said, 'I don't think it fittin' for to lower.'

"The mate touched his hat and retreated. The lookout in louder tones, again cries, 'She's a blower; she's a blower,' and the mate, with more force in his voice, reported, touching his hat, or pulling his forelock, 'Captain, she's a spermer and a blower— shall I lower?'

"The captain looked up, saw the frowning crew almost

at the point of mutiny, so he growled out, 'Lower, and be damned to you.'

"Down went the boats, and away. They came back towing a hundred-barrel fellow. After he had been cut up and the blubber stored and all that was good of him secured, the captain, now in high good humor, called the mate aft and said: 'Mr. Brown, you've done well, and so has the crew. There's grub in the storeroom and rum in the locker. Help yourself freely and serve 'em out fully.'

"The mate drew himself up to his full height and said: 'Neither me nor the crew want any of your grub, nor more your rum, but what we do want and is goin' to have is Seewility, and that of the Dog-gonedest-comonest kind!'"

Tuesday.—March 8. Louise wonderfully well, considering the dinner last night and the mixtures she says she was compelled to eat. The morning was very quiet. I took my first walk before my "little breakfast," going as far as the Kasr-el-Nil Bridge. The morning was a beautiful one, just enough freshness in the air to make walking pleasant; and the streets, as I approached the bridge, were alive with natives, with mules and camels bringing produce into the city, clover just cut and fresh vegetables, principally.

In the afternoon Louise had her "day" and the rooms were filled, as usual, though there seemed to be fewer Americans than formerly. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Keyser, from Baltimore; the three clergymen who called from North Carolina some days ago; Spencer Biddle; Mrs. Crookshank, just back from her thirty-one

days of "up-river" trip; the Bishops and the Olcotts. The last of the callers, Mme. Maskins, wife of the Belgian Minister, and daughter, did not leave until 6.50. We had refused the ball at the Ghezireh Palace, so had a charming evening at home.

Wednesday — March 9. This has been quite the most quiet morning I have had for a long while. No one called, except two Americans, one a woman and the other an old man, in distress. Of course I had to listen some time to their sorrows and could only get rid of them by giving five dollars to the first and two dollars and a half to the latter, all they modestly asked. Louise awoke "without a head," strange to say, and unnatural as that may seem, we were both delighted!! Received a charming and characteristic letter from Captain Goodrich,¹ which I have filed to have read and be enjoyed by others. I immediately wrote him in reply.

In the afternoon I took the victoria and made visits to Riaz Pasha, where I only left cards, and to Colonel Martin and Officers' Mess of the Twenty-first Lancers, at Abbassieh, where I got in and made a stop of about fifteen minutes. In the evening Louise and I went to dinner at the Watts's and met there Crookshank Pasha and wife, General and Mrs. Muir, Dr. Grossman, Mr. and Mrs. Bacon. The dinner was excellent. I sat between Mrs. Watts and Mrs. Crookshank, and was well placed. Really both Louise and I confessed it was one of the pleasantest evenings we had had. Did not reach home until eleven. I started from the house in the morn-

¹ Later Rear-Admiral Goodrich, who in 1916 married Miss Hays, a daughter of Mr. I. Minis Hays, of Philadelphia. (Ebron.)

ing at 7.45 and walked across the Nile and back. I propose each day to increase the walk a little. The distance this morning was, there and back, about two miles.

Thursday—March 10. Out of the house at 7.45 and walked the same walk as yesterday, only went a short distance farther. The morning was cloudy and the air a good deal like that of one of our March days, full of penetrating chilliness. However, I walked briskly and enjoyed the exercise, returning to the house in a glow and ready for my breakfast at about 8.30. Only two visitors during the morning and they did not remain long.

In the afternoon I started out for a walk, but having forgotten my eyeglasses, I did not enjoy it as I might. Met Wilson Pasha and had an interesting talk with him. In the evening, having declined the ball at Ghezireh, Louise and I sat and read, as she has said, "And very glad to do it." It was so chilly that we started the heater.

Friday—March 11. Made an early start this morning. Awake before daybreak; could not sleep very soundly. At last, at 6.35, I arose and was out of the house for my morning's walk before 7.15. This time I started for the markets, wishing to see them at an early hour, and was not disappointed in the quantity and quality of meats and vegetables exposed. New peas abounded, but they had been plucked too late and were old, with but few exceptions. Plenty of tomatoes, *artichauts*, lettuce, celery for cooking, and other good things. There were good stalls of fresh fish and game. I thought the beef and mutton looked fat and tempting had one an appetite at that hour in the morning.

Being mail day, both Watts and I were very busy with dispatches and letters to the Department, partly making replies to circulars — to-day, on soap and pharmaceutical preparations.

Louise and I — or I surely — are about to resume our donkey rides, throwing dignity to the winds!!

I took a drive around Ghezireh and stopped in at the Sporting Club for a half-hour, with Louise, and walked over to the tennis courts, where we watched the games. Being invited to Countess Landberg's for this evening, we declined a dinner and took our meal at home. At the Countess Landberg's we played whist and talked until 11.30.

Saturday — March 12. Out of the house at 7.50 and walked only to and on the bridge. High wind blowing and dust flying, so the walk was not very agreeable. Met Baron Heidler, he on a bicycle.

Again a quiet morning, only four ladies and a couple of gentlemen to have their passports viséed. Refused two invitations to dinner for Tuesday next, being Louise's reception day in the afternoon, and ball of the Twenty-first Lancers in the evening at Ghezireh Casino. One of them was from Baron von Müller, the German Minister, given in honor of his sister, who has lately come to spend the winter with him; and the other from Mr. and Mrs. Williamson Wallace. Also another invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Thubron, to dine on the Mayflower, and dance afterwards. Accepted an invitation to dine on Thursday, 24th, from the Prime Minister, Mustapha Pasha Fehmy. It will be given at Ghezireh, and in the same *salle-à-manger* that was used by Ismail, and that

I have already described for the dinner of Fakhri Pasha. In the afternoon I went with Louise to Abbassieh. She to make a visit to the Princess Fuad, and I, for the drive. She met there the Baroness Malortie, and must have enjoyed her visit, for she kept me walking about, outside the palace walls, for over three quarters of an hour !!

In the evening I went to the dinner of Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, the High Commissioner of the Sultan, who, as already mentioned above, was sent here in 1885 to negotiate a treaty with the English for their withdrawal from Egypt. The treaty was made, but not accepted by the Porte, within a reasonable time, though it was signed by Queen Victoria. Consequently, it was withdrawn by that sovereign.

Notwithstanding this, the Sultan still keeps Mukhtar Pasha here as a protest, I suppose, and as an agent ready to renew negotiations. He lives in the finest palace in Cairo, not so large as Abdin, it is true, but still regal in size and magnificence. It is situated in an enclosure of at least four acres, laid out as a garden and enclosed with a fifteen-foot high wall.

One drives, through an archway that can be closed by heavy oak gates, into a large court, then through another arch and into a garden on which the palace fronts. These passages, court, and gardens were brilliantly illumined and held a number of retainers, who saluted as we passed. A double flight of marble steps led to the *palier*, or landing, where a half-dozen or more chamberlains and servants were waiting. After getting rid of coats and hats, the guests were passed through a number of beautifully furnished rooms, with lofty ceilings, to the Salon de Réception, where Mukhtar and his son received.

No guests were present, outside of the Diplomatic Corps, except the Chief Commissioners of the Debt — de Mohl, de Heulske, Murano, and Money, and General Grenfell and Colonel Cooper. Twenty-one in all sat down to dinner. The table was long and Mukhtar sat in the center of one side, and opposite to him, Lord Cromer. On the right of the host sat de Willebois, and on the right of Cromer, Koyander. I sat between de Rojas, the Spanish Minister (!), on my right, and on my left, Murano, neither of whom spoke a word of English.

The furnishings of the table were truly magnificent. The table was lighted by an electric-light chandelier and three immense candelabra formed like palm trees, with wide-spreading branches, which held the candles, and around their bases were miniature Arabs, camels, and donkeys, all these of silver. Between them bowls of flowers and silver *épergnes*, holding bonbons, etc. The glass and china were all of English make — the glass of good form and beautifully cut, and the china handsomely painted. Six servants, guided by a European *maître d'hôtel*, served the dinner, which seemed to go through without a fault. The wines were good, though the champagne was not cold. I had no appetite or thirst for alcoholic beverages, so was, as usual, very moderate. Ribbons and orders were the rule. I wore about my neck that of the Loyal Legion, and on my breast the Grand Army badge. Those that had been decorated with Turkish orders wore them only; those who had not, wore all the orders that they had. Of course it was not permissible that I wear that of the Imperial Order of the Medjidieh, which decoration I had received from the Khedive in 1896. Those that were worn by Mukhtar were

superb; diamonds and emeralds as large as good-sized marbles abounded. The dinner was good, but having no appetite, I cannot say I enjoyed it, and sitting as I did, I had a stupid time.

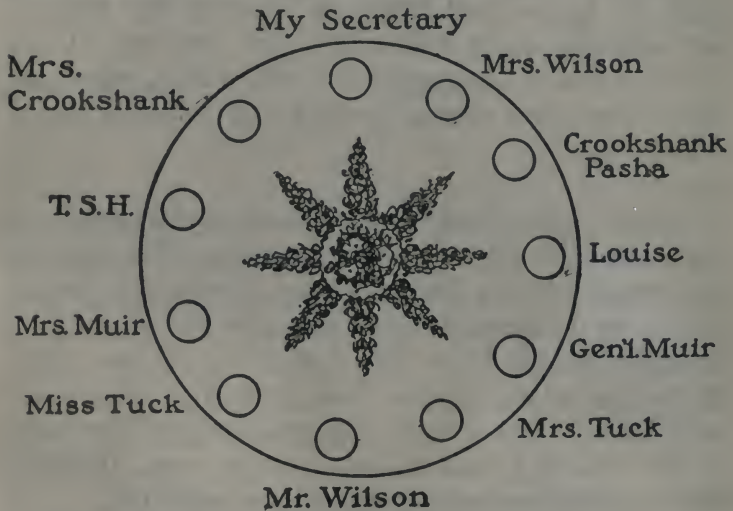
After the dinner we were led to the smoking-room and there had cigarettes, coffee, and cigars, with fine champagne and liqueurs, and there we remained only until ten o'clock, when the party broke up. Louise went to a dinner given by Countess della Sala to which only the wives of the Diplomatic Corps were invited, as to a "tea-gown dinner," which was a fraud, so far as the wearing of tea gowns was concerned, Louise and one other being the only ones to wear them. The others mostly wore the usual afternoon high-neck gowns.

When the Mukhtar dinner was over, I went in to della Sala's for Louise, and before the evening was over all the husbands of the ladies, and who had been at the Mukhtar dinner, assembled at della Sala's, where we all remained very pleasantly until after half-past eleven o'clock.

Sunday — March 13. Took my early morning walk as usual, this time only to and on the bridge. The day was far from pleasant, a *khamseen* wind blowing the dust in clouds. So disagreeable was it that after my return from my walk, neither Louise nor I went out all day. Mrs. Blodgett lunched with us. She came at 12.30 and remained until three o'clock. We really enjoyed her visit. In the evening I read a French novel — one, the publication of which should not have been permitted.

Monday — March 14. Out about eight o'clock and

walked until 8.40. Did not take my "little breakfast" until 9.15; busy reading mail that arrived late last night. Mr. Clark, of Providence, and Mr. Ayer, of Chicago, came in during the morning. The former, with his family, is stopping at Pension Ades, kept by a Miss Frizell, opposite the Pension Victoria, and said to be very good. It had been highly recommended to him and he was not in the least disappointed. He said that the rooms were large and sunny and that the table was excellent. At 1 o'clock we had a *déjeuner* for a dozen or so, and for the first time, we used our round top on table. It was beautifully decorated with flowers, that looked like scarlet poppies, interspersed with green and little yellow ball flowers, like bachelor's-buttons. The arrangement of the table, and the company, was as follows:



Louise, who drove with the Countess della Sala in the afternoon, made a visit to the harem of Ghazi Mukhtar

Pasha, where they saw his wife and daughters, and was greatly pleased, finding them entirely *comme-il-faut*. I was driven alone as far as the prison. Louise and I dined alone.

Tuesday — March 15. Went to Shepheard's at 7.45 and afterwards took a walk of about a mile farther and was back to my "little breakfast" before nine. Charley Bohlen and a Mr. Morgan made me a visit; also Mr. Ayer. Americans are clearing out of Egypt now rapidly. Had a quiet morning. In the afternoon, being Louise's day, thirty or forty people came, about half of them from the United States. It was nearly seven before the last of the visitors had gone.

In the evening, at 10.45, Louise and I went to the great ball given by Colonel Martin and the officers of the Twenty-first Lancers. It was a superb affair at the Ghezireh Casino. The garden was brilliantly lighted and tastefully decorated with colored lamps along the walks, close to the ground and amid the branches of the trees. Around the stone coping of the lake were lights of different colors; on its bosom were gondolas, illumined and manned by gayly dressed boatmen. The scene was a fairy spectacle. The rooms were hung with the regimental colors. Lances and crossed swords, flags and war trophies, tastefully arranged, were a part of the decorations. Flowers and growing plants, amid which were beautifully dressed women and red-coated and uniformed men, added to the picture. Unfortunately, the night was too cold for a full enjoyment of the apartments and obliged the more prudent to crowd into the *salles-de-danse*, of which there were two. The regimental band furnished

the music. The officers were very polite to us, Colonel Martin, Major Wyndham, and Captain Montgomery being especially so. General Sir Francis Grenfell sat with Louise a half-hour. I talked with Lady Grenfell, Mrs. Dawkins, Mrs. Rodd, Countess Landberg, Mrs. Butcher, wife of Dean Butcher, and others. We left at 12.15, immediately before the supper was served, notwithstanding the protest of Colonel Martin.

Wednesday — March 16. Out for my walk at 8.05, and went only to the bridge. Received quite a mail, principally dispatches from Washington. Spencer Biddle came in during the morning, and Miss Harriet Procter and Miss Houghton brought letters of introduction from Mr. Stillé. I had a visit, too, from a gentleman and three ladies, who did not leave cards, and whose names I do not recall. These took up my morning. In the afternoon, after I had read the Paris "Herald," I drove out as far as the Zoölogical Gardens. Louise, my secretary, and I dined at home. We had some amusement (?) over the doings of the chef, who is the most impudent thief of any of my experience. Though we have been dining out, and have given no entertainments of any moment in the past fortnight, the beggar has run the cost of keeping the table to about thirty-five dollars per day. Details of his account, as an example of them all, show he claims to have used forty to forty-three litres of milk a day!! On some days, one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty pounds of various meats, etc. My secretary, aided by Hannah, the housekeeper, brought him up with a round turn, and though I know he still will steal, he will, I hope, be kept within bounds. To discharge him would

only be swapping one thief for another and would be running the risk of not getting so good a cook.

Thursday — March 17. Made an early start this morning; was out of the house before 7.30 and walked almost to Ghezireh Palace. It took about an hour. Had a long interview in the forenoon with Reverend Chauncey Murch, treasurer of the Missions in Egypt, relative to the Consular Agents at Luxor and Zoghab, and another in the afternoon. I decided to recommend the retention of both. About eleven o'clock I started out to call on Miss Procter and Miss Houghton at Shepheard's, having made a mistake yesterday in visiting them at the Continental, from which my cards were returned. They were out, as also were Mr. and Mrs. Newell and the Oothouts, father and son, with their wives. At five o'clock Louise and I made some visits and then drove for an hour.

We dined at home in the evening and at eleven o'clock went to the Charity Ball at the Grand Opera House, Louise being one of the patronesses. We had taken Loge No. 2, a *baignoire* immediately opposite that of His Highness. The Court being in mourning, neither he, the Khediveh *mère*, nor the Khediveh was present. It, however, was a most successful affair. Our loge was filled by a throng of ladies and gentlemen, coming and going, until one o'clock, then, without partaking of supper, we went home.

Friday — March 18. I took no walk this morning, being mail day, and having a quantity of dispatches and reports to get off to Washington. I was at my desk before eight. With but slight interruption was busy until noon.

Rev. Mr. Baker, pastor of the church which President McKinley attends in Washington, with his son, called in the afternoon and made a long and interesting visit. Also Mr. and Mrs. Newell, who go to Europe on Sunday, from Cairo to Alexandria. Louise went to some meeting or other that took place at Lady Cromer's, where she met Mme. de Willebois, Mme. Koyander, and Mme. Cogordan. The result showed that their charitable efforts had resulted in a gain of over twelve thousand francs.

In the evening I went to the Soldiers' Club to hear the Soldiers' Minstrels. Met there Majors Gordon and Wyndham, and a number of other officers that I knew. General Grenfell and Lady Grenfell were there also. It was raining quite hard when I left the Agency and doubtless continued the downpour while the entertainment was going on, for it still rained when I left the club for home.

☞ *Saturday — March 19.* This is the morning of the Mahmal (Holy Carpet), and as the rain had been falling all night, more or less, and was still pouring at seven o'clock, when I rose, I sent word to Fero not to come for me at 8.30, but it held up at eight when I determined to go to the great square of the Citadel to witness the ceremonies. It was 8.45 before I left the house.

Fortunately, the Khedive himself was behindhand. Just as my carriage reached the head of the Sharia Mah-graby, his escort, a troop of horse, dashed by; this was followed by His Highness in the State carriage, an open landau, with postillions and two men on the box, drawn by four superb bay horses, attended by four *sices*. On each side of the carriage rode two troopers, and following it horsemen the same distance in the rear as was the troop



The Procession of the Mahmal

First View



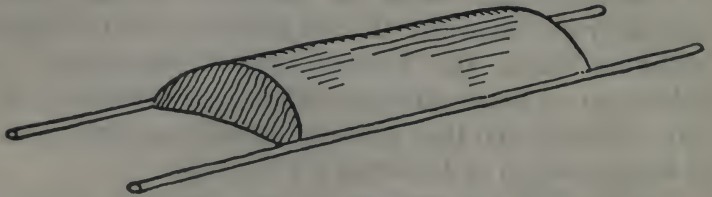
that preceded the carriage. The Khedive had alongside him Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, the Prime Minister, and opposite to him Fakhri Pasha, Minister of Public Works, and vis-à-vis to Fehmy, Boutros Pasha Ghali, Minister of Foreign Affairs. After the Khedive's carriage, came that of Prince Mehemet Ali, and after that, that of Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, the Turkish High Commissioner. A half-dozen or more carriages, filled with gold-laced officials, followed, and then we drove in line and made a part of the procession to Mehemet Ali Square.

The Khedive was received by two regiments of infantry and a salvo of twenty-one guns from a battery on the ground. Alighting, he was met by the Grand Cadi and the Ulemas, representing the Mussulman Church, and followed by them into the Palace. In about fifteen minutes he came out with all the above and the high functionaries and stood to hand over to the priests (if they can be so called) the charge of the Mahmal, which, in parts, had been brought, or was being brought, before him.

First came a great brown richly caparisoned camel, on the back of which was a great pagoda, closed on all sides by embroidered curtains, in which the Holy Carpet will be transported to Mecca. It was led by two Arabs, and was followed, after the ceremony was over, by five camels, each caparisoned and led by two Arabs, and on which were seated Arabs with horns through which they squeaked and drums on which they monotonously beat. All this time a band played a curious, hymn-like air, that was not exactly musical, but was not unpleasing.

After the camels passed, the Mahmal, in pieces thirty feet long and about ten feet wide, perhaps ten or twelve of them, was carried on forms, each by a dozen or more

Arabs, all chanting, or yelling at the top of their voices, while the mass of street Arabs rushed in upon them to kiss the carpet or assist in carrying it. These forms were something like this, with handles or arms.



The carpet was of black cloth, on which were embroidered in gold, almost covering it completely, verses from the Koran. When all had passed, the Khedive's carriage was driven up, the troops first having filed by, as in a review, and off he went with loud cries from the populace and again a salute of twenty-one guns. There were great crowds of people gathered, not only in the square, but all along the route to the Mosque Saidna-el-Hussein, where the carpet will remain for about twenty days, to be sewed together in one great piece, and then it will start with the pilgrims to Mecca, the Holy City. It is said the cost of the carpet will be not less than thirty thousand dollars.

I returned to the office about ten o'clock, the rain had ceased and the sun shone brightly — and most deliciously refreshing was the temperature and air. Turnure came in to invite Watts and me to go duck and quail shooting on Wednesday next, and he remained to luncheon. After which, Judge Tuck came, and it was after four o'clock before the party broke up.

At five o'clock, Louise and I having been invited by Mrs. Bacon to take tea with her on the Terrace of Shep-



The Procession of the Mahmal
Second View



heard's, drove there, where we met a host of acquaintances, many of whom will leave Cairo to-morrow, and Tuesday next. Soon the town will be bare of its winter visitors. One notices a great difference already in the rush about the streets. We dined alone, and though invited by Lady Palmer to a concert, concluded that we preferred the quiet and peace of our own home.

Sunday — March 20. I only walked as far as the bridge this morning, about forty-five minutes. Remained indoors and wrote letters until eleven, when Louise and I took a walk for three quarters of an hour. We had invited Miss Procter and Miss Houghton, of Boston, friends of Dr. Stillé, who gave them a letter of introduction to me, to breakfast, and with Colonel Green, of the British Army, and my secretary, sat down at 12.30. Our guests remained until 3.30. The ladies had been "around the world," having left Vancouver last September, remaining seven weeks in Japan and three in China. They had been in India and Ceylon and were about going from here to Palestine and Constantinople, via Smyrna and Athens. They were attractive-looking and were delightfully intelligent, about fifty years old.

In the afternoon I was driven to the railroad station, where I went to say "adieu" to Mr. and Mrs. Newell, and Miss Lewis. Louise went to Mme. Ralli — her day. We dined at home and in the evening enjoyed a large mail from America and the last newspapers.

Monday — March 21. I took my usual walk, starting at 7.50, to the bridge and back. Quite a number of Americans came in during the morning, some for teskaras, some

for information on tariff, and others on contracts with dragomans, so that the morning was fully taken up. Nothing of interest at the Agency in the afternoon. Louise and I took a drive and afterwards made up a list for a dinner on the 28th, to Baron von Müller and sister. The invitations were "lanced" before I went to the Khedivial Club, where Watts gave a dinner. Fourteen sat down, and among them were Judge Tuck, Messrs. Morley, Morgan, Bohlen, Spencer Biddle (these last three Americans), Major Dallas, Perry, Aspinall, Brodrick, Dr. Garner, Wallack, Thubron, Watts, and myself. The dinner was a capital one.

We sat down about 8.15 and did not leave the table until 11.30. Two or three of the English or Irish men had good voices and sang. Among the songs were "My sweetheart's an Irish girl," which has a stunning chorus; "A Hunting Morning"; "Old Shady"; "I love my cocktail in the morning"; "The Harem," by Bohlen; "Marching through Georgia," and some American negro melodies. The wine flowed freely and some of the company were a "good deal worse for wear" by the time the evening was over. I told the "Banks" and "Red-Hot" stories after a good deal of persuasion, by Watts and Biddle. Also the "Just as good on fish as on birds." They seem to have been well received. At the close of the dinner we drank to Watts's health and sang, "He's a jolly good fellow" and "So say we all of us." Besides Dr. Garner who sang the "Irish Girl," Aspinall sang the "Hunting Song," Tuck told several good stories, that will hardly bear immortalizing (!) in these pages.

Tuesday — March 22. I took my usual walk to the

bridge; starting at 7.40. Really nothing doing all the morning but one or two passports and the same of invoices. In the afternoon Louise had her day. I was surprised to find the rooms so full at 5.30, but the crowd, as in the past, did not start to come and go as early as 3.45, to begin with. The first visitors were Miss Procter and Miss Houghton, and they did not appear until after 4.15. The larger part of the visitors were resident people, although there was a fair number of Americans, who were going away during the week, who called to say "adieu." We had declined a dinner, Louise not wishing to go out on the evenings of her fatiguing receptions; so we, with four of our visitors, whom we invited to join us, dined at home.

Wednesday — March 23. Watts and I started off early and caught the up-river train at eight o'clock for Ayat, about one and a half hours from Cairo, to shoot ducks and quail. On arriving at Ayat, we found quite an escort. First, there was a mounted policeman as an honor guard, then three donkeys and a horse for me and Watts and our guides, or men, who were to take us to the little lake where the ducks were to be found. Then two carriers for our guns and luncheon, and six boys — beaters — to flush the quail. In addition, a water-carrier, with his porous bottle to supply us, if needed, with something to drink. We provided ourselves with lamb chops, roast quail, bread-and-butter, "cakes and ale," or rather lager beer of the Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, and lots of soda water.

We rode across the cultivated country along or on top of the banks, and then across the desert for an hour and

a half, at last arriving at our destination, which was a pond with a lot of marsh about it, in the midst of the sand hills and basalt-covered ground. No sign of vegetation, except immediately about the pond. The sun blazed down upon us and the temperature could not have been less than 140°; but the air was so dry that it was bearable if one could have kept still or could have had an umbrella. There was a large number of ducks, say two to three hundred, sleeping on the bosom of the pond. We took our station in blinds that had already been prepared and fired a shot to arouse the birds. Soon we had them flying from one end of the pond to the other, and before they cleared out, we had got down seven — three by Watts and four by me. It was too hot, however, to await the return of any, or a part of them, so we sheltered ourselves as best we might in the blinds, and at one o'clock took luncheon.

About 2.15 we started out for quail. These birds are now on their passage from the Sudan and Upper Egypt for Europe. They do not lie in coveys, but singly, and are found in the fields of growing clover or barley, which are knee-high and as rough as one of our cornfields. The party spread itself out — ten in all — Watts at one end and I at the other, and about six or eight feet apart, and so marched, or walked, in line across the fields, a most exhausting and tiresome proceeding. As we walked, the beaters made a buzzing noise, and occasionally would flush a bird, which, if we could, we would knock down; but being in the middle of the day, the birds lay close, and though they were said to be plentiful, it was only at great intervals that we saw any. After nearly having sunstroke during the hour or more we tramped the diffi-

cult ground, we gave it up, worn out, and thankful that we were alive! Our donkeys met us and we rode back to the station, whence we took a train at 5 P.M. and reached the Agency at 6.45. I dined at home and went to bed at ten o'clock.

Thursday—March 24. I started out rather late this morning, at 8.20, and met, just as I reached the circle in front of the palace of Mehemet Ali, M. de Willebois and his two daughters, whom I joined. We walked together through the town for about three quarters of an hour. On my return to the Agency I found Charley Bohlen, who made quite a visit. He was followed by a Mr. Low, of New York, and he, by Mr. Morgan. Between them the morning passed.

In the afternoon, at 5.30, I drove around Ghezireh Island. The day was overpoweringly hot in the sun, and quite too warm in the shade to move quickly. "Lady Knox" lost a shoe, which required us to return at almost a walk.

In the evening we went to Ghezireh Casino to the dinner given by Mustapha Pasha Fehmy,¹ the Prime Minister, or President of the Council, as he is styled. Eighty-two sat down in the grand salon, which usually is used as a dancing-room. The table was beautifully decorated, as it was at the time of the Fakhri dinner, with flowers down the center and tiny electric, multi-colored, lights intermingled.

¹ Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, Prime Minister and President of the Council, as he was called, also had been Prime Minister under Tewfik. He was unreservedly in sympathy with the English, preferring England's protection and domination to that of any other great Power. There were curious stories afloat as to his having done away with the treasurer of Ismail Pasha, whom he got on board of a boat, and who seems to have disappeared after this. But in Oriental lands such stories are frequently circulated with or without reason. (EDITOR.)

Louise was taken in by Lord Cromer, who sat next to Mme. de Willebois, who was taken in by Fehmy. I "gave the arm" to Mlle. Freida de Willebois, with whom I had a charming time — we are great friends. On my left was Mlle. Murano. After the dinner we had fire-works, a mock tournament between men and horses. The men carried lances that squirted fire, and the horses, rockets that shot out different colored balls of fire with loud reports. The night was warm, and altogether the dinner and after-entertainment were excellent and much enjoyed. Home by 11.15.

Friday—March 25. I rode my donkey for the first time this morning, starting at 7.30 from the Agency. This donkey was sent down to me from Assiût as a present by the Consular Agent there, Béstaus W. Khoyatt. He sent two — a white and black; but I returned one of them, the black, being unwilling to accept them both. The white one is the best I have ever seen; he has a long, fine, and well-bred-looking neck, a sturdy body, and legs as clean as a whistle. He is the only donkey that I ever rode that had a good mouth. He has been well bitten and is neck-wise. I had a delightful ride on him around Ghezireh Island, making the round in forty-five minutes ambling and trotting.

During the morning I called on Mr., Mrs., and Miss Low, of New York, at Shepheard's, and met there Mr. and Mrs. Barringer, of Philadelphia, also Mrs. Mason. Mr. Low drove back with me to the Agency and made Watts and me quite a visit.

Louise and I breakfasted with Colonel and Mrs. Cooper, where we met General Sir Francis and Lady Grenfell

and some other people, whose names I forget: all English. The breakfast was good and the company "sympathetic." We afterwards took a walk about 5.30, when the crowds were coming in from the races. Dined and passed the evening at home most delightfully with the files of home (United States) papers.

Saturday—March 26. I rode again this morning around Ghezireh Island; this time making the turn in forty minutes, cantering more than half of the distance. It looked like rain at seven o'clock and Fero thought I would not go, so I was obliged to send to the stable for the donkey. It turned out to be cloudy and cool, just the morning for a ride, and I enjoyed it exceedingly. Judge Tuck came in and remained nearly two hours.

I did not leave the house during the afternoon or evening. Declined an invitation to Mme. Ralli's, also a dinner at Murano's. Accepted a dinner at de Hoelzske's for Monday, 4th April.

Sunday—March 27. Donkey ride around Ghezireh Island, starting at 7.30. The morning was bright and fresh, though not so cool as yesterday and not so pleasant for the ride. However, I had a delightful forty minutes. After breakfast I set to work to catch up with my correspondence, a pile of personal and other letters having accumulated. A long letter had to be written to Mrs. Stevenson, and I was behindhand with a lot of others. I wrote until luncheon was announced; and was at it again after that meal, and, with the exception of about an hour, I wrote steadily until 4.30.

Louise and I started out at five o'clock and made visits

to Mrs. Crookshank Pasha, Mme. Kataueri, and afterwards to Ghezireh Palace, to take tea with Countess Montjoie, where we met the French Minister and Mme. Cogordan, Colonel, the son of Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, Neghi Ghali Bey, son of Boutros Pasha, and Lady Briggs. Dined alone, Louise and I, having refused two dinners, and passed the evening together over our newspapers and books.

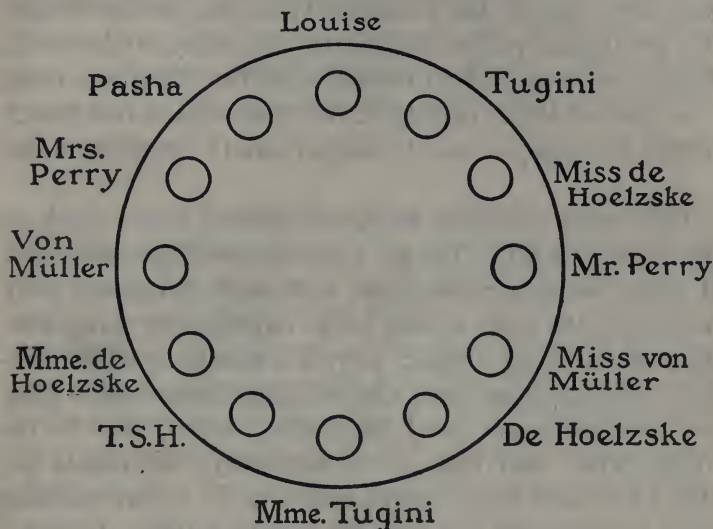
Monday — March 28. Out very early this morning, before seven o'clock. I rode to the Ghezireh Sporting Club and around its race-course; altogether, before I returned to the Agency, about seven or eight miles, cantering most of the way. 4

I had a very important interview with an American who used to represent the Walter A. Wood Manufacturing Company, and interested him in helping to introduce American manufactures, if a dépôt could be established in Alexandria and Cairo. Barringer called and also Tur-nure, during the afternoon. After they had gone I visited Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, a Pasha at Shubra, and the father of the office dragoman, an important Arab lawyer, said to be the best in Egypt.

In the evening, we gave a dinner to the sister of the German Minister, Fräulein von Müller. The table was round and beautifully decorated with pink roses. Our guests were von Müller and sister; the Italian Minister, Tugini, and his wife; the Khedive's Minister of Public Works, Fakhri Pasha, who had the place of honor and took in Louise; Mr. and Mrs. Perry (Perry is the Director-General of Cities, etc.); Mr. and Mrs. and Miss de Hoelzske. De Hoelzske is the representative of Russia in

DINNER TO FRÄULEIN VON MÜLLER 243

the Caisse de la Dette. It was really a charming dinner. I took in Mme. Tugini. The following was the arrangement of the guests:



The dinner itself was over by ten, but the guests did not leave the house until after eleven o'clock. The men smoked for a half-hour and then remained a half-hour after joining the ladies.

Tuesday — March 29. Did not start out this morning until 7.15. I took the same ride as yesterday. Had a busy morning with correspondence, first having gone to the railroad station to bid Mrs. Mason Bey good-bye. In the afternoon Louise held her last "day at home," and before it was over the usual crowd of visitors came, the last not quitting the house until 7.10. In the evening we went to the opera house to see some amateurs acting for the bene-

fit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and were afflicted beyond measure by the "awful rot" that was impudently displayed. We had a loge, and in it were Mrs. Bacon, the Countess Montjoie and her daughter, an Italian writer, Louise, my secretary, and myself. Being hosts, we had to remain until the thing was over; — at last we left at midnight. We had refused two dinner parties for to-day—one at Murano's, and I forget the other.

Wednesday — March 30. Usual donkey ride — back at the Agency at 8.15. The air was fresh and deliciously cool. It seems so remarkable that with such refreshing early mornings, the days should be so oppressively hot. Fortunately, after six o'clock, there is a change from the mid-day and afternoon heat, the evenings being cool. They say this continues until September, when, due to the "high Nile" and the general humidity, the nights are about the same temperature as the days. In my morning rides I meet men and women, mostly English, taking a bicycle or horseback ride, and quite a number out for an early walk.

The fellaheen are coming into the city in swarms, with fresh-cut clover on camels and asses or with garden produce. The Kasr-el-Nil Bridge is a sight to see, so crowded, so animated is it. One has to laugh at the solemn dignity of some old sheik or Arab, with white turban, riding a diminutive ass, without saddle or bridle, legs dangling, and his blue robe flapping in the wind. For all the world, he looks as if he assumed enough to be Governor of Cairo. As soon as I cross the bridge, I strike off to the right and then almost have the road to myself, though occasionally I overtake a rider or bicycler.

Mr. George Bend came in during the morning and made Louise and me quite a visit. I returned Mr. Warner's call during the afternoon and then took a drive behind Louise's mares. In the evening we dined with the Countess Landberg at Shepherd's, where we met de Willebois and wife, the Spanish and Persian Ministers, etc. After dinner we went to the Countess's salon and there played whist until 11.15.

Thursday — March 31. Usual donkey ride, starting, however, a little late, — 7.35, — and not going all the way round the race-course at the Ghezireh Club. I was, therefore, only about forty minutes on donkey back. I had made an engagement a few days before to go shopping with the Countess della Sala; but Watts not putting in an appearance at the office by 9.45, I thought something the matter with him and so wrote the Countess, "begging off." Rather busy during the morning with passports, etc. Mr. Barringer and Judge Tuck were among the visitors, the former in the morning and the latter in the afternoon. I took him and Watts for a drive, starting about five o'clock and stopping at the Sporting Club about half an hour. Louise and I dined and passed the evening alone, with mutual satisfaction.

Friday — April 1. Out early this morning with the donkey and made the full Ghezireh race-course ride, and, at 9.15, started with Fero to the railroad station to say "good-bye" to the Bend family, and Mr. Smart, Mehemet Ali's old friend. I was then driven to the Minister of Public Works, to see Sir William Garstin, but being Friday, Mussulman Sunday, the office was closed and

he absent. Received a cablegram from the Department, granting a sixty-days' (!) leave. Was called on by Mr. Laffan, Mr. H. Walters, of Baltimore, and Mr. Frank Kidder, of New York. The three, with, I think, Mrs. Walters, make up a yachting party on Mr. Walters's yacht. The boat was built for young Lebaudy and was bought by Anthony Drexel; when he built the *Margaritha*, it was sold to Mr. Walters. They called while I was at the Public Works Department and I missed them; but I returned the call in the afternoon and found them on Shephard's Terrace. Laffan is one of the proprietors and editors of the New York "Sun."¹ Invited them to breakfast with us to-morrow or Sunday morning. Louise drove out. I had too much to do to get my dispatches off, Friday being best mail day. Dined and spent the evening at home.

Saturday — *April 2*. Out by 7.15 and had a delightful ride around the race-course; the morning, at first fresh, became warm before I got back, which made my cold bath all the more enjoyable. Went out at ten o'clock with the Countess della Sala to the bazaars. She took me to her jeweler on the Mouskey, who had some beautiful jewels, and to two other merchants in the bazaars. I did not buy anything, but made some offers which may be accepted.

On my return to the Agency, a few minutes afterwards, Mr. Laffan and Mr. Walters called. The former had re-

¹ Mr. Laffan was a close friend of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who consulted him about his art and scientific interests. After Mr. Laffan's death Mr. Morgan established in his honor a memorial chair of Semitic Archæology in Yale University, the first and present incumbent of which is Professor Albert T. Clay. Mr. Laffan and James Gordon Bennett, during the Spanish War, made the Agency their headquarters. (EDITOR.)

ceived dispatches that war with Spain was inevitable, in fact, had already broken out, but that it would not be formal until Monday, the 4th, when Congress would act on a message from the President; the torpedo fleet of Spain had already been stopped by the United States, and this in itself was an act of war.

While I have hoped against hostilities, I could not see how a war was to be avoided with such a proud power as Spain, and she in such a deplorable state that only a war would or could be her excuse to account for her loss of Cuba. I am glad I have my leave, that I may be in the thick of what may be going on at home this summer. Here one would die for news and only get it seven days old!! Remained at home all the afternoon. The day was very hot, a *khamseen* blowing, and the closed house was the only comfortable shelter.

In the evening we went to the de Hoelzskes' dinner, at which there were but twelve, the only other Diplomatic Agent present being Baron von Heidler, of Austria. I took in Mme. Ralli, a very charming and pretty young Greek, who had married a Frenchman and who lived alternately in Cairo and Paris, having an apartment in both cities. Louise was taken in by Baron de Hoelzske. The dinner was good, though not fine. The wines, except the champagne, which was sweet, were excellent, especially the 1889 Rudesheimer. We remained until 10.30, having passed a very charming evening. The de Hoelzskes are Russians and evidently people of the best circle of the best class in Russia. He had an important function in the celebration of the coronation of the Czar, of which he showed us a number of photographs in which he appeared.

Sunday — April 3. Having given to Fero a holiday to visit his soldier friends, who are camping out near the Pyramids, no donkey ride this morning. It was, however, just as well, for the heat was excessive outside of the house, reaching over 100° by 3 P.M., while in the house one or two of the rooms — those on the north side — never had a temperature above 74° to 76°.

Louise and I remained indoors all day. Mail from Europe and America came in the afternoon, with United States newspapers. They were full of interesting details of war talk and preparations. About nine o'clock in the evening I went to Shepheard's to see Mr. Laffan, to take him some newspapers and to learn if he had any confirmation of the confidential information that he had given me yesterday, namely, that Congress would receive a message from the President on Monday, to-morrow, and on it immediately declare war against Spain.

Mr. Laffan had received confirmatory dispatches during the day and reiterated what he had yesterday told me, relieving me of my promise not to mention the information. On quitting him I sent a telegram to the Khedive, as follows: "Reliable but unofficial authority states American Congress will declare war against Spain to-morrow (Monday)." I then drove to Lord Cromer's and gave him the same information. Of course I first consulted with Mr. Laffan before thinking it needful, or wise, to make the disclosure.

Monday — April 4. Although the heat continued all night and the morning, if a little fresher, was still warm from the prevailing *khamseen* winds, I started on my donkey about seven o'clock and enjoyed my usual ride

around Ghezireh race-course. I wrote dispatches all the morning and prepared for mailing the last quarterly returns. I have seldom known the sun to have such power as to-day at or about three o'clock, from noon.

We were invited out to breakfast at the de Willebois's and had to go at one o'clock. We had a good meal, but were almost roasted in the dining-room, which had had the sun on it all the morning. We met a Mme. Phillipoteau, wife of the distinguished artist who had painted so many large canvases, such as "The Battle of Gettysburg," which were shown in buildings by themselves, and were made so realistic by having a foreground of trees and dummy men added, cannon, and so forth. Cinadino and daughter also were there and a Dutch Count whose name I did not catch.

In the afternoon Mr. Laffan and Mr. Walter called and gave me the astounding intelligence embraced in the following dispatch: "Pope, on McKinley's account, intervened. Spain accepts. Grants armistice. Congress Wednesday." We understood from this, not that McKinley had asked the Pope's intervention between the United States and Spain, but between Spain and Cuba, and that the armistice was for the insurgents. Also, that the United States Congress, instead of declaring war, as was indicated by Friday's and Saturday's dispatches, would consider the President's and Pope's action on the 7th inst. Anyhow, it looks as if peace might be assured, for which — thanks! I introduced them to Louise and they made us quite a visit. Miss Robinson, of Hartford, Connecticut, who was accompanied by a Mrs. Frank Eldridge, wife of a naval officer on U.S.S. Galena, and a Mrs. Elmore W. Ross, called, with a letter of introduction

from Amy Denniston Perkins. Mrs. Eldridge was bitter against war and the Cubans.

We dined and spent the evening at home. About five o'clock the north wind came and the temperature after that was delightful.

Tuesday — April 5. Out, as usual, on my donkey and took my ride; the morning was cool and delightful. At 9.15 went to the railroad station to bid good-bye to Prince Mehemet Ali, to Mesdames Cogordan and Mas-kins, wives of the French and Belgian Ministers, and to Mr. and Mrs. Bacon. All the Ministers of the Khedive and Court personages, many of the Diplomatic Corps, the principal members of the French and Belgian colonies, as well as a host of other people, were there. Louise and I afterwards took a drive, and again, in the afternoon, we did the same.

Wednesday — April 6. Took my ride as usual; busy all the morning with letter-writing. At 1.15, after luncheon, at which he remained, Watts and I were driven by Fero in the two-seated surrey, with canopy top, to the Mena House, where he saw the Gymkhana.

When we reached the bridge that crosses the Nile, it was four minutes after the hour when it is closed against travel, to allow the boats to pass up and down the river, and the men were opening the draw. I "played" the Consul-General, and after some hesitation the draw was closed and we were allowed to pass over. The games had not begun when we reached the grounds, nor for a good half-hour afterwards. They were given in the desert, to the north of the hotel. A mile track had been laid out

in the sand, marked only by white stones about six feet apart. Of course the footing for the horses was like that in the Jersey sands, and it is wonderful how fast the Arabs ran and how little exhausted they seemed. We met a number of acquaintances, especially among the officers of the English Army, three regiments of which were encamped near by and had been in camp there for the past week. At 5.30, without waiting for the finals, we started back. The wind, from the north, was high and very fresh, an overcoat being pleasant to wear.

We dined alone, having refused a dinner at Countess Montjoie's and also one from Baron von Heidler, the Austrian Minister. I went to bed at 9.30. Brewster Bey called during the morning and made me a long visit. After a talk with him, I decided to give a breakfast to Ahmed Pasha Nachaat, my old friend of 1895, who gave me the Arab tent mare, "Aziza," which I sent to Pomfret during the spring of that year.

Thursday — April 7. Out by seven o'clock on my donkey. I met von Heidler, he on a bike; also one of the Secretaries of the British Legation; quite a number of early walkers, among them the Hellers. Deliciously cool was the morning, and the donkey seemed to think it so, for he flirted his tail and started off and continued at a gallop as long as I permitted. At nine o'clock I went with Fero to call on Sir William Garstin, more especially on the business that brought Mrs. Stevenson to Egypt. Unfortunately, he was so taken up with matters relating to the Barrage and Irrigating Systems, that he could give me no information; but I gathered from what he did say that the stumbling-block, M. Loret, was on the

ragged edge of being removed and thus his opposition may soon be ended. Then I went to Cook's about tickets to Florence and then to Collicott's. In the afternoon I made some calls. We dined alone and went to bed before ten.

Friday — April 8. Although the donkey shows signs of lameness in his right shoulder, I took my usual ride, but was an hour and a quarter making the usual hour tour. He has either wrenched himself rolling in his stall or has a touch of rheumatism. Eight or ten letters to business firms in the United States, who had written to know if their goods would find a market in Egypt, giving suggestions and many details as to packing, etc., kept me busy, very busy, until 4.30, when I took a drive, or was driven by Fero, thirty-five minutes to exercise the mares.

Colonel Green, Adjutant-General of the British Army, came in to tell me of the great victory gained during the morning, by the Anglo-Egyptian forces above Berber, on the Atbara, against the Dervishes, taking Mahmud, the head devil, or Caliph, prisoner, and slaughtering great numbers of the tribesmen. The story, as he told it, was very interesting. He had just returned from the front and knew the country, and was able, from knowledge, to supply what the telegrams did not mention.

We dined alone, and went to bed by ten o'clock. I was very sleepy, having slept but little the night before.

Saturday — April 9. To-day being the one on which the Holy Carpet (Mahmal) starts on its journey to Mecca, I did not take out the donkey, but in place started with my secretary to see the show. It is well worth seeing,

with its picturesque escort of caparisoned camels, mounted by Arabs playing upon small drums or squeaking pipes, and a troop of the faithful, headed by a Pasha, well mounted on a gray, arched-neck stallion, and in whose charge the carpet is given. At 8.15 we went for Prince Mehemet Ali to the square in front of the Citadel. I have already described the transportation of the carpet from that point on March 19th. To-day was finer; the morning was most delightful, and there was permitted no rush of people about the carpet, as it started from in front of the building, where it had been given by the Khedive to and in charge of the Pasha and escort.

The ceremony was the same as on the 19th. The same crowds of turbaned people, thousands of them standing and silently looking on from every point of vantage. The same gold-embroidered group of court officers, Ministers, and officials surrounding the Khedive, the same weird music that was played as the Holy Carpet was carried, in its pagoda-like receptacle, seven times around the square in front of the Khedive; the same parade of it and afterwards of the troops in review; the departure of His Highness in his state carriage, followed by Ghazi Mukhtar and the Ministers, all as it was before described. But this time the Khediveh *mère* and Khediveh, and the wives, daughters, and sisters of the princes of the royal family, as well as the wives of many of the great pashas, were present. Some were in an apartment on the first floor of the small palace, hidden by screens through which they could see, but not be seen; others remained in their carriages, which were assigned to a reserved place, and I had a sight of many, as they entered their broughams or were driven by the spot where my victoria stood.

After the ceremony, I called on the Danish and the Belgian Ministers, it being their fête day. Also did a lot of errands. We dined alone.

Sunday — April 10. The donkey being lame from new shoeing, I did not ride this morning, but instead wrote a number of letters. My secretary had started out at 7.30 to go to market for strawberries, and was most successful.

We had invited about twenty people to luncheon, and had made champagne cup and egg-nogg, galore; the table in my office was a sight for the preparation of a cocktail, with shaker and jigger, old Tom, vermouth, angostura, and orange bitters; lemons, oranges, and strawberries, with glasses and lots of ice. The guests began to arrive about twelve o'clock, the first being the Spanish Minister, next the Persian; after him the Countess de Landberg, then followed de Willebois, wife and daughters, Watts and wife, and so on, until all had come and all wanted to try an American cocktail. They kept my *maitre d'hôtel* busy compounding and shaking for a half-hour or more. The luncheon was a stand-up one; the only things hot being a consommé and lobster cutlets. All seemed to have a good time and to enjoy the meal.

In the afternoon Louise and I drove to the Zoölogical Gardens and had tea in the arbor on the island, near which the Egyptian band played. We met General and Madame Zohrab, some Americans from Bangor, Maine, Mr. and Mrs. Dawkins, the Under-Secretary of Finance, and wife. Dined alone, having refused a dinner at the Countess Montjoie's. Papers having come from America, I give below an extract from the "Philadelphia Press," written by Mrs. Stevenson:

The season in Cairo is at its height. The town is full of travelers and winter residents. The hotels are crowded and their managers, naturally, are elated and independent, not to say arrogant, for they can well afford to turn off newcomers who require of them more than they are disposed to give. At the present date, no influence, no money, can procure a drawing-room at Shephard's. And a few days ago, upon the arrival of a large steamer, people were glad to sleep four in a single room — or even in the bathrooms. It is the same thing at all the hotels.

The American Consul-General, Hon. Thomas S. Harrison, by his genial hospitality is making the American Diplomatic Agency one of the most important social centers this year. Mrs. Harrison does the honors with a kindness and warmth of manner that puts every one at ease. Her "Tuesdays" are crowded. Besides these general receptions, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison entertain handsomely those among their more distinguished countrymen who seem to them to have a special claim upon their attention.

The house in which they live was occupied by the former American Consul-General, Mr. Penfield. Not only has it been charmingly refurnished, but the building itself has undergone extensive alterations, and is now thoroughly adapted to the purposes of a broader hospitality. Here is one sure to meet the most interesting people of every nation — as well as the very pick of Egypt's distinguished men.

Monday — April 11. Out early this morning, before seven o'clock, but the donkey being lame, could only ride slowly and unenjoyably. Paid a visit to Mr. Donahue, of Davenport, Iowa, at Shephard's, and afterwards, on return to the office, wrote home letters. To-night is the night of the Danish Minister's dinner that we declined, preferring to dine alone, which we did. To bed early. Watts drove me out to the Sporting Club, where we met Sir William Garstin, Sir Elwin Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Rennell Rodd, and a lot of other people.

Tuesday — April 12. Donkey being lame, I walked to the Sporting Club, starting before seven o'clock. I was

an hour and twenty minutes making the round, and felt a little tired on my return to the Agency, but the bath and a little after rest refreshed me and I felt all the better for the long walk. Had an important interview with the Tazi heirs, both during the morning and afternoon. At 12.10 Ahmed Pasha Nachaat, who had been invited for breakfast at 12.30, arrived, and soon afterwards Zulsifer Ibrahim Bey.

Nachaat was formerly Grand Master of Ceremonies, under Ismail; and as at that time Ismail was an autocrat and everything was from the Palace, and as no one could enter that, or see Ismail, except through the Grand Master of Ceremonies, it will be understood how important a man Nachaat was!! It was Nachaat who gave me the tent Arab mare and the Mecca donkey — the first "Aziza" and the last "Kounfess." "Aziza" died last October at Pomfret, and, having no use for him while here, I let Herbert Howe have "Kounfess" just before I left the States last fall.

My guests at breakfast were Nachaat; Zulsifer; Watts; Longworth, of the "Sphinx"; Harrison, of Cook's; Turnure, and my secretary. The meal was excellent and well served. The party, most temperate, not drinking altogether one bottle of wine — Scotch whiskey, in moderate quantity, having been the "tipple." It was after three o'clock before the last of the party left.

After my interview with the Tazi heirs, I drove with Louise, first making a visit with her to the Countess Montjoie and Mme. Tugini.

In the evening we went, much against our will, to a dinner at the German Minister's, von Müller. It was more the bother of dressing for Louise and a general in-

• *Ahmed Pasha Nachaat*



ertness after so active a season that gave the distaste, for we not only admire but greatly like von Müller. So after we arrived at the Legation, we were well satisfied that we had not refused his invitation, as it was the second he had extended to us. I took in the Countess de Montjoie, who was there with her daughter and husband. There was a Turkish Prince, from Constantinople, whose name I did not catch; Mukhtar Bey, a son of Ghazi Mukhtar, the Turkish High Commissioner; Barons Oppenheim and de Hoelzske, besides von Müller and ourselves. The dinner was as good as any I have eaten, and beautifully served. The flowers about the table and apartment were from von Müller's own garden and were exquisite. His salon is a noble room, richly and tastefully furnished. We remained until 10.35 and upon reaching the United States Legation, went immediately to bed.

Wednesday — April 13. Rode the new (black) donkey this morning and liked him very much, though his gait is an amble altogether and does not give me enough exercise. Tuck came in about 11.30, took luncheon, and remained until 3.30. Drove in the afternoon, with Louise, almost out to the Ostrich Farm. Dined at home, read the newspapers in the evening, and went to bed about eleven o'clock. Delightful weather, just cool enough.

Thursday — April 14. Out early on my donkey. He is too "easy" and does not give me enough exercise, but he is a cheerful little fellow and I like him very much. Had him brought back to the Agency at 9.30, and Louise rode him around the garden for fifteen minutes or so. Made a visit to Tugini, the Italian Minister. Afterwards

went to Lord Cromer's, but found that he was at Alexandria. After luncheon the interpreters for the Moors who have the large sum of money in New York which they wish me to collect, came in to meet the Moors themselves, and though we waited for them until after four, they did not put in an appearance. Tired of waiting, both Watts and I left the office, I to drive with Louise. Dined and passed the evening at home.

Friday — April 15. Again out early, and the donkey not being at the door I walked to the stable, where I found Jack just about to start.

I met Robertson on the road and got confirmation from him of the administration of the railway order for ten thousand tons of coal, which accordingly I had Watts transmit to Berwind. During the day had a return message from the latter that it was impossible to charter vessels, due probably to the war excitement, so the sale looks as if it would fall through.

Had an early luncheon. Afterwards with Judge and Mrs. Tuck, and Miss Tuck, I went down to see the Barrage by the 1.30 train, returning to Cairo at 6.10. Was very much interested in the stupendous and important work. Dined and spent the evening at home. Watts and his wife and Turnure came in during the evening. To bed at eleven o'clock. Being mail day, I wrote a number of letters to America.

Saturday — April 16. A long and early ride on the donkey this morning — not only to the Sporting Club and around its course, but, going out by the entrance near the Grand Stand, I continued around the Island to the Eng-

lish Bridge and came back that way; was out about an hour and ten minutes. At 9.30 I took Jack and went to Lord Cromer's, with whom I had a pleasant interview. We talked mostly of the threatened war with Spain. His sympathies, of course, he said, were with the United States, as would be those of Great Britain; but he claimed that those of the Continent were and would continue to be with Spain. He said he must confess that the United States was hard on the Spaniards in the manner of exactions, the way they were put; that Spain was proud and brave, though poor, and while, perhaps, willing to yield, yet could not because of her pride. He admitted the bad government and that the war in Cuba should stop; but thought that Spain's concession of autonomy should satisfy the insurgents. When asked what was to be done if the insurgents would neither accept an armistice nor autonomy, and unless the United States tried to put a stop to the war, the misery and suffering, the starvation and disease must continue, as well as the material loss to property, he had no remedy, except force — and that by the United States.

Nothing doing in the office all day. Louise went to say "adieu" to the Khediveh and Khediveh *mère*. I remained and read "Egypt in the Nineteenth Century," by Mortimer. A very interesting book, especially treating of Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present Khedivial dynasty. Dined and spent the evening at home.

Sunday — April 17. "Donkeyed" as usual, taking the same longer ride as yesterday. Watts came in and sat a little while. After luncheon, about four o'clock, Lord Cromer dropped in, and after he had gone, Louise and I were driven to the Zoölogical Gardens, where we met

Lord Cromer and Sir Francis Grenfell, who joined us. The latter invited me to an informal dinner at his house for next Wednesday. We dined and spent the evening alone. Last evening Turnure, Watts, and his wife passed the evening with us.

Monday — April 18. "Donkeyed" same as yesterday. Went out with my secretary and tried to do some shopping; but all the stores were closed on account of to-day being a general holiday: "Smelling Day," as it is familiarly called, because the people go, almost universally, out to the neighboring country, to "smell the flowers," — to get the fresh air, — with the belief that if they do so this day, the odors and the purity will keep off disease the rest of the year!!!

Turnure came in about eleven o'clock, took luncheon and remained until about 3.30. I went with him to the Club to learn if any telegram had been received of war news, and there met Tuck, who came back to the Agency and chatted until nearly five o'clock. At five o'clock started out with Louise to make P.P.C. calls, and for a drive, but on account of the high wind and dust, soon returned to the house.

Tuesday — April 19. "Donkeyed" as usual. Engaged passage on the Bohemia, the Austrian-Lloyd steamer, for Venice, the Reina Margarita making her last trip to-day. Beginning to get warm, though there's a good breeze still from the North. Nothing of any interest going on. Tuck dropped in during the afternoon and with him and Watts I went to the Turf Club to get the last telegrams about the United States and Spain. Learned of the President's

ultimatum and realized that war was inevitable. Intolerable as the situation has become, I could not help feeling that we were paying too great a price, and were scarcely justified by humanitarian reasons in risking the lives of our own people and expending so much treasure for Cuba. Dined and passed the evening at home.

Wednesday—April 20. “Donkeyed” as usual. Had a long interview with the Moors about their New York claim. Turnure came in and remained to luncheon. Went to the Club in the afternoon, for news. Met there Colonel Green, Captain Montgomery, and Major Wyndham. In the evening I was the guest of Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell, at his house to dinner, where I sat down with Lord Cromer, Sir William Garstin, Sir Elwin Palmer, a colonel who had just come down from the Sudan, and who participated in the last battle with the Dervishes, in which three thousand were killed, and Mahmud and four thousand prisoners taken. They, with Captain Grenfell,¹ nephew of the General, and a member of the Cold Stream Guards, made up the party. Sir Henry Rawlinson came in after dinner. I thought it was a great compliment to have been invited, so intimately, to dinner with this exclusively English set. The dinner was fairly good, though cooked by the General’s under-cook. We sat and talked until 10.30.

Thursday—April 21. A cold that I had caught was too bad to permit me to venture out this morning and risk a perspiration and an increase, especially as I had had an

¹ He and his brother were killed in the early part of the present war (1914).
(EDITOR.)

audience arranged for me with His Highness, to bid him good-bye. I wrote eight or ten letters, and then at 10.15 was driven to the Palace.

The Grand Master of Ceremonies, Hassan Pasha Assam, with his aides, met me and we walked through the file of soldiers who lined the great hall, and who stood at "present arms," and up the grand stairway to the ante-reception-room. After remaining there three or four minutes, the Khedive announced his readiness to receive me and I passed across the hall and entered the Audience Room, where I had been so many times before. His Highness met me near the door and shook my hand most cordially. We walked together to the far side of the room and sat on a sofa by the open window. We talked on many subjects, but more especially about Judge Batcheller. He expressed his surprise that the latter had been sent to Egypt, and in manner and speech gave me to understand that he had no good opinion of him and was sorry he had been nominated by the President. I told him that the Minister of Foreign Affairs had written me to request his nomination. Of that, he replied, he had no knowledge, and it must have been the personal work of Boutros Pasha Ghali. He kept me over half an hour. I enjoyed the interview very much.

After leaving the Palace I was driven to Lord Cromer's and had a talk with him about Batcheller. He also expressed his surprise at the appointment, though he knew nothing of him, but showed me that he had nothing to do with the action of Boutros Pasha. Mr. Levy, of Alexandria, called during the morning, and, with him, I went over my plans for introducing American goods into Egypt. He remained until luncheon was announced. Tuck came in during the afternoon and sat until nearly five,

when Watts, with us, went to the Club for news, and afterwards took a walk towards the bridge. Dined and passed the evening at home.

Friday — April 22. Started out on my donkey at about 6.55 and met Colonel Green on horseback, just as I was mounting. We rode off together and he took me to the other end of the town to see a pottery in which he and some others were interested. The work done was very creditable and bade fair to be profitable. On return to the office, being mail day, wrote dispatches and letters until noon.

Went to the Club in the afternoon, to read the war dispatches. The general sympathy, except with the English, is decidedly in favor of Spain. Count de Montjoie, who made me a visit in the afternoon, said that he thought the United States was unjust, and he felt so strongly for Spain that were he young and unmarried he would enlist on her side! I gave Jack a holiday to go to the Barrage, so did not drive. Dined and passed the evening at home.

Saturday — April 23. “Donkeyed” as usual, starting out before seven o’clock. At 9.45 Judge Keeley, my assistant on the Commission for the consideration of the proposed changes in the organic law of the Mixed Tribunals, called to go with me to attend the first meeting of the Commission, in the Palace of Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Keeley is a Virginian; is now judge in the Court of Appeals, the highest of the Egyptian courts. A man of about sixty-five, rather under the average height, and not stout, with a round, high-colored face, a short, stiff white mustache and hair plentifully mingled gray and black, the gray greatly predominating, with bright and expressive

gray eyes that seemed more inclined to laughter than seriousness. I was favorably impressed with him at once, and thus reciprocating his hearty manner, we got on well from the first.

On arrival at the Palace, we found already assembled most of the delegates and their alternates, about thirty, all told; we soon sat in the places that had been arranged for us at the long table in the center of the noble salon. Boutros Pasha Ghali, Minister of Foreign Affairs, with Sir John Scott alongside of him, sat at one end of the table. In the center of one of the sides was Lord Cromer, and I was placed at his right, Judge Keeley on my right. Immediately opposite Lord Cromer sat de Willebois; on his right, his alternate; then Cogordan, the French Minister. Boutros Pasha opened the proceedings with a statement of what had brought us together, and then, after a few remarks by Sir John Scott, the Chief Judicial Officer of the State, and Cogordan, the French Minister, Koyander, the Russian Minister, and Lord Cromer, a resolution was passed that the whole subject should be submitted to our legal advisers, or assistants, for their consideration, and that we adjourn to await their report.

I was back at the Agency at 11.15. A number of the Judges were presented to me at the meeting, and some of them, very politely, called during the afternoon. We gave a dinner to Judge Keeley and Mrs. Keeley in the evening, our only guests otherwise being Judge and Mrs. Tuck and Mr. and Mrs. Watts. The dinner was excellent and our guests did not leave until quite eleven o'clock. About ten o'clock we served tea and lemonade. Both Judges Keeley and Tuck were very entertaining, telling lots of stories while we smoked together.

Sunday — *April 24.* "Donkeyed" as usual. Sat about all the morning and read newspapers, Wilkie Collins' "No Name," and talked to Louise.

Had Turnure and Bert Watts and wife to luncheon. They stayed until about three o'clock. Louise and I drove to the Zoölogical Gardens at 5.30 and were back home at seven. Dined alone and went to bed at ten o'clock. I was stung by a big yellow striped hornet on the middle finger of my right hand, followed with enough pain and swelling. Fortunately, we had some ammonia in the house and I was able to neutralize the poison and moderate the agony in a short while. This happened immediately after dinner. I picked up a light chair to move it to the table by the light and must have put my hand on the hornet.

Monday — *April 25.* "Donkeyed" as usual. The day has been entirely without incident. Tuck came in during the morning and lunched. In the afternoon Louise and I made P.P.C. calls, and in the evening went to the Countess della Sala's, where we met, quite informally, all of the Diplomatic Corps. Lord Cromer, after Lady Cromer leaves Cairo, regularly dines and passes the evenings of Monday at della Sala's, playing whist. My hand was still badly swollen, and had been bound up with bandages saturated with sugar-of-lead water. A good deal of merriment was excited when de Rojas, the Spanish Minister, and I saluted. It was asked if the wound was "first blood for Spain." Had some strawberries and maraschino and found them a delicious preparation.

Tuesday — *April 26.* "Donkeyed" as usual, taking my last ride for the season. Tuck came in and remained some

time. Louise and I made more P.P.C. visits and afterwards drove into the Sporting Club to see the polo game. Met Baron and Baroness Malortie and some others.

Wednesday — April 27. Gave up the donkey to begin my packing. Commenced at 5.30 and worked hard until 9.30. Found it very difficult to know just what to take with me, and, after dividing, to know where all the things were. I had brought over such a lot of useless apparel, and it, and the clothes worn last winter, had become mixed; and it gave me no end of trouble to divide them. Tuck came in about eleven o'clock and remained to luncheon. My secretary, cook, and *maitre d'hôtel* left the house about 6.30 A.M. The *sous-chef* cooked our meals and we were well pleased with him, Tuck, so much so, that he concluded to engage him for his own house. We invited Tuck to take dinner with us that he might see how he prepared the more important meal. At five o'clock Tuck coming back and, going with me, I started out to make P.P.C. calls and about finished my list. We were fortunate, in calling on the Twenty-first Lancers, to find the regiment engaged in a Gymkhana, and were received by a number of the officers and conducted to the tent, where we were given refreshments. Tuck dined with us and remained until 10.15.

Thursday — April 28. Arose early — unpacked all that I had packed in two trunks yesterday and divided the things into three trunks, adding to the contents of the third other clothes that I knew I should not need. This trunk I sent by express to H. B. and Company, Philadelphia, by Lange and Company, American Express Company.

Busy all the morning arranging papers, writing Government dispatches, one in especial about the use of "Secretary" by Watts, and generally preparing for my long absence from Cairo. Turnure came in to say good-bye. He leaves to-morrow for Cyprus, but expects to be in Paris about the 14th of May. The *sous-chef* gave us a good luncheon and dinner.

Friday—April 29. Arose early and completed my packing. Found I had a lot to do as is usual when one is about to take a six months' absence, and did it before 9.30. Count della Sala came in to say good-bye. The Khedive sent to know at what hour we should leave, and had one of his chamberlains at the station to wish "good-bye" in his name. Jack and Hannah broke down and wept! I was not surprised at Hannah, but to see Jack cry was more than I could stand; my good-bye, too, was in broken tones.

Judge Tuck and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Watts, M. Cogordan, the French Minister, and a few others saw us off. We had given it out that we were going on the 30th, and so intended, up to within a day or so of our departure; but we found the train left Cairo at 7.30 A.M. and did not arrive in Alexandria, due to bridges being down, until nearly one, so we concluded we would have the five hours (usually three) ride after sundown, rather than in the boiling heat of the day. In this way we avoided the usual leave-taking of the crowd that swells the station and loads the departing with flowers that prove a nuisance on the train until thrown out.

We reached Alexandria at 9.30. Mr. Hewat, United States Consular Agent, with his cawass, met us at the

station and, with a Berlin coach, took us to the Khedivial Hotel, where we found good rooms in readiness for us. A wash and a good brushing made us ready for our supper, which we enjoyed mightily.

Alexandria. Saturday—April 30. Arose early; ate a good breakfast and started out to see the town on a walk. Spied around for about an hour and then took a cab back to the hotel. Called on Mr. Hewat about eleven o'clock, Louise having gone to the German church to attend a wedding to which she had received an invitation. For some reason it had been advanced one day, so she missed the sight, but we afterwards met the bride and groom on the Bohemia, where they had come to see the mother and sister of the bride off. Andrass took charge of the luggage, and when we went on board our steamer, we found all had been arranged for us. Our staterooms were fully large and well situated. Before going to sea we prepared ourselves from our bags with what we might need on the voyage.

The Bohemia is a new ship. This is her first season, and were it not that she is laden with early vegetables—especially onions—the ship's smells would have been at a minimum; as it was, when every port was closed the odors were very unpleasant. On board we met our old friends the de Willebois, —Madame and two daughters —Tigrane Pasha and Lady Blunt and daughter. Lady Blunt is the person who lives out in the desert, now in a house she has built; but formerly, six months of the year, in a tent, also in the desert, where she breeds horses galore. She has a stock farm in England. Mr. Hewat told me that he had just shipped for her three Arab mares and stallions. During the day and evening we had quite a talk together.

Food fairly good. Towards night the sea got up a little and all hands seemed to go to bed early.

Now that I have left my post and am on my way to Philadelphia, I need not continue giving an account of my daily doings, either in Paris, or after my arrival and residence at home, but will take up my recital of my official life after I have once more reached Egypt.

PART II

I REMAINED in the United States until September 8, 1898, when I sailed in the S.S. *Augusta Victoria* for Cherbourg. While at home my time was mostly passed in Philadelphia. I made three or four visits to Washington, where I saw the President, Secretary of State, and the Assistant Secretaries, and made two visits to Pomfret, one of five days, over the Fourth of July, and one of two days, early in September.

On the *Augusta Victoria* I met General Draper and Mrs. Draper, also a Mr. Butler, president of the Lawyers' Club, New York. The sea was smooth the whole voyage. Arrived at Cherbourg at 1 P.M. on the 15th; reached Paris, by the 3.20 P.M. train, at twelve midnight, and went to the *Hôtel de Hollande*, where I was expected. Took the 2.30 train on the 16th for Aix-les-Bains, to join Louise, and arrived there, by of course a delayed train, at 12.30 A.M. Louise had sent Irene to meet me at the station; she, herself, having remained there until near midnight. I found her at the *Hôtel de l'Europe* awaiting me, with a table spread with a good supper. Louise was undergoing treatment.

We remained at Aix until September 30, when we took train for Paris, remaining one night at Dijon (*Hôtel de Jura*) to break the journey. Arriving next day at Paris, we took our old rooms at *Hôtel de Hollande*. Betty was at *Hôtel de l'Empire*, with Nanny Toland.¹ Of course

¹ Mrs. Robert Toland, of Philadelphia.

we saw a great deal of each other, and of course Louise began at once her exhausting work with Paquin, Worth, Sara Meyer, and all of that kind. She was very successful, and by the 18th was ready to start for Marseilles. We arrived there by the night train, in a *salon-lit*, at 9.25 on the 19th and went to Hôtel du Louvre et de Paris. A good hotel to avoid in future on account of its excessive charges! The next day we went on board the P. & O. S.S. Caledonia and were delighted to find that staterooms 95-96 were so commodious and well situated. The steamer sailed at 4 P.M. We had a smooth passage to Port Said, where we arrived on Tuesday, October 25, and where we remained coaling and waiting until next morning at four o'clock, for the London mail from Brindisi.

We made a number of very pleasant acquaintances while on board during the voyage. Among them were General Sir William S. A. Lockhart, Commander-in-Chief in India, and Lady Lockhart; Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Hume, an old Crimean War veteran, and Lady Hume; Brigadier-General Sir W. G. Nicholson, Military Secretary of India; Lieutenant-Colonel Hope and wife, of the Army of Occupation in Egypt; Mr. Reginald Brooke, of London; and a number of others, who aided greatly to make the trip agreeable.

We arrived at Ismailia at 2 P.M. and found Andrass, one of our janissaries, awaiting us. Took dinner at the hotel, and then the train for Cairo at 7.50, arriving there at 11.15 P.M. The housekeeper had the Agency all ready for us. Fero met us at the station with the victoria and pair, two *sices* running ahead and crying out at the top of their voices, which awoke the echoes as they ran.

October 27. I did nothing all day but superintend the valet unpack boxes and put clothes in order. The chef and *maitre d'hôtel* had not yet arrived. We got along very well, however, with the second cook and *marmiton* in the kitchen, with Andrass and Garras in the dining-room. Watts is very glad to have me back, apparently. He, with Messrs. Hunter and Harvey, with Ali, met me at the railroad station on my arrival. Louise very well. Both to bed early; tired.

October 28. Called on Prince Mehemet Ali, who returned the call the same day; also on Boutros Pasha Ghali, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Lord Cromer, Fakhri Pasha, and von Müller, German Minister.

Lord Cromer was very friendly. He spoke very confidentially about the circumstances connected with the appearance here of the Camara Spanish fleet and its coaling, saying that M. Cogordan, the French Minister, took an active part in the effort to obtain coal, favoring Spain; that his first demand was that Port Said be not considered an Egyptian port, but a part of the Suez Canal. Lord Cromer positively declined so to consider it, or that it was different from Alexandria. Then, Cogordan said that international law permitted a supply of coal sufficient for each vessel to reach its own nearest port, that the neutral nation could not compel it to go there; that it could steam fifty miles seaward in the direction of its port and then turn and go where it would. Lord Cromer said this was a question that had never been settled and that it was his determination to make a precedent, based on the meaning of the regulation and of common sense; that it was monstrous to believe that a neutral, possessing

a narrow channel, would not know when a ship headed east, and its own harbors were nearest west, that the ship was not going to its own nearest port. He, therefore, declined to permit coal to be supplied unless a written agreement was given by each ship that it would proceed to Cartagena, or other near-by Spanish port. The incident showed on which side, really, French sympathy was, for certainly Cogordan would not have meddled so strongly and persistently had he not had advice from Paris.

Friday — October 28. A busy day at the office with dispatches to Washington and caring for a large private mail. Drove in the afternoon, at five o'clock, stopping at the Sporting Club. Nothing of any moment excepting a visit of Lord Cromer and Miss Baring, to Louise.

Saturday — October 29. Routine work. Drove in afternoon, and met a number of acquaintances; Colonel Murray, Colonel Wyndham, of the Twenty-first Lancers; Colonels Hope and Cooper; in fact, a dozen or more.

Tuesday — November 1. A large mail from the States; much excitement among the English over the Fashoda Affair and the British preparations. It looks like war; but I can't believe the French so insensible to their true interests. A war with Great Britain would, I feel sure, result in the loss of their fleet and colonies. Sir William Lockhart, speaking to me of hostilities between his country and France, said: "If it is to come, better that it come now. We are fully prepared and France and Russia are not. In a few years they will be much stronger; and then if there is war, victory, though sure, will be more difficult."

Wednesday — November 2. A repetition of yesterday. I made official calls in the morning and personal ones in the afternoon and afterwards drove to the Sporting Club, where I met McIlwraith, the Judicial Adviser to His Highness, he who succeeded Sir John Scott; also Morley and Colonel Wyndham, of the Twenty-first Lancers. In the evening Louise and I read the late "New York (Paris) Herald" and the "Literary Digest" until after eleven o'clock.

Thursday — November 3. To-day is the day of the Khedive's reception, when he receives the congratulations of the Diplomatic Corps, the Army, the civil servants, and the notables, "foreign and domestic," upon his reëntry into his capital. So at ten o'clock, with Watts alongside of me in the victoria, preceded by the *sices* and followed by another carriage in which were Messrs. Harvey and Hunter, we set out for the Palace.

The streets were lined on both sides with people watching the carriages pass. Abdin Square was kept clear by policemen, in white uniforms, who stood from its entrance to the Palace, about twenty feet apart, enclosing a space about three hundred feet wide. Mounted guards were also present, and a squadron immediately about the entrance. As usual, we were met in the grand entrance hall by chamberlains, who passed us through a guard of soldiers, stationed on either side, to the great stairway. This we mounted, and were received on each landing by court officers, who passed us on until we reached the reception-room. There we found most of the Diplomatic Corps and Consular Officers assembled. I had a chat with Lord Cromer and Chevalier Tugini, von Müller, and



Starting for the Khedive's Reception



Faradjallah Khan. Soon we were ushered into the presence of His Highness, and were motioned to seats, where coffee and cigarettes were served to us. Messrs. Harvey and Hunter, who had not been presented before to His Highness, remained without, and were presented by me after the audience to the Diplomatic Corps terminated. The Khedive was very gracious to them. In the afternoon Louise and I were driven to Koobeh, where the Khedive's *mère* received. We should have started at 3.30, but a thunder-shower prevailed and we were obliged to delay until 4.10. However, we arrived before the audience was over; at least twenty minutes. The drive was through mud and water the greater part of the road. There is no drainage anywhere and the rain lies where it falls or flows. Hunter and Harvey took dinner with us, remaining until 9.45. Tired at that hour, I hurried off to bed.

Friday—November 4. Mail day and very busy with Department dispatches and my own private letters. Wrote the Secretary of my conversation with Lord Cromer, respecting the active interest taken by the French Agent in favor of the Spanish fleet when it was coaling at Port Said. Louise and I were driven down the Pyramid road that she might see "High Nile," the fields covered with water. Made a few visits, left cards on a number of people, notably on Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, the Turkish High Commissioner; Louise, as well, on his wife and daughter. De Willebois, the Dutch Minister, Mrs. Denby and daughter, Countess della Sala, and Mrs. Darrach called, and were received, between 5.30 and 6.30 P.M. In the evening quietly at home with the magazines.

Saturday — *November 5.* Bright weather, but still warm. During the nights and early mornings the thermometer seldom falls below 70°; during the day, say from three to five o'clock, it registers 80° to 85°. This has been the record for the past week. The air is not so humid as it was from October 25 to November 2 or 3. A good breeze prevails generally all day and night. Quite an unusual phenomenon occurred on Thursday last, I heard to-day. About Zeitoun the hail fell in great quantities, some as large as pigeon's eggs. This morning I went out with Louise to buy furniture for Marion's room — that which was formerly occupied by my late secretary. The furniture there had been taken to make Mr. Harvey, the new secretary, comfortable, in the third story. Returned a few official calls. In the afternoon busy preparing a report to the Department on the results of the cotton-planting. The whole crop is estimated not to exceed six million centares. Had an interesting chat with Major Gordon on the battle of Kerreri and the taking of Omdurman.

Sunday — *November 6.* Beautiful day, though again quite warm. Went to church with Louise, but found it quite uncomfortable sitting out the service and sermon. The Agency pew, which is the first on the left-hand side, and a little in advance of Lord Cromer's, on the right, is shielded by the wall from the air and was without any circulation. General and Lady Grenfell were there, Lord Cromer, and the Chief of the Intelligence Department, to whom so much was due respecting the strength and operations of the Dervishes. Mrs. Denby (Laura Hooper) and daughter lunched with us. In the afternoon Fero was busy clipping the mares and donkeys, two of which

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had been sent down to me by the Consular Agent at Assiût, at my expense, of course.

During the evening I read most interesting accounts of our war with Spain, especially the criticisms on the management of the War Department. To bed about 11 P.M.

Thursday—November 10. Quiet day. Dr. Strang, of the American Missions, and one or two other visitors came in during the morning. Made up my report on the cotton crops and dispatched it to the Department. In the afternoon Judge and Mrs. Tuck called. Louise drove out with the latter, and the Judge and I called on Major Comfort and Crookshank Pasha. In the evening General Miner and Watts and his wife dined with us. They remained until after ten.

Newspaper Clipping

Mrs. Thomas Skelton Harrison, wife of the Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General for the United States of America, will resume her reception days on Tuesday, the 13th of December.

Friday—November 11. Took my usual donkey ride at 7.30 A.M., Watts accompanying me on his bicycle, which added to my enjoyment of the hour's excursion. During the morning the son of Ali Murad, United States Consular Agent at Luxor, called and made a serious charge against the Consular Agent at Keneh, claiming that he had caused him to lose £136 in some real estate transactions. A number of sworn-to papers were submitted and so good a *prima-facie* case was made out that I instructed that a hearing should take place to-morrow at nine o'clock, when both sides should be heard and the truth determined, if possible. Remained indoors all the afternoon, until about 5.30, when I went to the Turf Club; there I

met Chereef Pasha, Colonel Cooper, Girouard, Gordon, and a number of others. In the evening Louise and I went to a dinner at Crookshank Pasha's given to Major Comfort, the father of Mrs. Crookshank. A good dinner and pleasant company. It had begun to rain about 6.30 and continued throughout the night. Streets in a deplorable condition from the pools of water and mud. Home and to bed before eleven.

Saturday — November 12. Steady rain all day. In the morning I heard the case of Ali Murad against the Consular Agent at Keneh. Though greatly interested, I was much amused with the proceedings.

First I heard Ali Murad's story, supported by sworn affidavits; then, the Agent's defense. After he had submitted his reply in writing, I took up one part — the key-stone of his arch — and cross-questioned him, through an interpreter. It was almost impossible to get a direct answer from him. Such an amount of guttural and hissing sounds as he excitedly uttered can only be heard, I believe, from the Arab. At last, he committed himself and, piece by piece, admitted that his written defense was untrue in that part which had denied that he himself had received money from Ali Murad. When I got that far, I told both parties that I had heard enough and that I gave judgment in favor of Ali Murad. Rather a summary proceeding; but the admissions of the Agent, during the summer, to Watts, and his bad reputation as compared with the high esteem in which Ali Murad is held, I think warranted me in cutting short what might have been strung out for days. In the afternoon Judge Tuck came in and remained until dark.

Commandant Marchand, of Fashoda fame, and Capitaine Baratier called, with Lefèvre Portalis's card ("pour présenter"). They expected to return to Fashoda tomorrow and to France by the way of Abyssinia. It was a very polite act to have called on this Agency.

Rather disquieting news received respecting Spain's urgent request for aid from France, Germany, and Russia to prevent the United States holding the Philippine Islands. I am rather inclined to the thought that Manila and its Bay will answer all our needs and that the United States may find the whole group an expense and encumbrance. With our immense undeveloped home territory what we need is not more land but more people to develop that which we now possess. Had we an overflowing population like that of England, France, and Germany, we might have need of colonies to which our young and adventurous people might go; but as it is, the more thought I give to present conditions, the more serious the problem seems. I hope its solution will be for our best interests, without pressure from unfriendly nations, whose interference may be resented and influence an unwise decision.

Sunday — November 13. The rain of yesterday has made many of the streets impassable by mud and water, the latter being hub deep in low places, especially in front of the Continental Hotel, the French Agency, and the Ottoman Bank. Remained indoors all day until 5 P.M. when I went to the Turf Club. There I met Major Gordon, Colonel Cooper, and others. I found Judge Tuck there and brought him, and some others, back to dinner. They remained until 9.30. After they had departed Louise

and I retired at once. I returned Commandant Marchand's and Capitaine Baratier's visit.

Monday — November 14. Marchand and Baratier left Cairo last evening for Fashoda. This morning broke brightly, and the streets have begun to assume their normal appearance, though the water still lies in many of the gutters and low places. The town authorities are pumping it into water carts and emptying them into the Nile. They also, on the principal streets, where the sidewalks are not paved, are sprinkling gravel generously to make walking without mud possible. I remained within doors until 4.30 when I was driven a round of visits. Caught up on all that had been made by the unmarried. To-morrow I must finish the married list. Lunched and dined alone. To bed by 9.30, so that Louise should not be disturbed.

Tuesday — November 15. The Consular Agent at Keneh accepted my decision and paid over the damages awarded to Ali Murad, £136. Marion arrived at Alexandria at 7 A.M., and at Cairo at 7.45. She had a fairly good voyage until the last two days: ship (Ava of Messagerie) dirty and food very bad. I made a dozen or more visits in the afternoon. Met Marion at the station. She came under the care of Mme. Baltazzi.

Wednesday — November 16. I remained indoors all day. Brewster Bey called and made quite a visit. Contracted with Hasted to enclose the large balcony, to be done by December 1, under supervision of Favagar, the architect. We greatly need additional room.

Thursday — November 17. Remained indoors writing dispatches and private letters until 4.15 P.M., when I took the victoria and made about twenty visits. Brewster Bey came in response to my note to him respecting the present that I had made to the Khedive, of the picture of the "Queen of the Harem," to express the thanks of His Highness. Returned visits in the afternoon.

Friday — November 18. Countess della Sala and a number of others, who had heard of Louise's illness, called to make inquiries. I wrote again a number of dispatches to Washington, as well as letters to friends.

Saturday — November 19. Louise, who has had an attack of dengue fever, is much improved this morning and able to be taken to Helouan by the 1.15 P.M. train. There we arrived by the Rapide in half an hour and found comfortable rooms awaiting us in the Grand Hotel. About sixty or seventy people only were in the house, which is large and imposing, surrounded by gardens that are not very luxuriant in tropical vegetation, but give promise to be. We passed from the station through a park of about four acres, well laid out and with a large music pagoda, around which are tables and chairs. The band plays every afternoon. I know no one in the house. All seem to be either English or Germans, the former predominating. To bed early.

Sunday — November 20. Louise with a bad headache this morning and unable to get up until noon. She looks pale and emaciated; took luncheon with Marion and me, but ate only consommé. The English, as usual, monop-

olized the salon for morning and afternoon services. My donkey having been brought down, Hannah on it and Irene on another, we had a good ride. We have "Mou-
ton" with us. To bed at nine o'clock.

Friday — November 25. At Helouan. Nothing to note. We have made no acquaintances at the hotel, except that of a young lady — a Miss G——, who is with an invalid deaf-and-dumb aunt. Very sweet girl. Received acceptances that have made up my stag breakfast table of ten. Louise so well she talks of returning to Cairo to-morrow.

Monday — November 28. Gave a breakfast to-day to Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell, but was most unfortunate in not having, to meet him, a number of officers of his military family. Colonels Cooper and Wingate, who were sick, Colonel Murray and Lieutenant-Colonel Wyndham, Gorst and Rennell Rodd, were prevented from coming, too; notwithstanding, we had a pleasant company in the General, Slatin Pasha (he of the "Fire and Sword in the Sudan"), Lieutenant-Colonel Hope, Major Girouard, Judge Tuck and Watts. The following diagram shows the positions at table:

Tuck	Girouard	Watts
Rennell Rodd		Lt Col Hope
Slatin	T. S. H.	Genl. Grenfell

Slatin Pasha
(*Baron Rudolf Carl Slatin*)



Rodd failed me at the last moment. We waited for him a half-hour and then went to the table without him. He did not put in an appearance at all, or send any word. It is quite unaccountable. I was very much pleased with Slatin Pasha. The General I need not describe. Slatin is a man of, I should say, forty-five, of medium height, well built, has a strong, handsome face, swarthy, and with a full black mustache, which he brushes cross-wise. His manner was easy and agreeable — that of a man of the world who knew and had confidence in himself. He promised to send me his latest photograph. The one I have does not do him justice. After luncheon we adjourned to my private office, where we sat an hour or more, over our coffee and cigars. I told the “Kape Hens” story as illustrative of the late election in New York, where Tammany won in that city. Judge Tuck, whose photograph I attach, was very entertaining as usual. General Grenfell told me that his Government furnished him with three residences in Malta, all completely equipped, so that it was really unnecessary for him to carry any of his furniture from here — yet he was allowed £300 for moving.

Tuesday — November 29. Nothing especial of note to record to-day. Baron Egeregg, the Austrian Minister, called during the morning, bringing to introduce him his First Secretary. He made a visit of about a half-hour, and for him, usually so gruff and unsympathetic, was very affable and agreeable.

Wednesday — November 30. Louise and I took a donkey ride this morning together, quitting the Agency at

nine o'clock, taking with us one of the *sices*, and riding around Ghezireh Island to the Sporting Club's second entrance, then across the club grounds, past the club house, and out again to the main road, then by the bridge home. We had a delightful ride, both donkeys pacing, trotting, and galloping cheerfully. In the afternoon we called on Mrs. Rennell Rodd (her day), and met Dean and Mrs. Butcher, Mme. de Hoelzske, Miss Baring, and others.

Thursday — December 1. This morning Louise had a massage treatment — and though she awoke with a headache, the "exercise" was so effective that it passed off and did not return during the day. Nothing eventful occurred. I took my usual donkey ride, made a few visits during the afternoon and in the evening remained quietly at home talking and reading. Gave our loge at the opera to Mrs. Watts.

Sunday — December 4. Wrote Christmas letters all the morning and in the afternoon went to the Zoölogical Gardens, where I met Lord Cromer, Sir Elwin Palmer, Lady Palmer, Miss Baring, Baron Heidler, Watts, and a number of others. Louise and Marion were with me. I forgot to say that we three took tea with the Baltazzis at Shepheard's on yesterday afternoon. Met Slatin Pasha and many others.

Monday — December 5. To-day was an exceedingly interesting one, due to the reassembling of the Commission, composed of the Diplomatic Agents, and their alternates, of all the Powers, appointed to consider changes

in the organic law creating the Mixed Tribunals. The Commission met to hear and take action on the report of its sub-committee, composed of the alternates (lawyers), who had sat all summer, and who had, with great labor, attempted to simplify and better the present conditions. The Egyptian Government (i.e., Great Britain) failed to get what it wanted and what I think it should have had, namely, the non-interference of the Powers — by suits in the Mixed Courts — in those matters purely *indigènes*. France and Russia strongly opposed any changes whatever, and no material changes were made, though consent was given to some recommendations of the sub-committee which more clearly defined a mode of procedure. Of my own will and by the advice of Judge Keeley, the United States Judge of the Court of Appeal at Alexandria, who sat as alternate or second delegate, I voted with the Egyptian Government.

On one vote, mine was the only vote in favor. It seemed an outrage to me, constituted as the Native Courts now are, with European (British, mostly) Judges sitting, that matters purely native, in which no foreigner had an interest, should, either by the will of the Powers (as in the case of the Daira Sanieh), the Railways, or the Municipality of Alexandria, or by a native's borrowing the name of a foreigner in his action against a native, be taken away from the Native Courts. It is true, the reputation of those courts, under the old condition, was not good for purity of administration, — the old rule of the heaviest purse gaining the verdict, — and it may be that confidence is not yet fully restored or gained; at the same time, with conditions as they now are and the Native Courts as now constituted, I cannot see why for-

eigners should be allowed to meddle in suits purely native, or where native interests alone are concerned. The sitting lasted from 10 until 12.45, when, after submitting the matter of a change in the laws relating to fraudulent bankruptcy proceedings to a sub-committee, the Commission adjourned to reassemble at the call of the President.

In the afternoon I made a number of visits, notably to Rev. Leverett Bradley, of St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, and to his wife; to Yacub Artin Pasha; and to Caillard Pasha, head of the Customs Department. In the evening Judge and Mrs. Tuck went to the opera with us to hear the "Huguenots." They returned to the Agency after the opera was over. We had a good hot supper at midnight. They remained with us all night.

Tuesday — December 6. Nothing of moment during the morning, but in the afternoon Louise had invited about twenty people to take tea and they came from 4.30 to 6.30. Among them were Count and Countess de Montjoie and daughter; the Baltazzis; Crookshank Pasha's wife; the de Willebois; Neghi Bey and Fakhri Bey and Slatin Pasha. Of the latter, I wish here to note a couple of stories that I heard. As I have already said, he is an exceedingly handsome man, erect, medium height, thick-set, graceful and sunburnt from his many years in the Sudan. Years ago he had the misfortune, during a skirmish, to have one of his fingers disabled by a bullet, whereupon, rather than bother about having it seen to and properly set, he promptly placed it on the nearest available rock and hacked it off with his sword. The reason he afterwards gave was that "It was in the way, it wobbled"!

He speaks English very well, and is thought to be agreeable and entertaining. Of course, he is a favorite with the fair sex. He was once asked, it is told of him, while sitting beside a lady at a dinner a year or two ago, if there was any truth in the rumor that he was thinking of getting married. He set the whole table in a roar by immediately replying—"Married? What, I? No, No!! I haf already been prisoner fourteen year — nefer, no more!"

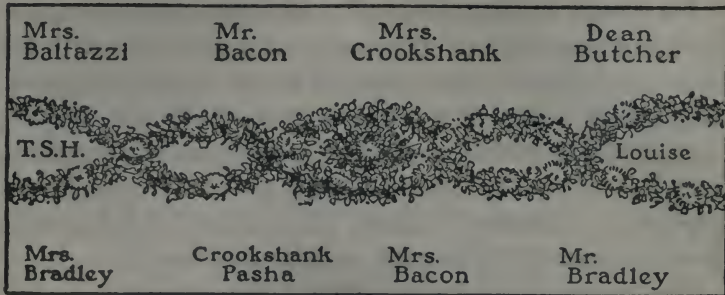
We were all tired enough when night came to go to bed by ten o'clock.

Wednesday—*December 7.* Busy all the morning and afternoon writing my report of the meeting of the Plenary Commission in the matter of the Mixed Tribunals and happily finished it before 6 P.M. Nothing to note as happening. Dined at home.

Thursday—*December 8.* As usual, on my donkey at 7.30. A heavy fog hung over the city until after nine o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Mr. Lake called and remained about an hour. Mr. Brown is treasurer of the Jekyl Island Club and we had much in common to talk of, I having shot over that island during 1861-62 when in the Navy and attached to the U.S.S. Florida.

At 12.30 we had company to breakfast. Dean Butcher, Rev. and Mrs. Bradley, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Bacon (Henry, the artist), Crookshank Pasha and Mrs. Crookshank, Mrs. Baltazzi, Louise and I made up the table, seated as shown on page 288.

The floral decorations were wreaths of yellow chrysanthemums. The affair passed off very pleasantly. The company remained until about 3 P.M. Louise drove in the



afternoon with Marion. I remained at the office dictating my Mixed Tribunal report to Mr. Harvey. To bed by ten o'clock.

Friday — December 9. Had a long interview with Mr. Levy, of Levy, Cuzger and Company, on the subject of an Agency for United States manufacturers. Am hopeful that something will come of it. Nothing of moment otherwise, during the day, which was one for home letters to be written and they kept me busy until 5 P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Trevethick called about the Native Hospital to ask Louise and me to aid them in preparing the circular for distribution with the object of collecting funds from tourists, etc. To bed at ten o'clock.

Saturday — December 10. Donkey ride, as usual, at 7.10. The morning was fresh and bright. No fog, no mist even, hanging over the river. Temperature at seven o'clock, 60°. It bids fair to be warm during the day. In fact, the temperature did rise to 72°. About eleven o'clock it clouded over and the air, now blowing from the south, seemed charged with moisture and rain appeared certain to fall before night — but in the afternoon, either the

wind changed or the heavy clouds were blown away, for before night the skies were clear again.

In the morning I made a friendly call on Lord Cromer. No business, just to have a chat with him. His niece, Miss Baring, had said she knew he would be glad to see *me* especially; and subsequently, at the meeting of the Plenary Commission, he told me that Miss Baring had repeated to him her talk with me, and that he wished to endorse all that she had said! We talked of the dreary and out-of-order debate, and the need to permit the opposing delegates to "blow off their steam," and the lack of Parliamentary proceedings with all other nationalities, except the British and Americans.

Lord Cromer told me that it was the purpose of the Egyptian Government to fix the time of the Mixed Tribunals to but one year, instead of five, the ordinary extended term. He added significantly, "We will then see what will be best to be done." Should there be a rupture with France, and England victorious, — of which I cannot believe there can be a shadow of a doubt, — the latter would, in my opinion, immediately end the — in some respects — decidedly ridiculous conditions that exist here wherein an insignificant Power, by means of the "Capitulations," can block progress and annoy a Government whose aim is the betterment of the country and its people; and one of the first things it will do will be, if not to abolish the Mixed Tribunals, at least to limit their powers.

In the afternoon Louise and I took a drive. Went into the grounds of the Sporting Club and saw part of a game of polo. To bed early.

Sunday—December 11. Bright morning. Thermome-

ter at seven o'clock, 63°. Highest during the day, 70°. Remained indoors all the morning and afternoon, until 3.45, when I drove with Louise towards the Pyramids. Of course, I had my donkey ride at 7.30 to 8.30 A.M. Newspapers from home in the evening occupied the time until 10.30.

Monday — December 12. Rode donkey. Thermometer at seven o'clock, 60°, and weather, thick fog. Complaint was made this morning against a woman, an American citizen, named Carre, by the proprietor of a *pension*, which may entail a criminal trial and imprisonment. I had her brought to the Agency and cautioned her.

Prince Mehemet Ali called about three o'clock. I think the object of his visit was to get information to communicate to His Highness the result of the meetings of the Plenary Commission on the Mixed Tribunals. I told him frankly what had been done, for I knew the Khedive could get all the information from Cogordan, and expressed to him my regret that the French opposed every material recommendation of the Government. He defended France, stating that the English were back of the suggestions, in order that they might equip the Native Courts with English Judges and in that way oppress all that were opposed to British rule! It is extraordinary how readily the Khedivial party believe that all that England wants is to govern in her own interest and is so corrupt that even her courts of law, celebrated the world over for rectitude, are to be depended upon to work evil to Egypt.

While I took no side for the British, I very plainly expressed my opinion that I believed it in the interest of

His Highness that the Native Courts should have exclusive jurisdiction of controversies that were purely *indigènes* or native. That the more power given those courts, the more thoroughly Egyptian would the Government be should the British Occupation cease. Now, the "Capitulations" permitted the foreign nations to interfere with matters local, and if they did not give up a part of the rights, or concessions, that the "Capitulations" accorded, foreign nations would continue to dictate in matters native. Though he assented, he was not convinced, his prejudice against the British being so great that he believed even temporary power was not acceptable to them.

We did not go to the opera, but sent our loge to Rev. and Mrs. Bradley. To-morrow I go to the dinner given by Sir Francis Grenfell to Lord Lonsdale.

Tuesday — December 13. Andrass and I, on donkeys, rode into the bazaar quarter to inquire about tents. The two donkeys encouraged each other and the ride was, by far, the most pleasant I have had since I owned them. General Rush Hawkins called during the morning and remained until lunch time — 12.30. In the afternoon, from 4 to 6.30, Louise had her regular Tuesday reception. About thirty people called, among them Mrs. "Johnny" King, Countess della Sala, Brewster Bey and wife, Mrs. Baltazzi and daughter, Mrs. Bradley, and Koyander (Russian Agent) and wife. We were glad when 6.30 came.

In the evening I went to General Grenfell's to dinner. Met there, Lord Lonsdale, the well-known yachtsman and all-round traveler and sportsman; Sir Elwin Palmer; General Lane, who has just succeeded General Hender-

son in charge of the British forces at Alexandria; Rogers; and Crookshank Pasha; my Caledonia friend, Brooke; Guy St. Aubyn, A.D.C. to General Grenfell; and Coles Pasha. The dinner was only fair, but the chambertin of 1868 was superb. I greatly enjoyed sitting between Grenfell and Lonsdale, the latter being especially agreeable. He had been to the United States a number of times and knew a goodly number of my friends and acquaintances, as well as the country, having visited almost all sections, except the south. He knew the Klondike and Alaska regions well. I did not quit until 10.50.

Wednesday — December 14. Donkey ride with Andrass to see about the lawn tent, which had been set up for me in the bazaar to inspect. Busy during the morning receiving visitors. In the afternoon made visits and went to the Khedivial Sporting Club Races with Louise and Marion, and in the evening went to Shepherd's Hotel with Marion (Louise declined on account of health), to dine with Mrs. Baltazzi, of New York. Met there Osberg, the Swedish Agent, Tigrane Pasha, Neghi and Fakhri Bey. Dinner very, very slow.

On my return to the Agency at 10.15 I found awaiting me the photographs of Lord Lonsdale and his castle home. With these two photographs he sent two of the castle, and an invitation cordially inviting me to visit him there when I might be in England.

Thursday — December 15. A large mail from home, which kept me occupied all the morning. Made visits in the afternoon, especially to Lonsdale, General Lane, and Tigrane Pasha. We sent our loge to Mrs. Wilcocks



Lord Lonsdale



for the evening. Called on Mr. Bradley, who is sick at Hôtel d'Angleterre.

Friday — December 16. Took my donkey ride, but had to return on account of the condition of the black donkey, whose sides were raw from the rubbing of the girth. Very busy during the morning with mail matters to the United States. In the afternoon at the Sporting Club Races, where I met the Sirdar, Prince Mehemet Ali, and a number of acquaintances. When absent from the office, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, of San Francisco, called. During the evening Marion and I went to see an exhibition of fencing on the invitation of Fakhri Bey. St. Aubyn, A.D.C. to General Grenfell, told us that the exhibition was as good as one could see anywhere. The following was the programme:

CERCLE D'ESCRIME EGYPTIEN
ASSAUT

du 16 Décembre 1898
Sous la haute présidence de
S.A. Le Prince Mehemet Ali Pasha —

PROGRAMME
1^{re} Partie

M. Ely Musseri	M. F. de Martino
M. Fakhri Bey	M. M. Schazr
M. Papazian Bey	M. Berti
Docteur Richer	M. Granier, Prévôt
Marquis de Pironti	M. R. Chasseaud
Colonel Thurneysen	M. A. Trehaki, épée

2^{me} Partie

M. R. Rodd	M. Papazian Bey
Colonel Wyndham	M. Berti
Docteur Milton	M. R. Chasseaud
Colonel Thurneysen	M. Granier, Prévôt, sabre
M. Casanova	M. Salon.

Saturday — December 17. I started on my donkey, with Andrass, at 7.20 this morning, going to market to provide for Monday's shooting excursion with Watts and Turnure. Afterwards we rode to the railroad bridge below Boulac, but it not being open for travel, except for railroad trains, we were obliged to take a boat and be ferried across with our donkeys. I did not reach the Agency until nearly 10 A.M. Louise and Marion called on the Dean Butchers, and I on the Bradleys. Home during the evening. Flag day for Russia to-morrow.

Sunday — December 18. Home all the morning. In the afternoon Louise and I drove to the Zoölogical Gardens, where we met the Turnures and Mrs. John King and daughter, and Sir Elwin Palmer. While we were away from the Agency Lord Kitchener called. We were very sorry to have missed him, as he goes to Khartum on Tuesday. Tigrane Pasha came in and paid a long visit. I called on Koyander, Russian Diplomatic Agent, before 12 M. Was received by him — he, in full uniform and decorations — at the head of the stairway and was escorted into the drawing-room, where I found Mme. Koyander and Boutros Pasha Ghali, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Remained about ten minutes, until Baron Egeregg and suite's arrival gave me the opportunity to depart. Champagne and caviar sandwiches were served.

Monday — December 19. Watts and I started from the Agency, having breakfasted heartily at 7.15, buckwheat cakes being a part of the meal, at 7.30 for the railroad station on our way to Ayat, to shoot ducks with Turnure. Had good sport, although the ducks were not of a

variety to care to eat. My donkey stumbled, falling down and thus throwing me over his head. I was a good deal bruised about the shoulders, the right one sustaining most of the shock. Home by 7 P.M., pretty well tired out.

Lord Lonsdale invited me to dinner on the 21st, and sent me a dozen snipe. Too tired to go to the opera, I gave the box to Harvey, my secretary.

Tuesday—December 20. Took no donkey ride this morning. Watts and I at 10.15 started for Abbassieh to see the review of the English troops by Sir Francis Grenfell, and the awarding of medals, D.S.O., to four of the officers who had been in the late Sudan campaign, and to one of the Red Cross nurses. The day was perfect, and the great plain on which the troops paraded was fittingly occupied by regiments of cavalry, artillery— heavy and light—and infantry, among the latter, the Cameron Highlanders in their picturesque kilts. There were two bands— one of the Twenty-first Lancers (Empress of India's own), and one of the Highlanders, with their screeching pipes.

It was a magnificent sight. The men marched well, and when they finally drew up, in a hollow square, and the recipients of the decorations stepped forward and stood to receive them at the hands of Sir Francis Grenfell, I had a lump in my throat and could scarce hold back the tears. There was quite a number of carriages with spectators, among them Lord Lonsdale and his wife (to whom I was presented), Miss Baring, Lord Cromer's two sons, Mme. Tugini, and others. We were well placed, having been put in the center of the reviewing post, just back

of the Commanding General. In the afternoon Louise had her weekly reception, which was largely attended. At home in the evening, the last time for many nights to come. Before the afternoon reception, I went to the opening of the Horticultural Society's Exhibition at Ghezireh, which was opened by His Highness. A very creditable display.

Wednesday — December 21. "Donkeyed" this morning. Received a large mail from the United States and was busy digesting it during the morning. Received a number of visitors, notably Dr. Halstead Boyland, correspondent of the Paris "New York Herald," and an intimate friend of Bennett's; Mr. Frank Ellis, of Cincinnati, whose wife Louise met at Narragansett Pier; and Mr. Frank Jones, of Boston, who brought letters from William Struthers and Rudolph Ellis, and who knew any number of Watts's and my friends.

In the afternoon Louise, Marion, and I went to Lady Grenfell's Garden Party at Ghezireh Palace Casino, which was well attended by all of the notables and a very successful affair. It was her good-bye entertainment before going to Malta, on the 27th or 30th inst.

In the evening I went to von Müller's diplomatic dinner at the Savoy. I sat between Abani Pasha, the Minister of War, and de Hoelzke, Russian representative on the Caisse de la Dette. Thirty-two were at the table. Immediately opposite to me was Prince Hussein, and next but one to me, the venerable Riaz Pasha. I had a fairly good time, though obliged to hold all conversation in French. After the dinner, in the smoking-room, I had a pleasant chat with Prince Hussein, Riaz, and a num-

Review of British Troops
The Twenty-first Lancers



ber of others, and at the end of the entertainment the Earl of Lonsdale (who had given a dinner, to which I was invited but had to decline), with a number of his party, joined us. The Earl and I went back to his dining-room and took a farewell cup, this time a "soft drink," together. Home by eleven o'clock, and tired, after a very busy day.

Thursday—December 22. Took my usual ride this morning and received a number of visitors afterwards. In the afternoon drove with Mr. Frank Jones to the Polo Grounds and to Ghezireh Palace Hotel. In the evening Louise and I dined at the Tugini's, and met there von Müller, the German Minister, Tigrane Pasha, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Wurts,¹ De Martino, and Miss Murano. The table was beautifully be-flowered with pink roses. The house, it is well known, is one of the most elegant in Cairo.

Friday—December 23. A bad attack of influenza kept me in bed this morning, therefore no donkey ride. Had a visit from Mr. Sewell, of Minnesota, of whom Kuhn spoke in his letter. Sewell had been a member of Congress and was an intimate and colleague of Judge Keeley and Samuel Randall. We had much in common to talk about.

Called on Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer and General Hawkins, at Shepheard's, and Mr. Bradley, at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. In the house all the afternoon nursing my cold. In the evening went to a beautiful dinner at

¹ MRS. WURTS was Miss Henrietta Tower, a sister of the then United States Ambassador to Berlin, Hon. Charlemagne Tower.

Koyander's, the Russian Minister. Met there Cogordan, the French Minister; von Müller; de Willebois, the Dutch Minister and his wife; Count and Countess della Sala; Morley, and one of the German Secretaries. At Tugini's dinner last night, Heidler Egeregg, the Austrian Minister, was present.

Saturday — December 24. Awoke early and took my usual donkey ride. Received a number of visitors during the morning. In the afternoon drove, and in the evening went to the Turf Club's farewell dinner to General Sir Francis Grenfell given at Hotel Savoy. I was seated at the *table d'honneur*, next to Rennell Rodd, who sat next to General Grenfell, and acted as chairman, and greatly to my surprise and regret, I was called upon to "say a few words." Only Rodd, the chairman, the General, and I spoke. I attach a sheet from a note written to me by Baron Malortie, who is at the head of the Press Bureau, which exaggeratingly gives an account of the manner in which my remarks were received.

I only hear just now of your *capital* speech at the Turf Club and of the frantic enthusiasm! They were on the point of "chairing" you, so genuine was the universal delight at the Anglo-American friendship. I sincerely regret being unable to assist and help to "cheer" you! Bravo!

MALORTIE.

It is true, after I sat down, there was most enthusiastic applause and quite a number of gentlemen present came up to my seat, congratulating me, warmly shook me by the hand, while the hand-clapping and shouting continued for some minutes. I really was greatly surprised, and of course gratified.

December 25—Christmas Day!!! Louise and Marion both gave me lovely presents, and I received a most affectionate letter from Betty, with presents from her and others. We lunched at home, having Mr. Harvey with us. In the afternoon one of the mares, "Nellie Bly," fell while we were making visits, and broke the pole. The pair would have run away had they not been well handled by Fero, who ran them into a tree. The victoria was injured slightly.

Louise and I went to a Christmas dinner, given by Mr. and Mrs. Turnure. The excitement of her own reception and its fatigue, coupled with the nervousness created by the knowledge of my afternoon's accident, nearly prostrated and unfitted Louise to go; but after much urging and encouragement, she dressed and we got off, arriving about five minutes late. We found Prince Mehemet Ali pacing the entrance hall. He waited until Louise had removed her wraps, and then we all went into the drawing-room together to find assembled there only the hostess and Mr. and Mrs. Watts. The Tucks had been invited, but their train was delayed and they did not appear until 9.30. The host and a guest, Birch Bey, had gone in the early morning to Ayat, to shoot, and their train, too, was delayed. They did not appear until 9.15. When it came to be 8.45 and no one else arrived, the Prince and we four others went to the table. No one could have told that Mrs. Turnure was annoyed, which she must have been. The dinner was good, though not exquisite. They have a cook from Sherry's, New York. I rather expected more from him. Not home until 11.15.

Tuesday—December 27. "Donkeyed" as usual. All

of the morning busy with correspondence and visitors, among them ex-Minister Curry. In the afternoon from three to five returning calls. It was Louise's reception day, and the house was crowded, the last visitor not leaving until 7 P.M. In the evening we went to an Arab dinner, given by Neghi Bey, at the Khedivial Club. Very enjoyable evening. We met the Baltazzis, Mrs. Mason, the Countess Montjoie and daughter, Fakhri Bey, and some Greek and Italian friends of Neghi. The *pilaf à la Turque* was especially well made, and the roast lamb, brought whole upon the table, with the head placed upon the top of the dish, was a sight to behold and as to taste was unusually good. To describe the Tcherkesieh, Bamieh, and Konafah would puzzle one more experienced in Oriental dishes than I; no attempt will be made to recall their composition.

Thursday — December 29. "Donkeyed" at 7.20 A.M. Foggy and damp morning. The new donkey was brought, but proved quite unsatisfactory — lazy and slow. Many visitors came during the morning, including Dr. Boyland. I wrote to the Grand Master of Ceremonies for an audience with His Highness, at which to present Messrs. Curry, Jones, Boyland, and Littleton, the latter not yet arrived, and, in the afternoon, received notice that the Khedive would receive us at 2.30 P.M. Saturday the 31st. In the evening Watts and I went to the dinner given by the Twenty-first Lancers (Empress of India's own) at Abbassieh, where we had a good time, though very quiet and not so hilarious as the last one I attended with the same mess. Lieutenant-Colonel Wyndham presided. The band played the United States national airs and the

greatest cordiality was shown to us. We remained until 11.15.

Saturday — December 31. "Donkeyed" this morning. To-day has been a very interesting one. First, I started out at 10.15 to see Brewster Bey at the Palace, to have his views — or rather to learn those of His Highness — about the ball invitations, and next to be driven to the railroad station to see Sir Francis Grenfell and Lady Grenfell off for Malta, via Suez. A squadron of cavalry and a company of the Cameron Highlanders had been Sir Francis's escort to the station, and stood without until the train left. The square about the building was thronged with the picturesquely dressed peoples of many lands, the turban and tarbouche predominating. Carriages of the pashas, gold-embroidered jackets, silver scabbarded swords of the Consuls-Generals' janissaries, the bright and startling red of the ever-beautifully garbed *sices*, were all present in numbers.

I met Louise and Marion at the station and we walked forward to join the crowd which completely occupied the platform. There were General Lane, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces at Alexandria; Sir Reginald Wingate; Slatin Pasha; all of the Diplomatic Agents; some of the Princes and a host of notables, with very many ladies, as well. The saloon carriage was filled with flowers and every demonstration made to prove the esteem in which the General and his wife were held by the population.

At 2.30 I had a special audience with the Khedive to present Hon. Mr. Curry (late United States Minister to Spain), Mr. Frank Jones, of Boston, and Dr. Boyland,

the last representing in Cairo the "New York Herald." I drove Mr. Curry in the victoria, the *sices* preceding.

The audience, in its florid form, was as I have previously described in these jottings, except that it was of much longer duration, and His Highness seemed, if possible, more friendly and cordial. He referred to me several times as "his friend," "his dear friend."

Mr. Curry interested him greatly in his description of the birth of the present King of Spain, he having been a witness in the adjoining room, where there assembled the Archbishop, the high dignitaries of the Kingdom, the foreign Ambassadors, and Ministers, etc. There was but one access and exit to and from *la chambre d'accouchement*; and as soon as the child was born, it was placed on a silver dish, covered lightly with down, or wool, and carried into the chamber of the witnesses, where it was certified to as to sex, and so forth. Mr. Curry said he believed the little fellow was the first that had been *born* a king — a curious and interesting circumstance.

After the audience Marion and I were driven to the Sporting Club, where we saw "all the world" and some good racing. Louise remained at home, preferring her French conversation with friends. Busy during the evening, arranging my lists for official and social calls tomorrow.

Sunday—January 1—1899. No ride this morning, which broke clear and cool. Thermometer about 50° at 7.30 A.M. At 10.30, with Mr. Harvey, I started on my round of New Year's calls and kept at work until 12.30; again in the afternoon, this time with Watts, going as far as Prince Fuad's, near Koobeh. Home by 5.30 and to bed early.

Monday—January 2. Beautiful morning. Thermometer, at 7.30, 48°. “Donkeyed” around Ghezireh Island as usual. Many visitors, including Mr. James Neilson, who is a relative of the Philadelphia Alexander Browns.

Called on Riaz Pasha and had a delightful visit at his house. Mr. Frank Jones accompanied me, but did not go into the palace. Jones and four others lunched with us.

At the office all the afternoon. In the evening went to the opera house and remained two acts of “Pardon.” Could n’t hear, and, of course, did not enjoy the play. Had given the loge to Jones, who invited Mrs. Johnny King and daughter. Stopped at the St. James on my way back to the Agency and had some poor oysters.

Tuesday—January 3. “Donkeyed” as usual. Busy all the morning with visitors, who now are in considerable force in Cairo. I forgot to say that yesterday I drove Mrs. Hearst to the Ministry of Public Works to see Sir William Garstin, where we had a very satisfactory interview. Mr. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, and Mr. Curry called, among others. Home all the afternoon and evening. My attention was called to the following clipping from the “London Telegraph,” where notice was given both editorially and in the telegraphic column of the Grenfell dinner.

“BRITISH FORCE IN EGYPT”
FAREWELL DINNER TO GENERAL SIR F. W.
GRENFELL

Cairo—Sunday.

The Turf Club yesterday evening entertained General Sir F. W. Grenfell at a farewell banquet at the Savoy Hotel. The guests, who numbered eighty, included Mr. Harrison, the American Consul-General, and Mr. Watts, the American Consul.

Mr. Rennell Rodd in eloquent terms proposed Sir F. W. Gren-

fell's health. He said that universal regret was felt at the departure of General and Lady Grenfell, and alluded to his great service in the formation of the Egyptian Army while Sirdar. Referring to the presence of the American Consul-General, Mr. Rodd spoke warmly of Anglo-Saxon friendship.

Sir F. W. Grenfell, in responding, said he regretted leaving Egypt. He felt a personal pride in the recent prowess of the Egyptian Army under Lord Kitchener, and in the splendid services which had been rendered by officers formerly selected by himself. He endorsed Mr. Rodd's sentiments regarding Anglo-Saxon friendship.

Mr. Harrison, who was received with immense enthusiasm, made a humorous and stirring speech, in which he alluded to the blood relationship between the Americans and the British. He reciprocated warmly the expressions of friendship between the two Anglo-Saxon nations.

Wednesday — January 4. "Donkeyed." Beautiful morning, clear and fresh. Early to see de Willebois about the usages respecting invitations for the Khedivial Ball, on the 10th inst. Of course the pressure on this Legation has been very great. Dr. Boyland came in before I started and was driven over with me. Had a very satisfactory interview and wrote to the Grand Master of Ceremonies, by de Willebois's advice, giving names for a reception of ladies (American) by the Khediveh *mère*, on Saturday next, at Koobeh.

After my interview with de Willebois, I called on W. E. Littleton, who had arrived in Cairo the night before, at Shephard's. Saw there Mrs. Henry Whelen and daughter. Littleton accompanied me back to the Agency. In the evening went to a dinner given by Countess Montjoie. Met there the German Minister, Count and Countess della Sala, Mrs. Mason, Prévost, Miss Nasmith, and Count Montjoie.

Thursday—January 5. Took my usual ride around Ghezireh Island. Clear and fresh, about 52° when I left the Agency at 7.30. Mr. Joseph Tilton Bowen, of Chicago, formerly of South Manchester, Connecticut, a friend of the Cheneys, called. Of course, he wanted an invitation to the Khedive's ball. He had letters to Tigrane Pasha and Prince Djamel, brother-in-law of the Khedive, to both of whom I referred him. Kept busy all the morning and afternoon, receiving visitors, among them the Littletons, Mrs. Whelen and daughter, Miss Townsend, and two young gentlemen who were with them, and Mr. Frederick K. Baker, treasurer of Jekyl Island Club. Having declined a dinner for to-night, we all remained at home.

Friday—January 6. "Donkeyed." Quite cold at 7.30, say 46°, but a beautiful bright day. Mr. Bacon called and Mr. Baker (Fred), the latter to ask me to have Fero select a donkey for him. Mr. Murphy, of New York, connected with the "Mail and Express," brought letter of introduction from the Department. Wants a "ticket for the Khedive's ball," and after a half-hour's talk, in which he tried to assure me that *he* cared little for it, parted from me saying he would like to compliment his wife by getting her a "ticket" and would give twenty-five francs if he could get one!! Think of it—offering to pay five dollars for a sovereign's invitation to one of his balls!!

Saturday—January 7. Rained hard in the morning, but cleared before noon. Dr. Garner, Tuck, and Watts lunched with us. Louise was driven to Koobeh to present about twenty American women: a very entertaining and successful function. Dined at home, having declined a dinner at de Willebois's.

Sunday—January 8. Rained early this morning; cleared about 7.30. I attended the reception held by the Khedive on the eighth anniversary of his accession to the throne. Watts, Hunter, and Harvey went with me. A magnificent sight, the like of which I described last year. Louise attended the reception held by Her Highness the Khediveh *mère* at Abdin. Dined at home, as hereafter stated, we giving a dinner for twelve. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Turnure; Mr. and Mrs. Patterson; Miss Lewis, Mrs. Patterson's sister; Mr. Aspinall, Count Oberndorff; Marion, Moja, and Mrs. Chapman. The last guest departed at eleven o'clock! The food was, I think, the equal of any we have had.

Monday—January 9. "Donkeyed," and during the day had an overpowering number of visitors for ball invitations. Really this has become a nuisance and ought to be put an end to. It seems to me most undignified, in the first place, for a United States Minister to be importuned by people who have no claims whatever upon the hospitality of a sovereign, and in the second, for the Minister to be seeking to obtain what must be grudgingly given. Should I remain another season, which is most unlikely, I shall refuse to have anything to do with such matters, except only to distribute, as I think best, any invitations that may be voluntarily sent to me from the Palace. In the afternoon Louise, Marion, and I went to the Garden Party at Shepherd's, given by Fakhri Bey, Louise assisting him to receive. It was a beautiful and successful affair. Music by the band of the 21st Lancers and a generous "tea" were provided. "All the world," including English and natives, graced the occasion.

Tuesday—January 10. “Donkeyed” this morning, this time with Mr. Harvey, who for the first time put his leg across an animal. I never laughed more heartily in my life; though he sat the donkey fairly well, he did not know how to hold the reins, or how, as he said, to “steer him,” so the ass took him where he chose, turning up and down streets as we came to them, running up on sidewalks and generally using his own sweet will. Poor Harvey frantically shouted, “Whoa! Whoa!” and called upon the Arabs for aid, in a tongue they did not understand. With much difficulty we reached the Nile Bridge, where Harvey prayed to go back home.

More importunities for ball invitations, during morning and afternoon. The ball this evening without exception was the most brilliant affair one could conceive of. “Magnificent” is the only word that describes it. The rooms had been especially decorated and furnished in anticipation of the visit of the German Emperor, and their grandeur and beauty were, if possible, enhanced by the changes and additions. Gold-laced chamberlains, bright and many-colored uniforms, including the picturesque dress of the Highland officers, jeweled decorations, and beribboned notables, combined with the exquisitely dressed women, whose diamonds sparkled in the pervading light, were on all sides, and made, among the tropical plants that abounded in some of the wide passages, or in the Orientally decorated salons, a sight to be always remembered.

We were late in arriving, Louise having been afflicted with a new maid who knew nothing, so missed being received by His Highness, a gross piece of neglect on our part, for which he was afterwards very forgiving, as was demonstrated by a very gracious invitation to Louise and

me to visit his estates at Koobeh and Matereeh where he said he himself would meet us and show us about. Louise was taken in to supper (which was a cold-cut, stand-up affair, and not comparable to those at home) by Fakhri Pasha, and I "gave the arm" to Mlle. Freida de Willebois. Home and to bed by 2 A.M.

Louise did not receive this afternoon, as per notice below:

On nous prie d'annoncer que Mme. Thomas Skelton Harrison, l'épouse de l'agent diplomatique et consul général des États-Unis d'Amérique, ne tiendra pas sa réception habituelle mardi prochain, en raison de ce que le bal du Khédive a lieu le soir du même jour.

Wednesday — January 11. All of us were a little late this morning, though Mr. Harvey and I got off by 7.40 on our donkeys and rode around Ghezireh Island. Received a number of delightful letters from home, mostly written on, or about Christmas Day. Made visits alone in the afternoon, winding up at the Turf Club. Having declined Lady Palmer's dinner, we dined at home.

Thursday — January 12. "Donkeyed" with Harvey. In office all the morning receiving callers. In the afternoon, with Marion, went to the Sporting Club to see the scholars of the native schools go through their athletic sports. The exhibition was very amusing and creditable.

In the evening we had our first Diplomatic Dinner since our return to Cairo, at which were present: M. and Mme. de Willebois; M. and Mme. Koyander; M. Cogordan; Mirza Faradjalla Khan; M. Ostberg; M. von Müller; M. and Mme. de Mohl; Count and Countess della Sala; Mr. and Mrs. Curry; Louise; and myself — sixteen in all.

The table was laid in the salon to accommodate the large number. The dinner was good and well served. The guests departed about eleven. The guests were seated as per the accompanying diagram:

Mme. Koyander	Faradjalla Khan	De Mohl	Mme. Curry	M. Ostberg	Mme.de Mohl
T.S.H.					M.de Willebois
Mme.de Willebois					Louise
M.Cogordan	Count della Sala	M. Curry	Von Müller	Countess della Sala	Koyander

Friday — January 13. “Donkeyed” as usual. Quiet day at the office until Mr. Hewat came. He and four others remained to luncheon. Before Mr. Hewat arrived, we had a very important conference on El Tazzi claim, the principal heir, with his interpreter and the uncle of our dragoman being present. I turned over to the heir all the original letters I had received from Langmuir and Nathan and Cardozo. The next conference with the parties interested will be on the 20th. Marion went to a dinner at Judge Alston’s. Louise and I dined at home alone.

Saturday — January 14. “Donkeyed” with Mr. Harvey. Letter-writing during the morning. Sent off a long dispatch commenting on Lord Cromer’s speech at Khar-tum and expressing my views on the kind of government the United States might give our newly acquired territory. In the afternoon made visits and pretty nearly cleared off my old scores — about thirty yet to make to catch

up. After the visits went to Shephard's Terrace to take tea with Mrs. Bacon. Met the Currys, Mme. Ralli, and Miss Connelly.

In the evening to dinner at the de Willebois's, where we met Sir Reginald and Lady Wingate, Ralli and wife, Ivanhoff and wife, Boutros and Fakhri Pasha. Dinner fair — and host and hostess delightful.

Sunday — January 15. "Donkeyed" with Mr. Harvey. At my desk, though Sunday, before 8.45, and busied myself with letter-writing, especially to Addison Porter, McCammon and Mrs. Patterson, on her request, respecting her nephew, Neal Hodges. At one o'clock went to luncheon at Dr. and Mrs. Sandwith's, with Louise, and there met Sir Alonzo Money, Dr. May, Sir William Garstin, and others. Louise had a headache all day.

Monday — January 16. "Donkeyed" with Mr. Harvey. The American woman, Pauline Carre, answered the summons, and appeared at 9.30, but no complaint having been preferred, after a bit of good advice and her promise of amendment, I agreed to send her to-morrow to Naples, paying her way, about eight pounds. This matter and letters took up all the morning and the most of the afternoon. In the evening we gave a dinner to Mrs. Henry Whelen,¹ with the table as shown on page 311.

The table was beautifully decorated; and the affair passed off most satisfactorily. Judge Tuck took Marion's place and remained all night.

Tuesday — January 17. "Donkeyed" with Mr. Har-

¹ Now Mrs. C. Hartman Kuhn, of Philadelphia. (EDITOR.)

General Sir Francis Reginald Wingate
Now (1917) High Commissioner of Egypt, representing Great Britain



Mme. Fabricius	Sir Alonzo Money	Louise	Lt. Col. Wyndham	Mme. Ivanhoff
Frank Jones				Capt. Dauncy 21st. Lancers
Mrs. Whelen	Judge Tuck	T. S.H.	Mrs. Wyndham	Fabricius Bey

vey. Wrote letters and received visitors during both morning and afternoon, until 4 P.M., when I joined Louise in the drawing-room to receive callers, this being her regular day at home. About one hundred or more came, many of whom were Americans. I am writing up this journal on Saturday, 21st, so will be brief, forgetting all details.

Wednesday — January 18. “Donkeyed” as usual. Great excitement. Read the riot act to the chef, and, having assembled all the servants in my office, gave over the control to Hannah, as veritable housekeeper. Mutterings of the storm that I expect to break to-morrow. Lunched and dined at home, having refused an invitation to Della Sala’s dinner.

Thursday — January 19. “Donkeyed” as usual. Hannah discharged chef, who refused to obey her. The *maître d’hôtel*, Giuseppe, took his *congé* because he would not serve under her. Great commotion belowstairs before the couple were cleared out at 3 P.M. Irene, who had been discharged for grave misconduct, returned and saw Marion, demanding insultingly the money to pay her passage

back to Italy. Mr. Harvey was called upon and showed her the door. *Sous-chef* in charge and has done well. Refused a dinner for to-night.

Friday — January 20. “Donkeyed” as usual. Household settled down. Many visitors through the morning, the passengers of the *Furst Bismarck* and *Egypt* having arrived. At one time a dozen or more in the office, some having letters of introduction. I made visits in the afternoon.

In the evening Louise and I went to the dinner at Sir Elwin and Lady Palmer’s, where we met Fabricius Bey and wife, Count “Somebody,” an Austrian, yet an *Irish* peer, and his countess — a beautiful young woman with a surprising and dazzling white neck, and a head surmounted with a crown of brilliants — and a half-dozen others whose names are of no consequence.

Saturday — January 21. Called on the Sweden and Norway Agent, at Ghezireh Palace. His country’s “flag day” — birthday of his King. Many visitors during the day, including Major-General E. Talbot, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Egypt; Giraud Foster, cousin of W. H. Elliot, and others. Declined two dinners for this evening and we had a restful one at home.

Sunday — January 22. Am writing this on the 26th, really not having had time since Sunday to devote to the record. Watts called for me at ten o’clock and found me hard at work at my desk trying to catch up with my accumulated correspondence. My desk is a perfect sight and seems to get worse in its piles of unanswered letters,

so that now I am beginning to despair that I shall ever get them out of the way by the usual endorsement, "Answered." Well, Watts called, and I let the letters go, unable to resist his invitation to drive to the Mena House to meet Ned Gray, Mitchell, Frank Jones, and Ben Dorr, of Boston, on Ned Gray's invitation to lunch there with them. We had a delightful day. Took donkeys after luncheon, Gray a camel, and rode out to the Sphinx and around the Pyramid of Khufu. Home by 5.30, very tired. Refused a dinner at Mme. de Mohl's, so again dined at home, but Marion dined out, I now forget where.

Monday — January 23. Of course I have been using my donkey every morning. To-day Harvey, who rode the Ali Murad donkey, was frightened because he cantered, and got off, leading him back to the Agency. I went on alone. We had a party to luncheon, especially for Mr. and Mrs. Littleton; nine sat down, including Mr. Farman, who had been Agent and Consul-General here from 1876 to 1881, and afterwards a Judge of the Mixed Tribunals. He resigned in 1884. Others were General Muir, Mr. and Mrs. Halstead, Boyland, and Father Brindle. The dinner was cooked by the *sous-chef*, and was excellent. In the afternoon presented Mr. Farman to His Highness. We gave our opera box to the Tucks and remained at home.

Tuesday — January 24. We had a number of visitors and a very busy morning until I started out with Marion to see the review of the troops at Abbassieh, by the new Commander-in-Chief, Major-General Talbot, and the

decorating of a gallant officer for meritorious conduct in the Sudan. A very beautiful and impressive sight. Met Lady Talbot, a very pretty and agreeable woman. Marion took some camera snap-shots. The afternoon was devoted to Louise's regular reception. The house was crowded with visitors from 4 until 6.30. Again we dined at home, having refused a dinner.

Wednesday — January 25. Rode with Jack this morning to the bazaars to buy jackets for the *sices*, and had the best ride of the season, the donkeys going like mad. Lunched with the Bacons at Shepheard's, and in the afternoon went with Littleton to see the races at the Khedivial Sporting Club. All the world and his wife were there. In the evening Louise and I went to Mrs. Rennell Rodd's *soirée*, and Marion to a dinner at Watts's.

Thursday — January 26. "Donkeyed" again with Jack around Ghezireh Island. Busy receiving visitors during the morning, among whom Prince Mehemet Ali called and remained over a half-hour. He told me that Judge Batcheller had reported that he had spoken to me at the Khedive's Ball against my wearing my dress naval uniform, that I had no right to do so, all of which is untrue. He did not speak to me, and had he, even to salute, I should have turned my back upon him, in such contempt do I hold him. In the afternoon I made about twenty visits. Having declined a dinner at von Müller's, we dined at home.

Friday — January 27. "Donkeyed" with Jack around Ghezireh Island. Being the anniversary of the birth of

Major-General Hon. Sir Reginald Talbot



the German Emperor, I made a formal visit to the representative of Germany, M. von Müller, Watts going with me. Mr. Farman called during the morning. Lunched at home. In the afternoon Marion and I were driven to visit those curious people, Graeff by name, a father, mother, and daughter, who live on the Nile in the old Ghezireh Palace, now back of the prisons towards the Pyramids. Such a family — and such a tumble-down place — filthy and dangerous to live in! We had some difficulty in finding the entrance; drove past it at first and then, by direction of a mob of yelling Arabs, turned down a narrow street and drove through a native village, only to turn back again. Such smells, such dirt, such destitution! The natives live like beasts and are poorly housed at that.

At last we were shown the gateway and were met there, after knocking, by the daughter, who looked as if she had just risen from bed; her hair (not golden!) was hanging down her back in tangled masses. She was clad in a gown of dirty colored calico and she wore a wide reddish scarf about her waist. We were received with many expressions of welcome and pleasure and shown through a yard littered with all sorts of rubbish, three donkeys roaming about making friends with a lot of starved-looking chickens that vainly scratched for some satisfying food.

Following the girl, we entered a vestibule of great size and ascended a flight or two of stone steps to the first floor, then, turning to the left, passed along a wide hall and entered a spacious room, which served the double purpose of a living apartment and Miss Graeff's studio. Up the stairs, with their rickety banisters, along the hall,

all showed neglect, dirt, and decay; at one time undoubtedly the abode of a prince; at present hardly fit for a cow stable. The room that we now entered was at least fifty feet square, with ceiling over twenty feet high. Its walls were hung with unframed copies of paintings from originals in the Louvre, Museum of Madrid, and Dresden galleries. One or two, or maybe three or four, seemed of some merit, especially one of the Murillo's Madonna, with the eyes downcast. The furniture was of the poorest, not a piece that would sell for five dollars, even the old piano. But the welcome was genuine, sincere, and the lady rattled on at a great rate about her art, her work, and the prospects that were to be realized.

Soon, the mother entered. The description of the daughter will as well do for her. As we departed, after a fifteen-minute call, and the hospitable offer of tea, which was declined, we met the old father, who wore a wrapper and slippers; his vest was in the last stage of decay; collarless, with a frayed and very dirty shirt front. All of them looked as if they had not had a bath since they had been in Egypt, which, I am told, is twenty years. The daughter said she left America with her parents when she was two years old — she looked thirty-five or more; that they were on their "way around the world"; and, if that be true, they are making a long stop in Cairo! They had lived in Paris, Madrid, and elsewhere before moving to Egypt.

After our visit we went on invitation to take tea on the Savoy Hotel Terrace with Mrs. Moran and daughters. In the evening I enjoyed a dinner at the Turf Club given by General Muir, and there met Mr. Farman; Mr. Harman, Judicial Adviser of the Sudan, just ordered to Khar-

tum! Judge Royle and three or four other men, one of whom was a Mr. Dicely, correspondent of one of the great London dailies.

After the dinner I took Louise and Marion to the French Charity Ball at the Grand Opera House. We had Baignoire No. 3 (No. 3 downstairs), and as guests had invited Mrs. Moran and daughters, Dr. Boyland and daughter. Quite a number of men came in during the evening. Very amusing with ribbons of paper throwing and confetti. House beautifully decorated and very gay. All of the best of Cairo society there — the Khediveh *mère's* box occupied, as well as those assigned the harems of the princes and pashas. We left at just about twelve, and before the fun became "fast and furious"!

Saturday — January 28. "Donkeyed" with Jack. A very busy morning with many visitors. Lunched at Colonel Gordon's. Made visits afterwards, after going to Shephard's Terrace to take tea with Mrs. Bacon. Refused two invitations to dinner to-day. Dined quietly at home.

Sunday — January 29. At my desk by eight o'clock and cleared it partly. At 10.30 started with Watts to take luncheon at the Mena House, upon invitation of Mr. Mitchell, of Boston. Had a good time, riding a donkey to the Sphinx, and around the Pyramids. Returned to town about five o'clock. Declined a dinner at Countess della Sala's and dined at home.

Monday — January 30. "Donkeyed" with Jack. Any number of visitors during the morning. Lunched at

Ghezireh Palace, upon invitation of Mr. Gunther. About twenty-four sat down. I took in Mrs. Williams-Jones-Parry, and sat between her and Mrs. Baltazzi. Judge Andrews, of the Court of Appeals of New York, was near me, sitting on Mrs. Parry's right. A very handsome affair altogether. Afterwards, Marion called for me to go to the Gymkhana, where we showed our poodle, "Mouton," as the "American Tommy Atkins." Got a "Very Highly Commended for Beauty" for him, which was the second award. In the evening our dinner with sixteen covers came off; cooked by Santi, of the Esbekieh Gardens Restaurant — only fair. The guests were: Boutros Pasha Ghali; Fakhri Pasha; Sir Reginald Wingate and Lady Wingate; Sir Elwin and Lady Palmer; Baron Heidler Egeregg; Mr. and Miss Gorst; M. and Mme. de Hoeltzske; Count Collender. I had Mme. de Hoeltzske on my right. Louise had Boutros Pasha. Though I say it, the dinner was very gay; and the after-smoke, in my room, was exceedingly pleasant and quite intimate and informal. I have determined, from the experience had with the outside chef, to depend in future upon my own. Only the soup, the mayonnaise de crevettes, and the artichauts were good.

Tuesday — January 31. "Donkeyed" with Jack. Drove over to see Boutros Pasha and Lord Cromer anent the prolongation of the powers of the Mixed Tribunals, and notified them of the cablegram I had received from Washington giving our Government's consent. Had a very interesting talk with Lord Cromer. I spoke of the probability of my early departure for home and the unlikelihood of my return. He expressed great regret

and was very complimentary in all that he said relating to my official and social life here, especially complimentary of Louise. He added that he would write to Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador at Washington, who was an intimate friend, to have him say what he had said to me to the Secretary of State, which I characterized as "Mikado fireworks." Lunched and dined at home, Louise having refused some one's dinner. In the evening we were to have gone to a "dance" at Mrs. Chapman's; but at nine o'clock, too tired, or unwilling, we decided to spend the evening at home and write our excuse to-morrow!!

Wednesday—February 1. "Donkeyed" with Jack. Drove to Lord Cromer's respecting my probable going away soon. Stopped at Prince Mehemet Ali's to obtain an audience for Judge Tuck and arranged for Friday, at 3 P.M. Lunched and dined at home, Louise having declined invitation to Major Gordon's.

Thursday—February 2. "Donkeyed" with Jack. Many visitors, including Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, of the Smithsonian Institution. Lunched at home. Dined at Sir Eldon Gorst's, the Financial Adviser of the Government; and afterwards went to Mrs. Crookshank's ball at the Continental.

Friday—February 3. "Donkeyed" with Jack—a busy morning. Lunched and dined at home. In the evening Louise, Marion, and I went to Cinandino's to see a play and enjoy some music. A large gathering of all of the best people of the diplomatic and social Cairo life. I sat next to Lady Palmer. Beautiful entertainment.

Good supper afterwards. Home by eleven. Took Tuck to see Prince Mehemet Ali in the afternoon. Received cablegram just before retiring, granting permission to visit United States with sixty days' leave.

Saturday—February 4. "Donkeyed" with Jack. This information is becoming monotonous, but having begun to give it, my effort now is to see how long I can continue to write it without losing my mind! The photograph shown is of an oil by D. Sani, which he has just sent for approval. The resemblance, I think, is fairly good, though undoubtedly, there are faults in the likeness, but I am unable to point them out that he may make the necessary changes. Have told him to ship the picture, framed, here, and hope it may arrive before I leave, though I doubt it. It looks now as if I might induce Louise to take the *Augusta Victoria* on the 26th, for Jaffa, Smyrna, Athens, and Constantinople. This morning was passed without especial incident. Mr. Getty, of Paris, was among the visitors.

I called on Sir Elwin Palmer anent the petroleum concession to him, and the result of the interview was very favorable. In the afternoon took tea, on Mrs. Cooke's invitation, on the Terrace of Shepheard's, where I met Pasha and Mrs. Crookshank, Mr. and Miss Getty, Mr. and Mrs. Cotterell, Mrs. Bacon, and two or three others. The Terrace, of course, was crowded. Music by the band of the Twenty-first Lancers. Having declined a dinner at the Wilcocks's, we dined at home. Louise and I worked on a possible list of those to invite to our royal dance. Issued invitations to a dinner on the 12th to entertain the Giraud Fosters.



Mrs. Thomas Skelton Harrison
From the painting by D. Sani, Florence



Sunday — *February 5.* "Donkeyed" with Jack. Unpleasant morning and day; high wind; clouds of dust and the air chilly from the pending rain that threatened at any moment to fall, but which controlled itself until 7.30 P.M. Went with Watts to the station to see General Muir off and to bid him good-bye.

The new *maitre d'hôtel* reported and will commence his service regularly to-morrow morning. In the evening Louise and I (Marion declining) took dinner with Mrs. Mason Bey, in the reserved apartments at Shephard's. About thirty sat down to a beautifully decorated table and to an excellent repast. I took in Mrs. Mason, who sat on my right, Mrs. Tuck on my left. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. (Forbes-Morgan) Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Shields, Mr. Gunther, Dr. and Mrs. Boyland. Did not reach home until after eleven.

Monday — *February 6.* "Donkeyed" alone, but returned within half an hour on account of rain. Reginald Brooke and four others breakfasted with us. In the afternoon I went with Louise and Marion to Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Hope's reception. There was singing by Fakolia. I went to the opera in the evening with Marion to hear "Romeo and Juliet." Home by 11.30.

Tuesday — *February 7.* "Donkeyed" with Jack. Visitors all the morning. Louise's reception day — to which came any number of people — and all of us were tired to death by seven o'clock. Fortunately, we had declined Mrs. Wilcocks' dinner, so dined at home and went to bed early.

Wednesday — February 8. “Donkeyed” with Jack. Judge Tuck at the Agency most of the morning discussing the Department’s circular on the Mixed Tribunals. In the afternoon at 2.30 I went to the French Legation to assist at the Charity Fair. I made Martini cocktails (!) for nearly three hours, and “took in” not only about £17 (\$85), but a number of people, the latter by the addition of a copious supply of water towards the close of my supply of gin and vermouth! We were to have dined at Ghezireh Palace, with the Fosters, but towards night received a note from Mrs. Foster, withdrawing invitation on account of the illness of her husband. Gladly dined at home again.

Thursday — February 9. “Donkeyed” with Jack. Did routine work in the office during the morning, Dr. Bradley calling and pleasantly passing a half-hour. In the afternoon, with Marion, made a lot of visits, and afterwards went to Baron Oppenheim’s tea. In the evening Louise and I dined at Baron Heidler Egeregg’s, the Austrian Minister. Met the Tuginis, de Willebois, Baron and Baroness Bretschneider, and others. Marion had a dinner party at the Agency. We sat up some time after returning home, Louise and Marion talking over the evening. A funny story about Alex. Harvey, Harvey Pasha and “Djafer” Fakhri Bey. Harvey asked Harvey Pasha, “What is a Djafer?” — Djafer being a surname.

Friday — February 10. Although I awoke with a headache, due to beginning my dinner last evening at the Austrian Minister’s, according to the custom of his country, with a draught of Munich beer and afterwards mixing

the usual variety of wines, I was up as usual and on my donkey, with Jack, at 7.30. Mr. Bradley called during the morning, as also did Spencer Penrose, brother of Boies, and his friend, Dr. Robert N. Keely. They are on their way around the world. At 12.30 I gave a breakfast of fourteen covers—served at the round table. The guests were Mr. Clark, president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad; Chereef Pasha, Under-Secretary of State; Mr. Seltz; Mr. Kirby; Dr. Boyland; Captain Reginald Brooke; Mr. Rels, representative of "Reuter"; Mr. Wilson, representative of London "Times;" Brewster Bey; Mr. Norman, of the "Rough Riders;" Mr. Moran, of Virginia; Mr. Shields, of Colorado City; and Watts. We sat down at 12.30 and the last guest departed at 3.10.

After the breakfast I went with Marion to the Horse Show at the Sporting Club, returning at 5.15, then with Louise to Mme. Pontalis's reception. Having all these matters in view, Louise had refused an invitation for dinner to-night, so we restfully dined at home.

Saturday—February 11. False alarm this morning, which according to all calculations, should have been Bairam, or the first day of the Mussulman Feast after Ramadan, the month of fasting; but the "moon was not seen" last night, so another day must be added, and the Bairam will not begin until to-morrow. I did not ride. In the afternoon we went to a circus box party on invitation from Judge and Mrs. Tuck. Fairly good.

In the evening Louise and I attended a musicale at the de Willebois's and listened to some delightful music by the Austrian quartette, Hellsmerberger; also singing by

Mlle. Freida and a Mme. Fabricius. A goodly company was assembled, among them Prince Said Halim; Lady Talbot, wife of the General-in-Chief; Mrs. Rennell Rodd; Countess della Sala, and others. A beautiful supper, cold, was served; but having ordered the carriage at 11.15, we did not have time to partake of it; instead ate bread and cheese (!) on arrival at the Agency. To bed by twelve.

Sunday — February 12. The great Mussulman fête day, the Bairam, the first day of the month of Chawal, whatever that may mean. Bairam, however, after the Ramadan, the month of fasting, signifies "Feast." The Mohammedans fast one moon, twenty-nine days, if the moon be seen on the 29th day, the new moon; but should it be cloudy and no one see the moon, then the faithful must fast another day, making thirty in all; and then, whether the moon be seen or not, the next day is Bairam. The Mussulmans give presents on that day, as the Christians do at Christmas. It is a day of general rejoicing. Cairo streets were filled at an early hour — the people dressed in their best, and especially the children in the gayest and gaudiest of colors.

The Khedive received all day, as well as the Khediveh *mère*. The Khediveh, expecting to become a mother, was quietly reposing at Montaza. The Diplomatic Corps was given an audience at 10.30, where they and the Consuls assembled, as usual, in the great Reception-Room, and, led by the Grand Master of Ceremonies and his aides, proceeded to the Throne Room, where the Khedive met them and shook hands with each. And then, after the Corps had taken its place, standing around him, Lord

Thomas Skelton Harrison

In the uniform of a Lieutenant-Commander, United States Navy



Cromer advanced and made the little congratulatory address, to which His Highness replied with expressions of thanks. We all sat down, and, as usual, cigarettes and coffee were served. In about five minutes the audience was over, when the Khedive rose, walked to the doorway, shook hands with each again, bidding adieu.

The whole party then proceeded to a reception-room below, where each inscribed his name in a book kept for that purpose. Then such a scurrying to get each his carriage and return to his home to change his dress for the customary visits to be made. I give here a photograph of myself in the uniform I wore of my navy grade. Watts and I started out at eleven o'clock and worked hard, with a short interruption for luncheon, until 5.30, Prince Hussein Pasha being our last call. The following is the list: First, at 10.30, Abdin Palace, then Hassan Assam Pasha, Said Bey Zulsifer, Choukry Pasha, Chafik Bey, Yawer Bey; then, Djemil Tussun, Prince Ibrahim Hilmi, Izzet Bey, Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, Osman Bey, Sahib Bey, sons of Mukhtar Pasha; Faradjalla Khan, Prince Mehemet Ali, Mazloun Pasha, Ahmed Fuad Pasha, Chereef Pasha, Abani Pasha, Riaz Pasha, Mehemet Riaz, Fakhri Pasha, Djafer Bey Pasha, Prince Ibrahim Fuad, Prince Said Halim, Prince Hussein, Shakit Pasha, Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, Nachaat Pasha. Poor Louise, too, made her rounds. In the evening we gave a dinner to fourteen guests. The guests were: Baron and Baroness Acton; Count and Countess de Montjoie; Mr. and Mrs. Foster, of Lenox and New York; Mrs. Mason Bey; Mr. and Mrs. Watts; Miss Nasmith; Mr. Moxley; Mr. Vaughan, Secretary of the British Agency. These, with Louise and myself, made up the fourteen. The last guest

departed at 11.15. Louise had a headache all day so that Marion, who was invited to dinner by the Gettys, had to remain at home to take her place should Louise be too sick to go to the table. However, Louise recovered in time.

Monday — February 13. "Donkeyed" with Jack. Had many callers during the morning, including Mr. Almy, from Boston. Mr. Tucker and his two friends, whose names I have forgotten, took luncheon with us. In the afternoon I made visits and in the evening we dined at Fabricius Bey's, where we met Prince Mehemet Ali, Colonel and Mrs. Hope, Mr. Wilkinson, Pasha and Mrs. Crookshank. Although invited to the Maskins's ball we were both too tired to go, so quite impolitely sent word at the last moment, then went home and to bed. The dinner to-day was excellent. We passed a delightful evening. Captain Fowle, too, was one of the guests.

Tuesday — February 14. "Donkeyed" with Jack. The usual routine work at the office, with a large mail from America to read and acknowledge. This occupied all the interval between morning and afternoon, except when Watts and I went for a stroll, stopping at Longworth's, where we met Penrose and Dr. Keely; and at Shephard's, where we saw Esther Harrison and Miss Gould, Frank Jones, Mr. and Miss Clark, and others.

In the evening a large party gathered at the Agency to go to a Turkish wedding, Faradjalla Khan, the Persian Minister and his First Secretary escorting. The company was made up of Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, the Misses Tucker, Mr. Tucker, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Watts,

Marion, Esther Harrison, Miss Gould, and Frank Jones. Instead, Louise and I went to the concert and ball at the Savoy, given by the Austrian Legation. Home early.

Wednesday — February 15. “Donkeyed” alone. Afterwards, at 10.45 “donkeyed” again with Louise and Marion halfway round Ghezireh. The donkeys were sent to the west side of the Nile Bridge, to which we drove in the victoria, which followed us throughout our ride, picking us up at its close. Marion, with Louise, paid visits. I read Paris “New York Herald” all the afternoon. Having declined a dinner at Shepherd’s, I remained at home during the evening.

February 16 — Thursday. “Donkeyed” with Louise and Marion at 10.30, but first at seven o’clock took a ride alone in the Kasr-el-Dobara quarter. I was scurrying around during the morning to find three or four men to dine with me, on short notice, to-morrow night, when I give a dinner to Captain Coghlan and officers of the U.S. Cruiser Raleigh now lying at Alexandria. I succeeded in getting Sir Reginald Wingate, Rennell Rodd, Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, and E. A. Harrison. In the afternoon, with Louise, went to the “at home” of the Princess Naseli, the aunt of the Khedive. In the evening we gave a small dinner to Esther Harrison and Miss Gould, her chaperon, and afterwards, with Mr. Hunter, took them to the opera.

Friday — February 17. Mrs. Bradley lunched with us to-day (Friday), she and the Reverend Leverett Bradley go away to-morrow. Busy morning with numerous

visitors, especially those needing passports viséed. In the afternoon I drove Watts to the Sporting Club to witness the Military Tournament — and in the evening I gave the dinner to the officers of the Raleigh. Having met Major-General Talbot, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces of Occupation, I invited him and we had the pleasure of his presence. The following sat down to one of the best dinners I have given: Major-General Talbot, Captain Coghlan, Lieutenant Winder (navigator), Mr. Halstead, Sir Reginald Wingate, Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, Mr. Watts, Judge Tuck, Mr. E. A. Harrison, Mr. Chadwick (ensign), Mr. Rodd. The table was beautifully decorated with flowers, the center piece being in the form of a ship. After dinner we adjourned to our usual smoking-room, where we chatted, told stories, and smoked with the usual accompaniments, remaining until 2.45. A notable evening, and a jolly good time for all.

Many were the accounts of the Manila (Dewey) fight, and most interesting were those told especially by Admiral Coghlan and Winder. Major-General Talbot, Sir Reginald Wingate, and Rennell Rodd, First Secretary to the British Legation, were profuse in their thanks. Rodd said "Good-night" and departed at midnight, but returned within a half-hour and then remained until the end. As Coghlan left he told the story of the Sea of Galilee, previously having given me his verses on the Kaiser, "Me und Gott."

Saturday — February 18. "Donkeyed" with Marion and Louise around Ghezireh drive. Mr. Clark called and gave us an hour of his very pleasant society; also

Coghlan and Winder. Made visits in the afternoon, and afterwards drove with Marion towards the Pyramids. Having declined a dinner at the Fosters, we dined at home, and read "Hugh Wynne" in the evening until eleven o'clock.

Sunday — February 19. "Donkeyed" alone this morning. Wrote letters all the forenoon, ten or eleven in all, and almost caught up to my mail. In the afternoon drove with Louise and Marion to the Zoölogical Gardens, and afterwards, on previous invitation, took tea with the Grahams at their bungalow, near the Egyptian Barracks. Dined at home in the evening and read Paris "Heralds."

Monday — February 20. "Donkeyed" alone; many visitors as usual, especially tourists needing teskaras for Turkish territory. Among them Mr. Guthrie, from Pittsburgh, and a Mr. Winston, of the Mutual Life Insurance Company. Colonel Fitz-George, son of the Duke of Cambridge, called. Returned his visit in the afternoon. In the evening went to the Gunther dinner at Shepheard's reserve apartments. Twenty-four sat down to the table—mostly Americans. Watts was invited, but withdrew at the last moment (alleging sickness) because his wife had not been invited. Table exceedingly handsome with Bougainvillea blossoms.

Tuesday — February 21. "Donkeyed" alone. Such a flood of visitors this morning, the result of the arrival of the Augusta Victoria with her nearly four hundred passengers. It is said that Shepheard's turned off over one hundred and eighty people. Mr. Sewell, of Pitts-

burgh, and Mr. Pope, of Baltimore, the former with a letter from C. Hartman Kuhn, and the latter from Olney Norris, made long visits. Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf and Mrs. Ladenberg, the latter with a letter from Mr. Hay, Secretary of State, came, and many others.

In the afternoon I made a number of calls; and in the evening Louise and I went to the dinner of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Boutros Pasha Ghali, at his own palace. It was a splendid affair. After the dinner we were driven to General Talbot's to a most exclusive soirée. There were but two hundred invitations issued—the house will accommodate four to five hundred; and there being no "crush" it was most agreeable. The women, many of them very good-looking, were most becomingly gowned; and the men, most of them in brilliant uniforms with orders and decorations, did pleasant and full duty as cavaliers in the dance. We were home a little after midnight.

Washington's Birthday—Wednesday. "Donkeyed" with Jack and a jolly good ride I had. My fellow felt so fine and galloped so strongly that I enjoyed it immensely. Of course the morning was mostly taken up with receiving visitors. Took luncheon at Mrs. Watts's and with Louise met Mrs. Hearst and others. We had a reception at the Legation in honor of the day, this afternoon, instead of holding it as usual on our Tuesday, and had a crowded house, notwithstanding the musicale to which we had been invited at Mme. Tugini's, and the races at the Khedivial Sporting Club.

Louise somehow has caught a wretched cold—at Watts's, I suppose—and complained of sore throat. I

fear she will be abed to-morrow and unable to go to Ostberg's dinner at Ghezireh.

In the evening read "Hugh Wynne" and had a visit from Dr. Sproul, representing the Medical Marine Department at Washington. Among not the least of our welcome visitors was Mr. Clark, of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, who called with his daughter.

February 23 — Thursday. "Donkeyed" alone. Busy with routine work all the morning until 9.50 (!) when Louise reminded me of the funeral services to be held at the Catholic Church for the late President of France, M. Félix Faure, at ten o'clock. I had forgotten all about it, and was dressed in a plaid suit with a gay cravat! The carriage had not been ordered and there was the deuce to pay. Watts and I jumped into our black coats and high hats, and rushed to my stable, had the horses put to, and made for the church. Andrass and Ali had both been sent on errands; fortunately we picked up Andrass as we passed the Agency on our way. We were about twenty minutes late and found our places with difficulty, the church being crowded and the service in full swing. All the Diplomatic Corps were in full uniform, with orders and decorations, officers of the army as well, and citizens of note with their ribbons; they made a superb show. I felt like the d——l, having on a pair of fancy trousers, and the gay tie that I had not had time to change; my spring overcoat, fortunately black, partly covered my inappropriate apparel. I was placed next to the Spanish (!) Minister with whom, as yet, I am not acquainted. He was all gold and scarlet, a remark-

able contrast to myself. The church was crowded and the services, no doubt, impressive, and the music grand; but the ceremony as a whole, unintelligible and tiresome. At the close Riffault, in the absence of Cogordan, the French Minister, as Chargé d'Affaires, took a place in front of the immense catafalque and shook hands with us as we passed him. I saw his eyes open and his eyebrows rise as he noted my *tie*. I blamed Watts for not telling me of the formal character of the ceremony. He had attended one for the Empress of Austria, where the same rigorous dressing was required.

In the afternoon I made about thirty calls and in the evening, Louise being confined to the house with sore throat and influenza, the result of Watts's cold house yesterday.

Marion and I went to the dinner at Ghezireh Palace, given by the Swedish Minister. About twenty-six sat down to a beautifully decorated table; among them a half-dozen or more Swedish naval officers in full dress. Marion was taken in by one of them. I, of course, fell to the lot of Mrs. Mason Bey. After the dinner we went over to the Casino where a dance was going on. It was the same exquisitely beautiful and fairy-like sight—thousands of colored lights among the flowers and palms; Ismail's gilt furniture, beautiful women, bright-uniformed men. We remained but half an hour, however, only to see the sight.

February 24—Friday. "Donkeyed" alone. Did routine work during the morning, with many visitors. Also sent notices to the American women of the reception granted them by the Khediveh *mère*—about twenty-

two of them. Captain Kaempff, of the *Augusta Victoria*, and Mr. Orim Peck lunched with us. Marion was driven to the Pyramids with Miss Getty, whom she lunched there. Louise still suffering from her cold. In the evening I went to the Arab native fête in the Esbekieh Gardens. Great crowd, brilliant illumination, and superb fireworks. Captain Broderick and I were together. Afterwards I went to the opera house with him. Home by 11.30 and very tired.

Saturday — February 25. "Donkeyed" alone. Exquisite weather and quite warm (76°) during the day. Tuck lunched with us and remained until 2.45. In the afternoon Louise, though quite unfit to go out, took the brougham and was driven to Koobeh, where she had a special audience to present her countrywomen; including Mrs. Hearst, Mrs. Thornburgh-Croppen, Miss Pendleton, Miss Philip, Mrs. Lorillard, Miss Randolph, Mrs. Moller, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Moran and daughters, Mrs. and Miss Mortimer, and Mrs. Dugro, of New York. Louise was very much exhausted after her long, hot drive in a close carriage. She was too sick to go out at night. I went alone to Sir John and Lady Rogers's dinner. The table was notably beautiful, with candelabra, bowls and vases of roses and smilax festooned from one end to the other. At each end were bunches of pink almond-tree blossoms. I took in Mrs. Hope and sat between her and Lady Rogers. So far as I can remember, the guests were: Mrs. McKensie, wife of the South African Company's President, or chairman, a very wealthy and important Londoner; von Müller, the German Minister; de Willebois, the Dutch Minister (whose wife, at the last moment, had to be ex-

cused on account of sick headache); Lieutenant-Colonel Hope; and several others. The dinner was exceptionally good, and for a wonder, I was not bored to death.

Sunday — February 26. “Donkeyed” alone. I wrote letters all the morning, remained indoors during the afternoon, and, having declined a dinner to Mrs. Mason, who had invited us to Shepheard’s, Louise and I retired early, glad to escape hotel food, and again, to have the rest that going to bed at ten o’clock permitted.

Monday — February 27. “Donkeyed” alone and enjoyed the exquisite morning. The nights now are not cold. The temperature falls to about 50° or 55° and during the day it runs up to 70° or 75°, with cloudless sky and dry air. I had any number of visitors during the morning, including Mr. Farman, the late Consul-General. The Tucks lunched with us, and participated in the enjoyment (?) of the terrapin that had been sent over. They had been “dressed” with egg and brandy, and it was not until I had poured off the Philadelphia dressing, and added my own, that they were eatable at all. I made visits in the afternoon, calling, among others, on Sir Edward Mallet, at Ghezireh. Having declined a dinner from Mrs. Baltazzi we retired early. Louise is still miserable — she has not been out of the house for three days.

Tuesday — February 28. “Donkeyed” alone. Great change in the weather. The thermometer fell to 45° last night and a high and sharp wind blew all day. I went through routine work this morning and afternoon, with some pleasant visitors, among them Mr. Jeremiah Curtin,

of the Smithsonian Institution, and Mr. Srepps, of Michigan. The latter brought a letter from the United States Minister at Constantinople, Mr. Angell. In the evening alone I went to Tigrane Pasha's dinner. Louise had a sick headache in the morning and I was obliged to write to have her excused. Dinner, as usual at Tigrane's house, excellent. I met the Count and Countess Raben — she is an American of great beauty, he a Dane. Fourteen sat down, the only other Minister and Consul-General besides myself, Faradjalla Khan. But three ladies present!! — Countess Raben, Mme. Fabricius, and Mrs. Turnure. I sat next to the last — on my left was a Frenchman who spoke no English. All the conversation at the table was in French, and I was glad to get off at 10.30.

Wednesday — March 1. "Donkeyed" as usual, and a great ride I had, a strong gallop along the Ghezireh road, in company with a carriage that excited my fellow to go.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and Mr. Schuyler called during the morning and made me a long visit. Also the Count and Countess Raben, whom I met the night before at Tigrane's. I think she was Louise Chandler Moulton, and is a connection of the Pomfret Chandlers.

In the afternoon I was driven to Ghezireh Palace to return calls. Judge Tuck dined with us and remained until after eleven o'clock. We studied together the B. & C. proposals of the Government on the Tribunals.

Thursday — March 2. "Donkeyed" as usual. Routine work and nothing of moment to record except the

withdrawal of my dinner invitations for the 6th, on account of the Khediveh *mère's* soirée. Writing official letters until quite 11 P.M., then, quite fatigued, eyes and mind, "turned in."

Friday — March 3. "Donkeyed" as usual. I went to the headquarters of the American Missions, at ten o'clock, to attend the graduating exercises of the Senior Class of the Girls' Boarding School. I was greatly interested. The exercises were held in the chapel — quite a large room, capable of holding six to eight hundred people, and was crowded with friends of the Mission and of the scholars. My seat was an armchair on the platform. The girls were not good-looking; on the contrary, very plain and figureless. Their addresses, excepting that on "Nothing to Wear," were original compositions, and were marvelous exhibitions of memory. Of course, being in Arabic, I could not understand a word that was said. Notwithstanding, one's interest was sustained throughout, I cannot say how or why. The management, Rev. Messrs. Harvey, Ewing, Griffets, and Harris, seemed very pleased that I had come! which greatly amused me. Mr. Hunter dined with us, and he, with Marion and me, went, in the evening, to see the Holy Carpet displayed at the Kiosk of Mehemet Ali Square. I attach the invitation:

Gouvernorat du Caire

Billet d'entrée à la fête du Kiswa (Tapis Sacré) qui aura lieu au Kiosk du Mahmal a Midan Mahomed Ali (Citadelle) le soir de Vendredi 3 Mars 1899, à 9 h.

Ce Billet est valable pour le porteur et sa famille.

Too tired to attend the Italian Fancy and Masked Ball at the opera house afterwards. All retired early.

Saturday — March 4. Did not “donkey” this morning, but, instead, at eight o’clock was driven with Marion to Mehemet Ali Square to see the Kiswa, or Holy Carpet, which was exposed in the Kiosk last night, start on its journey to Mecca. I have already described this interesting and imposing spectacle. This year it was not different, except the crowds seemed greater, the Khedive was more numerously attended and the picture of color seemed more magnificent and intense.

In the afternoon I called on the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and attended and assisted at the laying of a corner-stone of the new banking house of the National Bank of Egypt. All the world was there, the Khedive, the principal figure, officiating at the laying of the stone. After he had used the trowel and tapped the stone four times, at each point of the compass, the hammer was given to Lady Palmer, who tapped, then Lord Cromer, and then to me. I gave four loud and resounding taps, which brought out a general smile.

In the evening Louise and I went to a dinner at the German Minister’s, von Müller, and afterwards, listened there to music. The dinner was excellent. I took in Mme. Fabricius, wife of Fabricius Bey, one of the most beautiful women in Cairo. Von Müller took in Louise. Sir Eldon Gorst, the Financial Adviser, and his sister, were there. After dinner about forty people came in for the musicale. We left early, about eleven o’clock. I have had a wretched cold for the past four days — cannot smoke with any pleasure.

Sunday — March 5. “Donkeyed” as usual, although I had a continuance of my bad cold. Remained indoors

afterwards, writing letters, etc. In the afternoon called on Tigrane Pasha, Sir Alonzo Money, and others. Remained in the house during the evening, having declined a dinner at Baltazzi's.

Monday — March 6. "Donkeyed," although my cold is little or no better. Large mail from the United States. Busy with visitors during the morning. At 2.30 I was at Lord Cromer's to attend a reception of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. Ahead of time, about five minutes, so, consequently, was first introduced to the Duke, with whom I had a pleasant chat, pleasant and intimately friendly. He is a man of good presence, not handsome, but with rather a striking face, which bears a family likeness; quite bald. He looks the gentleman that he is; has no appearance of grossness, sensuality or excess. I drove afterwards to Ghezireh and left invitations for Louise's "at home" on the 14th. Hunter and Harvey dined with us and went with us to the Khediveh *mère's soirée dansante*. A superb affair, similar to the Khedive's ball, but more select, only four hundred invitations, instead of sixteen hundred, issued. No tourists, much to their disgust. We did not remain to supper, and were home before twelve o'clock.

Tuesday — March 7. Did not "donkey"; but at ten o'clock, started with Marion for Abbassieh, to see the review of the British troops by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. Upon our arrival at the grounds we found ourselves so late that we had no position from the carriage to see well; so, having been to a similar review by General Talbot, we turned about and reached

the Agency at 10.30. Afterwards I was very busy with invitations that I wrote. Louise held her usual Tuesday afternoon reception. The house, as always on these occasions, was crowded, especially about six o'clock. In the evening at 10.30 Louise and I went to the Talbot soirée, at which the Duke of Connaught and the Duchess were present. Truly it was a most beautiful sight. The house, although cut up into rooms of no great size, is quite large and really excellent for an entertainment without dancing, which this was, due to their Royal Highnesses being in part mourning. The exquisite coloring of the women's dresses, the brilliant uniforms of the men, and the profusion of gold-laced officers, combined to make a scene long to be remembered. Of course we were late, having had an accident on our way, our Arab horses running away and with difficulty stopped, and consequently we were not presented, as we should have been, with the Diplomatic Corps. The presentation was made, after a long wait, for us, by Lady Talbot.

Wednesday — March 8. "Donkeyed" this morning. Received an interesting mail and almost the whole morning was consumed reading and partly replying to it. Small luncheon to-day, with Watts and wife, and four others. The guests did not go until 3.45, when I started for the Citadel to attend the Annual Games of the Seaforth Highlanders. I affix the invitation:

Colonel Murray
and the

Officers 1st Batt'n Seaforth Highlanders
at Home

The Citadel, March 8th, 1899

Annual Highland Games

2.30 to 6 P.M.

Louise was too tired to go and Marion had another engagement. In the evening we were to have gone to Baron Oppenheim's dance, but I had had a headache all day, and Louise did not care to go, so she wrote him a note requesting to be excused. To bed early, and glad to get there. The scene at the Citadel was very fine and interesting. The games took place within the great quadrangle, at least one thousand feet square. On one side large tents had been set up and under them seats or benches, in tiers, rose one above the other. There were also rows of chairs and a huge tent under which were a buffet and tables, with an excellent afternoon "tea" of sandwiches, cakes, ice cream, various drinks, etc. The best of the English set of Cairo society was there, with quite a number of leading people of other nations — but no Egyptians!

Thursday — March 9. "Donkeyed" as usual. I was busy all the morning with routine work and receiving visitors, among them Judge Tuck, who remained to luncheon. Finished my dispatch to the Department respecting the Mixed Tribunals and rejoiced that the work was finally done. I can quit Cairo now with a clear conscience that no important matter will remain unfinished. Made visits in the afternoon and in the evening went to Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha's grand dinner at his magnificent palace. There were twenty-four covers. The table furniture was superb, with silver and decorated china and sparkling glass. I sat between Maskins and de Hoeltzske and had a fairly good time. The dinner was prepared by Santi, and although the menu promised well, the dishes were mostly not hot. There being a grand wedding after-

wards—that of a son of one of the Pashas—the guests left early (10.15) to give the host and others time to attend it.

Friday—March 10. Finally this morning, after my donkey ride, made my complete arrangements for our passage home by the Saale on the 22d. Also completed all the arrangements for my dinner of to-morrow. In the afternoon at 1.45 Louise and I attended the opening of the Horticultural Exhibition, which was to be opened by the Khedive. It was a notable gathering, similar to that of last year, all the Ministers, the Diplomatic Corps, and the Cairo notables being present. Louise was sent for by the Khediveh *mère* and, with the harem, made first a tour of the garden. The Khedive did not put in an appearance, nor did Mehemet Ali Pasha, his brother; consequently the exhibition was opened by Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, accompanied by Prince Hussein. A handsome collation, under an enormous tent, was served, the ladies of the Committee welcoming. We remained, Marion with us, until after four o'clock, when we went at once home.

For the past few days, it has been very warm, the thermometer mounting to 78° or 80°.

In the evening I went with a party of English and Americans to see the crazy Dervishes, and witness their religious rites, which consisted of whirling about, moving their bodies quickly to and fro, grunting like hogs, eating live coals and glass, and drawing the flames of four or five candles of tallow tied together up and down their throats. A curious and rather disgusting exhibition. Home at 11.30 P.M.

Saturday — March 11. “Donkeyed” as usual. More or less busy in the morning with visitors and arranging for my to-night’s dinner, at which the Turkish High Commissioner, Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha, is to be the principal guest. The guests at the dinner, which was admirably cooked and served, really I think the best that has been given at the Agency, were Mukhtar Pasha; M. de Willebois; Ibrahim Fuad Pasha, Minister of Justice; M. Koyander; M. Tugini; Baron Oppenheim; Colonel Harvey Pasha; Colonel Money, Commander of the Highlanders; Mr. McIlwraith, the “Judicial Adviser” of the Khedive, who succeeded Sir John Scott; His Excellency the great Riaz Pasha; and Watts.

That I may remember how they were placed, I give the table below:

Money	Riaz	Mukhtar	Koyander	Harvey Pasha
Watts				Oppenheim
Mc Ilwraith	DeWillebois	T.S.H.	Fuad	Tugini

After the dinner we adjourned to my private office and smoked until after eleven o’clock. Mukhtar, who always goes home from a dinner by 10 to 10.15, was one of the latest to remain. He is a grand old fellow.

Sunday — March 12. A large mail from America and the Continent, which I greatly enjoyed after I had had

my donkey ride and bath. In the afternoon we drove Mrs. Richard Irvin to the Zoölogical Gardens for tea, in great style, with the *sices*. Evening at home, and to bed by 9.30.

Monday — March 13. "Donkeyed" as usual. Had a very busy morning with the people who are to arrange for the soirée to-morrow evening. Also had a long and satisfactory interview with Sir Elwin Palmer, anent the concession to him of the right to mine sulphur and pump petroleum. Saw Gorst, too, about shipping the donkeys on the Saale. Turnure lunched with us. Brugsch Bey was to have done so, too, but at the last moment he had to be excused. All the afternoon busy with the workmen, arranging furniture, etc. In the evening went to the fête at Shephard's illumined garden — a fairy-like scene.

Tuesday — March 14. I have concluded to abandon writing up my daily doings. Reading over the past pages there seems to be such a repetition of events, such as the reception of visitors, visits received and made, of breakfasts, dinners, soirées, and official and unofficial correspondence, that I can well rely on that which I have already noted to be reminded of my particular and general life.

I will, therefore, conclude the daily recital by stating, without naming the guests, that we gave a large dinner of sixteen covers; that the company was charming, largely Americans; the dinner excellent, well cooked by Ahmed, and served to the satisfaction of all. Afterwards the men adjourned to my reception-room, where, after coffee, liqueurs, and cigarettes, they remained about

twenty minutes, and then joined the ladies in the salon. The last guest departed about eleven o'clock.

I, however, would like to add a few remarks of a general character by stating that that which helps to make life particularly enjoyable in Cairo is the presence of so many English Army officers, most of them from the best families in England, and all of them gentlemen in the strictest sense of the word. The regiments stationed here last season were the Twenty-first Lancers, the Irish Fusileers, and the Cameron Highlanders. A finer body of men one could not wish to see.

The climate in Cairo is delightful and absolutely dry. Rain does not fall more than a half-dozen times in a year, but when it does rain, it rains hard, and gives everything a good cleaning.

Meal hours differ somewhat over here from the American standard schedule. At 6.30 A.M. a cup of coffee and a roll is brought to your bedside, after which you arise, take your bath, and dress for the morning. This is generally followed by a walk or a horseback ride, and sometimes by a donkey ride, for they have clever little fellows over here that it is a pleasure to ride. The Consular hours are from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. At 12.30 o'clock breakfast is served; in fact, it is a substantial affair that would be called a high luncheon in the United States, and consists of at least two meats. At 8.30 P.M. the formal dinner is served and it is generally a pretty elaborate affair; so that in Egypt they practically eat only two meals a day, breakfast and dinner, and I find that it is an exceedingly healthful way of living. One objection, though, to life in Cairo is the late hours which people in society keep. They never seem to know when it is time to go

to bed; nevertheless, they all seem to survive the dissipation with admirable recuperative ability. Perhaps there is something in the air.

Hotel accommodation in Cairo is an excellent feature. Outside of the far-famed Shepheard's there are the Ghezireh Palace Hotel, the Continental, the Hôtel d'Angleterre, the New Hotel, and the Savoy. They are all of French architecture and design, inside and out, with the exception of Shepheard's, which is finished within after the Oriental style. Cairo has superb gardens. These gardens are the fashionable rendezvous, and more delightful surroundings could not be desired.

As for the consular duties in Egypt: the main object is to look out for the imports of American export trade. This requires close application and continuous study of existing conditions. For this reason I do not believe in the present system of changing consuls with each Presidential election. When a man has become familiar with the work he should be left to carry it out or he should be promoted to some higher office where his experience would bring even greater commercial advantages to his country. I can give no better illustration of the necessity for keeping a thoroughly informed man on the ground than the lamentable fact that the imports into Egypt last year amounted to \$51,000,000, of which the United States only contributed \$300,000. To my mind, the reason for this state of affairs dates far back and is due to the removal of men who had studied up trade relations and whose successors were appointed, not for any commercial qualifications, but as a reward for political support. Other nations have the advantage of us in this respect, and I hope to see the day when our consuls will

APPENDIX

[Extract from the *New York Times*]

MRS. HARRISON'S BALL AT CAIRO

Cairo, March 30, 1899.

ABOUT this time of the year members of the Diplomatic Corps located at Cairo, Egypt, begin to pack their trunks preparatory to their summer vacation from this intensely hot climate during the five months, from May until October. Before taking their departure, the wives of the diplomats give an "at home" and among these social festivities was a most brilliant one given by Mrs. Harrison, wife of Colonel Thomas Skelton Harrison, of Philadelphia, the American Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General, who, by the way, is one of the most popular of all the many members of the Diplomatic Corps.

Long before the event, all Cairo had begun to talk of Mrs. Harrison's ball. The American Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General and his wife had been entertaining all winter in the most brilliant manner, and when Mrs. Harrison sent out cards for an "at home" as a farewell to the season, expectation was raised to the highest pitch. There had been no intention, in the beginning, to achieve anything very notable. Mrs. Harrison's idea was to ask her friends for the evening of March 14, the affair to be rather simple and not particularly formal. But in almost no time the matter had grown from an "at home" to a soiree and from a soiree to a ball. The list of invitations could not be helped from growing. The fact that Colonel This was invited made it necessary to ask Major That. Then Mrs. So-and-So's friend wanted to know why she had not been invited and so forth. It was vain to represent that the capacity of the house was limited; there was nothing for it but to yield to persuasion and add to the invitation list.

BOWER OF FLOWERS

When the evening came, the interior of the diplomatic residence was one of great effect in flowers and lights and colors. The stairways were so many bowers of ferns and palms and roses, amid

which electric bulbs gleamed like golden apples. The dining-room and drawing-room had been thrown into one, the great leaved plants of Egypt leaning out of every corner and catching, with the polished floor, every one of the myriad gleams that fell from the candelabra.

Just before entering the improvised ball-room one encountered the orchestra, in a fairy bower of its own, sending forth its music unstintingly. Opposite was a door leading into the apartment set aside for the reception of the guests as they arrived. Here rugs were laid, thick to the point of luxury, restful to the eye in color and to the foot in softness, and a little further on was still another room, all red and gold; furnished in Louis XV style. Here Mrs. Harrison held a court of honor in the course of the evening. But perhaps the most striking effect was from the terrace. The great glass walls afforded a view of the garden, a bit of Egyptian nature groomed to perfection, visible under the stars, beautified instead of hidden, by darkness.

The entrance to the house had its blaze of color, too. Masses of gold and blue, crowned by tarbouches, were the sworded janisseries moving like falcons among their more plainly, but richly attired fellow servants. A moment before half-past nine, Mrs. Harrison entered the reception-room. She had already achieved distinction as the best-dressed woman in Cairo, and this distinction was hers, not so much because of the richness of her attire, although it was up to the highest standard in that respect, but because of its perfect taste. Mr. Harrison stood by his wife in the severe simplicity of an evening dress, his Loyal Legion medal pendant from a red, white, and blue ribbon about his neck, and the Grand Army Badge, of which he is so proud, in his coat.

Of the party was also Miss Marion L. Harvey, Mrs. Harrison's sister, a belle of the season. She was attired in pink satin and her coiffure was in the style of the Court of Marie Antoinette, without powder. Mr. Harrison had with him members of his official staff, including Mr. Dulany Hunter, the Deputy Consul-General, Mr. Ethelbert Watts, the Vice-Consul-General, assisting later in the evening.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

Promptly at half-past nine the guests began to arrive. The men left their hats and coats in the vestiaire immediately upon arriving, while the ladies were conducted upstairs to prepare themselves

for the evening. To one who stood outside watching these arrivals, the spectacle was only less brilliant than that within. The prancing horses, the running *sices* and janissaries, the smart equipages, the brilliantly uniformed officers and the even more brilliantly be-gowned beauties of a capital famed for its feminine loveliness, coalesced into one great pageant making for a common end — the Harrison portal. Nor were the Cairenes of the plainer sort indifferent to such an attraction, and long before the hour fixed for the affair, the Sharia-el-Mahgrabby was filled with interested sight-seers, whom the police kept within bounds.

Among the earliest arrivals was Riaz Pasha, formerly Premier of Egypt, and still one of her greatest men. He was received with the deference that he loves and the cordiality that his personal worth merits. But the astonishment of the evening was the large representation from the British Agency, for Viscount Cromer and his staff are in mourning for a royalty, and on that account, failed to appear at the Khediveh *mère's* ball in honor of the birth of the heir to the throne of Egypt. His lordship's suite appeared at Mrs. Harrison's, however, glittering in decorations and making their courtliest speeches to hostess and host. Then followed the Khedive's Premier, Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, accompanied by another Cabinet Minister, Hussein Fakhri Pasha, and the latter's handsome young son, Djafer Fakhri, their tarbouches cocked at the gayest angle.

And now a stream of rich humanity poured through the wide portals. There could be seen the Dutch Minister, Van der Does de Willebois, and his lady, with their charming daughters, the girls attired in the native costume of the Scheldt, their hair powdered and the feet quaintly slippered. There were the French Chargé d'Affaires, M. Riffault, and the staff of the Legation; the German Minister and his suite; but, for that matter, the entire Diplomatic Corps put in an appearance. The most brilliant group of all was the military. The officers of the Army of Occupation, from the Commander-in-Chief, Major-General Talbot, down, wore their smartest uniforms and made their most splendid obeisance.

The quiet men made for the smoking-room early in the evening to enjoy a brandy-and-soda, and a cigar, and to talk. Here sat Mr. Rennell Rodd; Colonel Gordon, nephew of the hero of Khar-tum; Faradjalla Khan, Persia's famous diplomat; and great men galore. But not least in this group were the ladies, many of whom

could appreciate the soothing cigarette. The conversation turned naturally upon the impending departure of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, and many were the expressions of hope that they would speedily return.

The dancing began at ten o'clock with a waltz. The floor was alive with circling couples, but not crowded. It was at this period of the festivities that full justice could be done to the toilettes of the ladies, many of them the exquisite creations of Worth and Felix. They were resplendent beneath the lights, and there were moments when the great ballroom was one great kaleidoscope set to music. The daintiest dance cards had been distributed and every lady was bedecked with flowers, while at the festooned doors and along the walls stood men and women looking on in admiration and seeming to have been stationed there to heighten the effect with the splendor of their own dress and distinction.

ROYALTY AT THE BALL

But the climax of it all now had to come. Promptly at half-past ten appeared the royalties. There were His Highness Prince Ibrahim Pasha Halim, cousin to the Khedive; Prince Said Pasha Halim, the richest man in Egypt, and he whose brother married the Khedive's sister; Prince Ibrahim Pasha, cousin to the Khedive. The police had to compel a passage for these dignitaries when they arrived at the house. They came within short intervals of each other, Prince Ibrahim Pasha Fuad wearing his richest sword and his most flaming uniform. He and the other royalties marched through a long lane of expectant guests to where Mrs. Harrison stood, and kissed her hand and made their homages with the courtliness of a Louis XIV. They, too, had their regrets to express at Mr. Harrison's going and their earnest hopes for his return in the autumn.

The creators of Egypt of to-day — the people who are now making the new land of the Pyramids — could have been studied at leisure now, for all were here. Viscount Cromer, the ruler of the ruler of Egypt, represented by Hon. Rennell Rodd, the First Secretary of the British Agency, and England's most promising diplomat of the new school; Major Girouard, the young Canadian who has given to Egypt her perfect railway system; Harvey Pasha, the organizer of the most unique police force in the world; Abani Pasha, of the War Office, formerly Grand Master of Ceremonies,

and to-day one of the highest Cabinet officials; Ibrahim Pasha Fuad, the famous Minister of Justice (not to be confounded with the prince of that name); Mustapha Pasha Fehmy, the present Premier of Egypt, and in the opinion of many the greatest man of Mohammedan lineage in all the Nile Valley; Baron Heidler Egeregg, the Austrian Minister, the especial favorite of the court of Francis Joseph; Baron Max von Oppenheim, one of Germany's richest men and profoundest scholars — but the list could be prolonged indefinitely, and would be a catalogue of Egypt's greatness.

The march to the supper-room began shortly before midnight, and it was at this period of the evening that the festivities seemed to have culminated. The graceful procession through the long gallery of palms and ferns and flowers, into which the stairway had been transformed, the *frou-frou* of silk skirts and the gleam of jewels, as one fair form followed another, now on the arm of a tarbouched pasha, again escorted by a gold-braided colonel, or perhaps accompanied by a royalty in many colors, charmed and bewildered, and charmed again. And when the supper room was reached, its snowy linen, arrays of china, cut glass, glistening bottles and delicate viands, were as one flower bed set out in snow. The clink of glasses, the foam of champagne rushing into the crystal, the susurrations of delicate voices, the laughter, the moving back and forth, might have been set to music. And the very going had a rhythm. The beautiful gathering seemed to melt away in lingering farewells, and to mourn, like Dante's exquisite day, over its own going.

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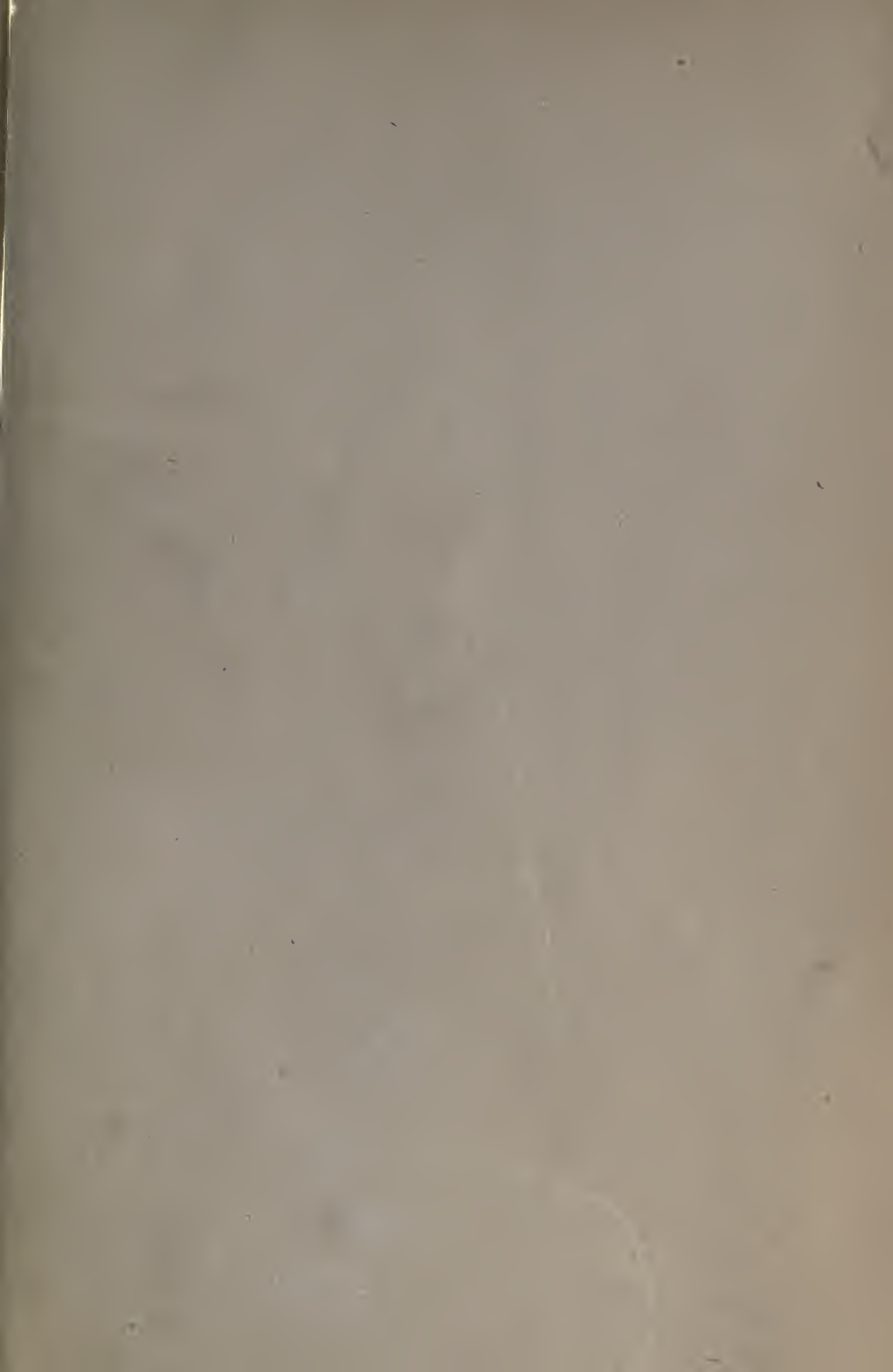
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